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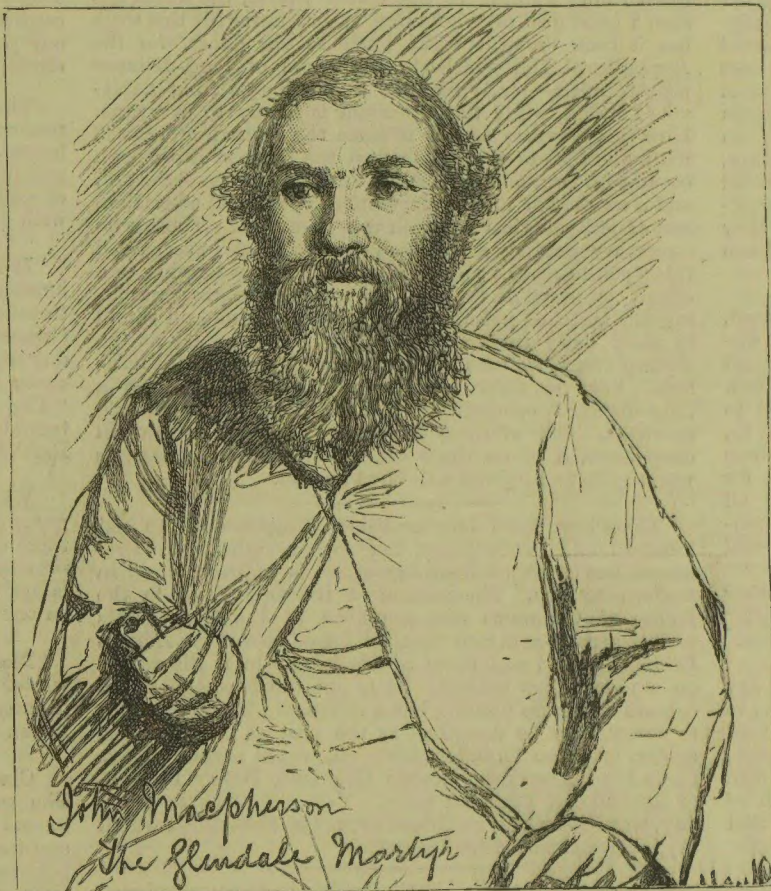
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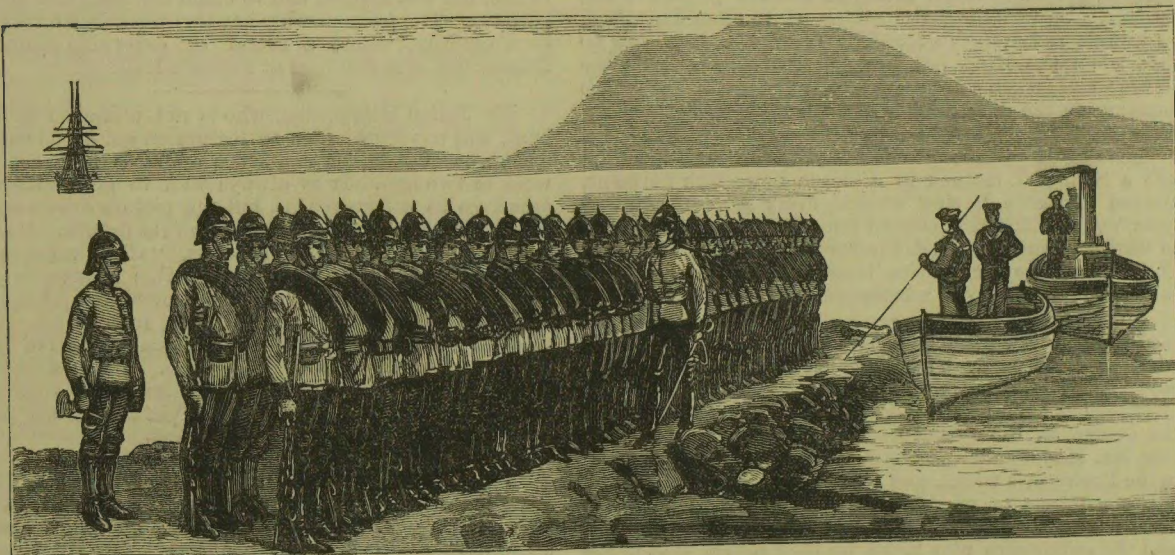
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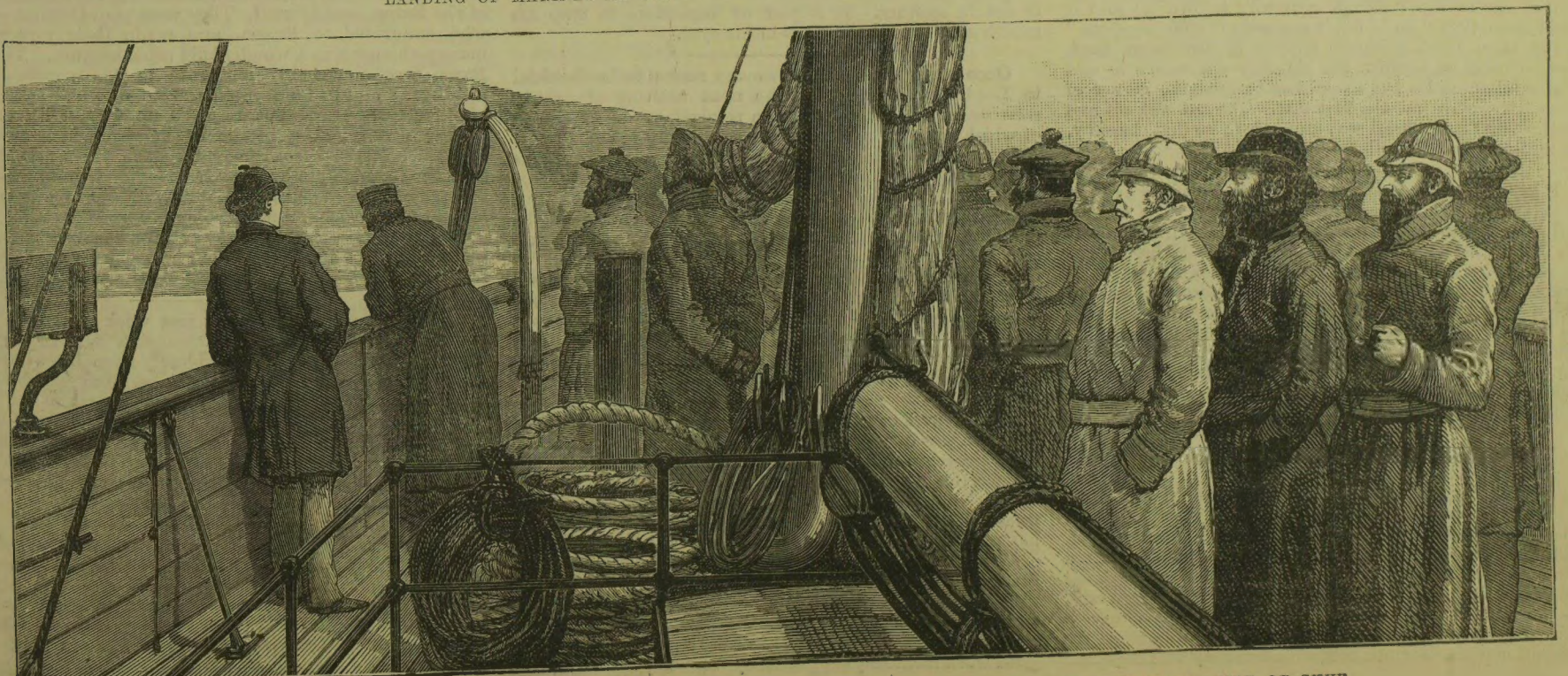
AN OFFICER OF MARINE ARTILLERY.



LANDING OF MARINES AT UIG.



JOHN M'LEOD, SHOEMAKER.



STEAMER WITH THE SHERIFF, PROCURATOR-FISCAL, AND CHIEF CONSTABLE, APPROACHING PORTREE, ISLE OF SKYE.

THE SKYE CROFTERS' LAND LEAGUE AGITATION.

OUR NOTE BOOK

A few days ago Mr. Justice Pearson was reported in the newspapers to have made a very original remark touching smallpox and infection—namely, that “some of the most eminent medical authorities held very different opinions on that point.” If his Lordship could inform us upon what point the most eminent medical authorities do not hold very different opinions, save and except the certainty of death, about which everybody, medical or not, is agreed, he would confer a great favour and raise great hopes.

The “legitimate” horse-racing, as the horse-racing conducted according to the laws of the Jockey Club is called, ended for the season on the 22nd inst. It has been remarkable in many ways; for the occurrence of a double dead-heat (between Scotch Pearl and Candahar for the Friar Tuck Plate at Nottingham on Oct. 1) especially. For such an event, though between horses of no account and for a mere “selling” plate over but five furlongs, does not come, as even Christmas comes, so often as once a year. Yet there have been several double dead-heats between the same two horses, whereof the most notable case, from the high character of the horses and of the race-meeting, was that of Chief Baron Nicholson and the celebrated Kingston, who ran two successive dead-heats at Stockbridge, in 1851, for the Triennial Stakes, and, though they were but two years old, seem to have suffered no harm from the terrific struggle.

The secret of a long life is like the philosopher's stone, difficult to discover. What makes the matter more difficult is that long life is attained under such very different circumstances that no general law can be established. Some say that to commit a crime and get committed to prison, where diet and exercise are carefully attended to, is the best plan; others recommend the workhouse, where the discipline and diet are almost as wholesome, and for which no worse crime than poverty (the worst of all crimes, in the cynic's category) is required by way of qualification. The workhouse theory appears to be supported by the following statement:—

In the Driffield Union there are sixteen persons in receipt of outdoor relief, whose united ages amount to 1280 years—an average of 80 for each person. The highest age is 94, and the lowest 71; there are amongst the number two nonagenarians, five octogenarians, and nine septuagenarians.

By-the-way, “three boys of Driffield” the other day “got into a field where sheep were feeding,” tied reins to some of the poor animals, and drove them about the field at the point of the stick to such brutal purpose, it is said, that the victims had to be forthwith converted into premature mutton. Perhaps this is the way the youth of Driffield qualify for a future of poverty, the “union,” and a hale old age.

The horse-jockey occupies at present so prominent a position in society, or on the outskirts of society, and so deep an interest is taken in the success of horse-jockeys, that it becomes almost a duty to make some remark about the jockeys who have won most races during the past season. The only two who ran into three figures are F. Archer (won 241 races out of 577) and C. Wood (won 158 out of 558); that is, according to the rate of pay recognised by the Jockey Club, Mr. Archer would have made 2213 guineas and Mr. Wood 1990 guineas for the season, to say nothing of “trials,” “retainers” ranging from £100 to £1000 a year, and such presents, of a thousand pounds or so, as may be made, whether for winning or for running “nowhere” (as was whispered by the scandalous) in the Cambridgeshire. Still, it must be remembered that many hardships are endured by jockeys; that the true jockey, like the poet, “nascitur, non fit”; that jockeys risk life and limb, especially in races for which there are large “fields” and awkward courses; and that it is considered perfectly legitimate to pay a jockey to “make the running” for you. Only of course the arrangement ought to be made with the consent of the owner whose horse is employed to “make the running.”

“Kings don't drown,” said the Red King, William the Second, on a memorable occasion (before, no doubt, the saying as to people who are “born to be hanged” had become one of the “things generally known”); and it would seem that “lords don't succumb to chimney-pots.” At any rate, Lord Alington appears to have been proof, most fortunately, against the chimney-pot which is said to have fallen on his hat as he was turning the corner of Grosvenor-square on the 21st inst. The hat was cut and smashed, the lord's head was uninjured; so that, happily, the lord may be said to have “scored.”

If history repeats itself, so does fiction (to which history, by-the-way, seems sometimes to belong). The accommodating sword-fish has been turning up again, the sword-fish that thrusts his sword into a ship's leak, breaks the sword off short, and retires gracefully, having saved all further labour with the pumps. But before we laugh at such a story as “ben trovato,” let us remember the poor old woman who could believe easily enough that her sailor-boy son had fished up a wheel from one of Pharaoh's chariots in the Red Sea, but could not believe his yarn about flying-fish. “No, my boy, no; there cannot be no flying fish; they swims.”

Some magnificent art galleries have been opened in New York, with massive oak fire-places, rich silk and Oriental hangings, and carpets of the thickest pile. One large room is occupied entirely by the works of American artists, which have already figured in the French Salon, and others are filled with pictures sent on invitation from home studios. A great many of the latter are national episodes, or studies from different parts of the New World, and are consequently very fresh and unhackneyed. Sculpture is also well represented, and altogether the exhibition is one of which the promoters may well be proud.

There is no Act of Parliament providing for the plaintiff to recover damages in an action for breach of promise of marriage. The action is based on a common law right; and it dates back, not in this country of course, from an ancient custom of the Babylonians, which is said to have originated in a dispute that occurred concerning the sale of Atossa, daughter of Belochos, in 1433. At a certain time in every year, the marriageable females were assembled in the market-place and sold to the highest bidder. Atossa was so disgusted with her purchaser that she appealed to her father, who ventured to protect her, thereby incurring the displeasure of the Ruler of the Asian city, who ordered his execution and the confiscation of his property to the disappointed buyer. Since that time, things have altered considerably, and money payment is allotted as solatium to a jilted affianced. No doubt, in a recent cause célèbre, the plaintiff was satisfied with £10,000, and would not, even had the parties been domiciled in Babylon, have pressed for the forfeiture of the life of the defendant's father.

Since Edward Payson Weston, fifteen years ago, first started long walking in the United States, the world has seen a good deal of “hobbling”; but never till this week has it been brought right home to our doors, for the Agricultural Hall—hitherto the home of long-distance pedestrianism—really requires a pilgrimage from habitable London, while the Aquarium is handy to everyone. How many years ago is it since the Aquarium opened with a flourish of trumpets, when the Duke of Edinburgh occupied a box, and Sir Arthur Sullivan led the orchestra, and a new era of moral reformation, of musical education, and of ichthyological research was promised? Those who remember that day and those promises must have smiled this week to see the upturned sea of faces, belonging to a crowd composed of the scum of our race-courses, watching the matched pedestrians struggling round and round in their daily twelve hours' task. We shudder at the Roman arena, we turn up our eyes at the Spanish bull-fight; but, for sheer brutality, it is doubtful whether a long-distance competition is not the most disgusting spectacle. One of these days a poor fagged wretch will drop down dead on the track, and then one of America's worst gifts to England will be at an end.

There have been four coalition Ministries in the last hundred and thirty years, but such a sight as was witnessed last week at Downing-street is unprecedented in modern history. The leaders of the Opposition in the House of Commons and the head of the Tory Lords walked arm-in-arm into the official residence of the Liberal Prime Minister, and there calmly joined in a discussion on a momentous subject. It is not the business of this column to discuss politics, but a spectacle which, according to fancy, may be described as the visit of the fly to the spider, or as an impudent invasion, would certainly have made Lord Aberdeen, George Grenville, Henry Pelham, or the Duke of Portland stare. Yet each of these, in his day, was leader of a combined or, as the dissatisfied would say, compromised Administration.

The King of the Netherlands has commissioned Gérôme, the well-known artist, to paint a picture of the ceremony of unveiling the statue of William II., which took place a few days ago. The moment chosen will be that when the King left the platform to approach the statue; and, when completed, his Majesty will bestow the painting on the municipality of Luxembourg.

The age of pilgrimages is not yet over, for a few days ago a Spaniard, clothed in a single hair-cloth garment, arrived at Berne, having walked every step of the way from Valladolid. He declared himself to be under a vow to walk to Jerusalem, via Constantinople, and he speaks no language but his native tongue. His zeal and perseverance are worthy of a better cause.

Professor Ruskin's admirers perhaps care very little what he lectures upon so long as he does lecture, and enjoyed his eloquent talk on many topics last Saturday afternoon as keenly as if it had been the expected sixth of the course on the “Pleasures of England.” It is said that Mr. Macdonald and Dr. Acland have put their spoke in the Professor's wheel, and that, in consequence, he will either suppress or recast the lectures he had prepared. Meanwhile, the public will be compensated by extra ones, and the authorities may make up their minds that in the long run the learned lecturer will have his say in one way if not in another. It is just as impossible to stop his mouth as it is to throw dust in his eyes.

Once again have cricketers every reason to be thankful to Lord Harris, who, at the next meeting of county secretaries, will bring forward a resolution, the main idea of which was first mooted in these columns. Up till now the time-honoured system of tossing for choice of innings has prevailed on every cricket-ground in the world. Nor does Lord Harris now propose to do away with it. But in future, if his resolution is carried, the system will be modified, and in all return-matches the losers in the first case will have the choice of innings in the second. A most sensible resolution, surely; for when two teams are level, the winning of the toss is equivalent to giving one Eleven a Grace or a Barlow, say, instead of an ordinary amateur; while the appalling fate of Derbyshire, who lost twenty-one tosses running, is an admirable argument against the unfair use of the old system.

The New York Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children has done yeoman's service during the ten years of its existence; for it has rescued 9121 children from dens of vice and infamy, has successfully prosecuted 4632 cases of cruelty and neglect, and made inquiries respecting a total of 48,000 little ones. In the last twelve months it has rescued 2008 children, and secured 1128 convictions against those who have ill-treated them; and has saved the State nearly £33,000 by compelling parents and guardians to provide for the juveniles for whom they were legally as well as morally responsible. The “Cry of the Children” is indeed nobly responded to in the Empire City, and the good work is entirely supported by voluntary contributions.

A bright-eyed, earnest, quiet man of middle-age, Mr. George Smith has by a life of true benevolence won the gratitude of the nation. He has nobly laboured to relieve the poor children of our brick-fields and canals from the conditions of white slavery under which the crushed little ones seemed doomed to live before their large-hearted champion made their “Bitter Cry” heard in Parliament. It is right that the self-sacrificing work of Mr. George Smith should receive more substantial recognition than the dole which has been vouchsafed him by the Premier. As a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* seasonably points out, “the man who has earned the respect and admiration of all classes, from her Gracious Majesty to the lowliest cottager, should not surely be allowed to wage this warfare at his own cost and to his own hurt. That he has deserved well of this generation is acknowledged; let this acknowledgment take the form of something more substantial than idle words, and let his present and future be placed beyond the possibility of want.” Acting on this timely suggestion, the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has started a public subscription on behalf of one of the most unselfish philanthropists of the age. There must be many of our readers who would like to contribute to “The George Smith Fund” thus opened by our public-spirited contemporary at 2, Northumberland-street, Strand.

The hard frost of Tuesday made the chief metropolitan roadways as slippery and dangerous as ever for the poor horses. Falls were numerous; and we fear there was a painfully large total of broken limbs to show the necessity of well sprinkling such asphalted thoroughfares as Holborn with gravel on the first appearance of frost.

It is a rare thing to find politics treated with good-humoured impartiality on the stage; but this is the distinguishing merit of the diverting new comedy at the Criterion Theatre. It was interesting to observe on Tuesday night how keenly the palpable hits bestowed on each other by Mr. Charles Wyndham's clever company in “The Candidate” were relished by members as antagonistic as the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, and Mr. Selater-Booth and Mr. Justin McCarthy.

Why are not the carriages on the Metropolitan Underground Railway lit by electricity? Travelling through these gloomy tunnels would unquestionably be rendered pleasanter by the adoption of the bright incandescent lamps which have been successfully used by Mr. Knight on one of the trains of the London and Brighton line.

Ice in the parks! What a boon to those compelled to winter in London would be a series of Skating Fêtes illuminated by Payn, of “Healthier” celebrity, on the frozen waters of the Botanical Society's Gardens.

Cinderella Dances are deservedly growing in favour. The gallant Honourable Artillery Company gave the second of the season last Saturday night in their brilliantly and tastefully decorated drill-room; and dancing ceased punctually at half-past eleven—in time for each pretty Cinderella (and there were many charming ones present) to find her lost slipper, and to catch the last train into the bargain. The fairy parable has this week been taken up in Piccadilly, where a round of enjoyable Cinderella Dances has been resumed at Prince's Hall.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who is not unknown in England, was so very kind as to lecture on our social customs and those of America to a large audience in Brooklyn a week or two ago. It is always well to get a glimpse of ourselves as others see us, but the picture drawn by Mr. Hawthorne is not recognisable in *all* its details. “In the English drawing-room,” he says, “there must be no stubborn opinions, no incontrovertible assertions. The voice must be pitched low. The general tone is that life is mildly entertaining rather than interesting. There must be no laughter to disturb the smoothness of intercourse; and to weep is unpardonable. . . . You may ride to Khiva, kill tigers in the wilderness, roam roughly in the jungle; but don't, please don't, put coal on the fire, or help yourself to potatoes!”

A good many stories are told of the late Baron Steiglitz, who died about a fortnight ago in St. Petersburg, leaving a fortune of £8,000,000. This enormous amount of money had all been accumulated during the present century by three individuals—the father and uncle of the Baron, and himself. They were poor German Jews, who emigrated to Russia, and made their fortune as money-changers in a wonderfully rapid manner. The late Baron was remarkably moderate in his personal expenditure; and had a devoted servant who had lived with him for forty years, but received no wages, his master having given him a couple of houses, which rectified matters between them. About twelve years ago, Baron Steiglitz founded a school for drawing and design, and it is supposed that he has left large revenues to public and beneficent charities, and has amply rewarded all who served him. He rarely spoke; and the barber who shaved him for the last fifteen years had never heard the sound of his voice. This was indeed “golden silence.”

A disastrous fire broke out last week at the Château de Breteuil, a fine old French mansion built in the time of Louis Treize. It would probably have been burnt to the ground but for the adjacent lake, from which a vast supply of water was drawn. A great deal of valuable furniture was rescued from the wing which suffered most, and among it a table which was given to the then Baron de Breteuil, who was high in the favour of Louis XV., by the Empress Maria Theresa, when her ill-starred daughter, Marie Antoinette, was married to the Dauphin.

A new crusade is being fought on the other side of the Atlantic, and its object is the suppression of low-necked dresses, at all events for women who do not possess statuesque necks and arms. There is a great deal of common-sense in it; and toilettes cut *en cœur* and filled in with soft lace, and sleeves reaching the elbow, would make many a woman look comely who in a *décolleté* robe is gaunt.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

I cannot help thinking that a considerable amount of friction among architectural critics, both professional and amateur, might have been avoided had that eminent architect Mr. Pearson been content to call his scheme for renovating the north front of Westminster Hall "a plan for the completion of Westminster Hall in conformity with an ideal aspect thereof developed in the architect's mind," instead of "a restoration," for the simple reason that nobody can tell with certainty what kind of buildings existed in New Palace Yard immediately west of Rufus' Hall prior to its restoration by Richard II.

Mr. W. J. Loftie, the latest and fullest historian of London, has come forward, cogently but temperately, in a letter to the *Times*, to show that, whereas Mr. Pearson states in his report that "little of the restoration is conjectural," as a matter of fact, "with the exception of the height of the wall, and the probability that the parapet was embattled, it (the restoration) is not only all conjectural, but is contrary to the few facts which we do know."

I have, at home, most of the books of graphic reference to Westminster Abbey. Strype's *Stow*; Pennant; Wilkinson's "Londoniana"; Button and Brayley's "History of the Palace of Westminster" (published just after the Fire of 1834); I. T. Smith's "Antiquities of Westminster"; Ackermann's "Microcosm of London" (the architecture by the elder Pugin, the figures by Rowlandson); and a long series of maps and plans of London from Aggas' downwards. Unless Mr. Pearson has had access to plans and elevations of the western side of the old Palace—plans and elevations ignored by all the antiquaries and all the architects his predecessors—I fail to see how in justice he will be able to call that a "restoration" which must be practically an invention. All collectors of metropolitan iconography are familiar with the aspect of the north front and the western side of Westminster Hall during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. We know the "Tudor buildings," somewhat fantastically dubbed by antiquaries "Tudor nursery," "Queen Elizabeth's bed-chamber," "Queen Elizabeth's music gallery," "Chaucer's house," and so forth. Internally, these buildings (afterwards converted into law courts) may have been very handsome. Externally, they bore a strong resemblance to the antique buildings extant in Wych-street, Strand, and Staple Inn, Holborn.

Ah! if Master Geoffrey Chaucer could only have been continued in his office as Clerk of the Works of the Royal Palaces while the Hall of Rufus was being repaired by order of Richard II.! Surely the author of the "Canterbury Tales" would have left something on record touching the notable things done in palatial Westminster during his term of office. But the illustrious predecessor of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was ousted from his official position before the repairs were completed; and his "House of Fame" is more of a prophetic vision of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham than a guide to the domicile of our old Norman and Plantagenet Kings.

I am just now sojourning at Brussels, in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville of which historical city there has been for some time in progress a work of architectural restoration of a highly interesting nature. The Grand' Place of Brussels was reduced by the French bombardment of 1695 to a heap of ruins. The Town House alone was left standing. The famous Maison du Roi, the houses called Des Brasseurs and de la Louve, were knocked, vulgarly speaking, "into a cocked hat." Since the bombardment, the houses on the Grand' Place have been rebuilt, patched and cobbled up, more or less tastefully, over and over again; but the muniment rooms of the city are full of graphic archives showing exactly what the edifices surrounding the Place in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are like; and the old mansions are being scrupulously restored in their primitive style: the cost of the undertaking being mainly defrayed by the Municipality. There is real and there is sham restoration: that going on in the Grand' Place is real.

There is nor sign nor symptom of cholera in the City of the Mannikin (I went to see him on the first morning of my arrival, and I am glad to say that I never saw "le plus ancien bourgeois de Bruxelles looking better"); the splendid opera-house in the Place de la Monnaie is open, and running "Rigoletto" and "Sigurd," with a first-rate ballet. At the theatre of the Galeries St. Hubert the "Tour du Monde en 80 Jours" is being played; at another house the leading attraction is Serge Panine. There are minor theatres, balls, *cafés concerts*, galore; I went yesterday to no less than three waxwork shows; the weather is simply delightful; the Hôtels de Belle Vue and de Flandre ("twin cherries on one stalk") are two of the cleanest, most luxurious, and most comfortable caravanserais in Europe; yet (from the traveller's point of view) there is nobody in Brussels, and it is as much as you can do to get change in gold for a ten-pound note at a money changer's. The Cholera Scare has depopulated the hotels, and is half ruining the shopkeepers.

The Cholera Scare never fails to engender the Cholera Lie. If the scourge breaks out at Carpentras, the local dastards make haste to asseverate that cholera is decimating Brives-la-Gaillarde, which, in reality, can exhibit a perfectly clean bill of health. Cholera having made its presence very slightly felt in Paris, it occurred to some mendacious poltroons to declare that cholera was rife in Brussels. As a matter of fact, not a single case has occurred; and the sanitation of the city is admirable.

I find, among a large batch of letters which I have brought with me to open at my leisure (I may hint to my vast army of correspondents that they may save themselves the expending of many pens and much ink, to say nothing of time and trouble, by not writing to me any more;—because on Boxing-

Night next I start for far distant climes), at least half-a-dozen communications inquiring my authority for using (as I did recently) "nom de plume" as a French expression in place of "pseudonyme." Two correspondents tell me that "nom de guerre" is a legitimate French expression, and that "nom de plume" is not one.

I apprehend that I made use of the locution "nom de plume" chiefly because other writers had used it before me. One does not always write with a cohort of dictionaries at one's elbow. I came abroad without so much as a ninepenny Nuttall among my needments; and the blunders which I may commit before I come home again will possibly be fearful. But the philosopher who taught us that it is practicable to be good and happy without socks, might have added that there is a kind of felicity in being emancipated now and then from the shackles of grammatical and linguistic accuracy. "Nom de plume" has, at all events, a more euphonious sound than "pen-name." And for anything "on the tapis"—is that legitimate French? And why do we persist in calling a Royal "Lever" at St. James's a "Levee"? A "levée en masse" is one thing; a "lever" at Court is another; and the "levee" at New Orleans is a third.

It is to me a matter of surprise that in these days, when "poetic prose" is warbled to such an extent in the columns of the newspapers, some daily essayist did not think it worth his while to indite a leading article on the recent sale at Messrs. Sotheby's of several portraits and personal relics of the late Mr. R. H. Horne, the author of "Orion." Three portraits of the poet, by Miss Margaret Gillies (did not that talented lady model the wax mask of Jeremy Bentham, which, during so many years, did duty as the real countenance of the philosopher when, according to the terms of his will, his mummy, in his habit as he lived, was annually exhibited, somewhere in Great Windmill-street, Haymarket?), fetched prices varying between ten guineas and three guineas. The poet's gold Geneva watch, worn by him to the end of his long life, went for only one pound and twelve shillings. Surely, immediate posterity is apt to be somewhat ungrateful to its benefactors.

The first edition of "Orion," originally published in 1843 at the derisively nominal price of one farthing, was knocked down for nineteen shillings; but the first edition of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poems, 1870, fetched a couple of pounds. The first edition of Keats' "Endymion," 1818, three guineas. Shelley's "Queen Mab," first edition, 1821, one pound and nine shillings. The only "fancy" price that I note was six pounds fifteen shillings for four numbers complete, in the original wrappers, of the Præ-Rafaelite publication "The Germ."

From Vienna my esteemed friend "Dr. G. G. G." writes to tell me that in a work recently published at Teschen (Austrian Poland) it is stated that the Great Duke of Wellington once said, "Next to a battle lost, there is nothing so melancholy as a battle gained." (My correspondent's own translation of the German extract which he sends is incorrect. He writes, "After a battle gained, there is nothing so melancholy as a battle lost." His German runs, "Nach einer verlorenen Schlacht giebt es nicht traurigeres als eine gewonnene Schlacht.") My correspondent wishes to know when and where the Iron Duke made the observation in question.

I have not the slightest doubt that, if the Hero of Waterloo did not say the precise words quoted above, he thought them. The saddest of glorious experiences had taught him to consider a great victory to be a truly miserable thing. He was cut to the heart by the dreadful losses which he sustained of friends dear to him, who fell at Mont St. Jean. Mr. Gleig has traced a most affecting picture of the Duke sitting up in his bed at the inn at Waterloo after the battle, while Dr. Horne read the list of killed and wounded, and of the tears making white channels on the victor's smoke-begrimed visage as, one after the other, the names of the slain captains, his comrades, fell from the surgeon's lips.

But the precise saying given in the book published at Teschen to the Duke has been attributed to William of Orange (our William III.), to the Grand Condé, to Maurice de Saxe, and to other commanders. On the other hand, there is extant in Wellington's own hand a letter in which he characteristically remarks that, in many respects, "a battle is very like a ball." Numbers of the guests can describe accurately enough the various episodes of which they have been eye-witnesses; but few, if any, can describe the battle or the ball as a whole. You will find this letter either in Colonel Gurwood's "Wellington Despatches," or in the "Croker Papers"—I think in the former; but I am not quite certain; for the reason that while you are reading the surprisingly novel and lifelike portrait of the Duke drawn by Mr. Croker, you naturally recur from time to time to Gurwood to fix a date or mark a coincidence, and being, as I said just now, at Brussels, in Brabant, my recollections of Gurwood and Croker have become "a little mixed."

Mr. Mason Jackson's learned and exhaustive work on the "Pictorial Press," just published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, with its rare and curious illustrations of by-gone "Illustrated News," should be acquired and appreciatively consulted, not only by those amateurs of the art, in the exercise, criticism, and bibliography of which Mr. Mason Jackson is so skilled a proficient, but by students of the history of journalism. Just as of the two Royal Services the Navy is acknowledged to be by a long way the senior; so is the illustrated newspaper, practically considered, very much older than the oldest of merely type-printed gazettes. The Bayeux Tapestry was a history in illustrations; but, when Hernan Cortes landed in Mexico, he found there, regularly established, an "Aztec Illustrated News," the "special artists" of which daily transmitted (by deer-footed Indian runners) from Vera Cruz to the capital of Montezuma faithful pictorial-records of the proceedings of the hated Spaniards.

The pictures of the "Aztec Illustrated News" were traced with the spikes of a cactus leaf dipped in variously coloured dyes on long strips of linen or cotton cloth.

Sir,—Will you tell a lady reader of your Echoes how to make Sauce Hollandaise—a sauce which, as you know, is so universally well made on the Continent, and in which English cooks so constantly fail?

Thus a lady correspondent at Scarborough; and to her I take the liberty of replying. My dear good Madame, there are scores of cookery books, easily accessible, in which you will find thoroughly practical recipes for making *Sauce Hollandaise*. Where on earth is the use of my furnishing you with yet another recipe for making Dutch sauce if it is to be a foregone conclusion that your cook is to fail in making it? I cannot transmit to you a culinary system of legerdemain—a "hocus-pocus," a "hanky panky"—for sauce-making through the medium of printed types. I can only commend to your remembrance the story of Bruce and the Spider. If your cook (having a proper recipe before her) fails in making *Sauce Hollandaise*, turn her off and try another. By the time that you have got to, say, your thirteenth *Cordon bleu*, it is possible that you may find your wishes gratified.

A few days before the death of Sheridan (for an appalling description of that most lamentable of closing scenes, read George the Fourth's *évidé voce* narrative to John Wilson Croker, in the "Papers" already cited), the illustrious and hapless wit and statesman wrote somewhat hopefully to a friend, telling him that matters were brightening up a little, and that somebody was making arrangements for the publication of a new and complete edition of the plays. That publication, he trusted, would bring in a little ready money. But the last drop of oil in the lamp was nearly spent, and that new and complete edition of the plays was not to see the light just then. Unlucky Richard Brinsley! Could he but have lived to see the day, nearly seventy years after his extinction, when there was to be published the sumptuous volume now before me, "Sheridan's Comedies: 'The School for Scandal' and 'The Rivals,'" just put forth by Messrs. Chatto and Windus!

This is an *édition de luxe* in every sense of the term; splendidly printed on rich paper, with a well-written introduction by Mr. Brander Matthews, and many spirited wood engravings. To have the Comedies suitably bound when I reach home will cost me pieces of gold and pieces of silver. Perhaps I may be tempted to "Grangerise" it with inserted portraits of Sheridan and the famous actors and actresses his contemporaries. And then, perchance, the best thing to do with the book will be to place it between Moore's "Life" and the "Croker Papers," with the Fourth George's business-like but most harrowing account of the death-bed scenes in Savile Row. It is the old, old story again of Destruction and Compensation. Sheridan destroyed himself, corporeally; but his genius was indestructible. Compensation has come to his descendants, the inheritors of his talents, but not of his failings. His great-grandson is on his way to Calcutta, Viceroy of India.

The remaking of acquaintance with Continental—especially French—newspapers, usually brings under your notice an abounding crop of strange cases of murder. Our own oyers of assassination are usually coarsely revolting. Three fourths of them spring from strong drink. Love or avarice, often love, is usually the mainspring of French homicide. I note a case just concluded in France where a certain Lanry, an electrician, was charged with shooting at one M. Savary, a financier in a *brasserie*, in the Rue des Martyrs, Paris. The prosecutor was not present at the trial. He was a bank manager, and has eloped to Buenos Ayres with the cash-box, and the prisoner's wife into the bargain.

But it is not of the case itself of which I wish to speak, but of a remarkable specimen of bathos indulged in by the counsel for the prosecution, Advocate General De Pradier. "Gentlemen of the Jury," said this high functionary, "the prisoner at the bar not only violated the law; he not only wantonly and ferociously attempted to take the life of a fellow-creature, but, gentlemen, he spread alarm and perturbation throughout the Rue des Martyrs; and with the second bullet from his revolver he smashed a large square of plate-glass in the window of a highly respectable tradesman next door!"

This lovely bit of bathos has had a parallel. Some time in the last century an English (or Scotch?) Judge had to sentence a man to death who in a fray had mortally stabbed a Grenadier. "Prisoner at the bar," said the learned Judge, "not only did you ferociously and traitorously transfix the entrails of the unfortunate deceased, a private in the Foot Guards, thus causing his death, but you also ran the knife right through the waistband of a pair of breeches, the property of his sacred Majesty the King; and ye shall swing for it!"

In the matter of "Obeah," "vaudou," and the Ethiopian anthology, a gentleman ("A. B. H.") has kindly sent me from Port of Spain a poem called "The Arima Obeah Woman," published not long since at Trinidad. I have carefully put the poem away against the time when I write a book about the West Indies. Obviously, it will be necessary (although Alexandre Dumas the Elder was accused of writing "Impressions de Voyage" about places which he had never set eyes on) to visit the West Indies before I write the book. But I must find space for the opening stanza of "The Arima Obeah Woman: and her Dying Confession":—

Tell me, friends, have you heard
The Arima news of late?
The Obeah woman who lately died,
'Tis shameful for me to relate,
On her dying bed she did confess
Her deeds so loud and base,
For who she did and who she killed,
It is disgraceful for man to trace.

The Catnachian Muse, it seems, is not dead. Arima, says my correspondent, is an important village in the interior of Trinidad. The Obeah woman was one Mercy Reece, an old negress, who lately died at Arima and had long been suspected of practising fiendish incantations for the sake of pelf and for murderous purposes. Indeed, sings the indignant bard—

Take life for money, and the person who paid
Committed sin for money, she told the name.
Ball out for this woman and for such a man,
In the village of Arima a disgrace and shame.

"Ball out" is good.

G. A. S.

THE NILE EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

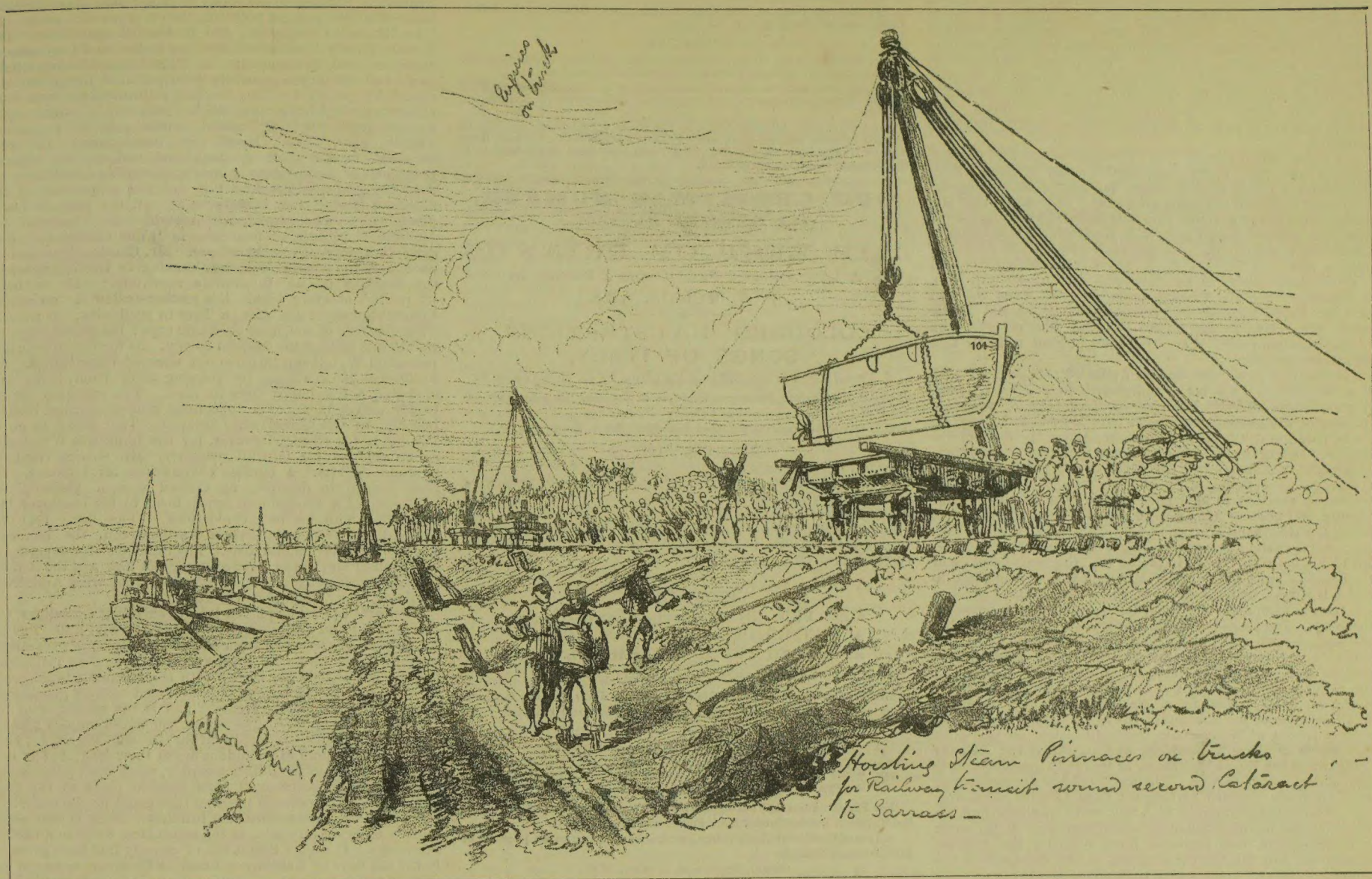


PIONEERS OF THE EXPEDITION LEAVING SARRAS FOR DAL.



HAULING WHALE-BOATS THROUGH BAB-EL-KEBIR, THE GREAT GATE OF THE SECOND CATARACT.

THE NILE EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



Great activity now prevails in the forward gathering of Lord Wolseley's forces along the Upper Nile. The Mounted Infantry advanced from Dongola, on Tuesday, to a spot twenty miles to the south. The Guards Camel Corps will go through without stopping, and will join them. This forward movement is not, however, the commencement of an immediate general advance, but has been determined upon on account of the prevalence of smallpox among the natives at Dongola. It is stated that more than a hundred whale-boats are at Gemai, awaiting the return thither of the Canadian voyageurs to start

with stores and troops. On Monday two Companies of Infantry (of the Cornwall and Black Watch Regiments) left Sarras for Dongola, and were to be followed next day by the head-quarters of the 19th Hussars. On Saturday one voyageur and one soldier of the Cornwall Regiment were drowned through the boat upsetting at Ambigol. It appears that of the total force of sixty-five companies which comprises the expedition to Khartoum twenty-one are now between Wady Halfa and Dal. The whale-boats with the troops are making such slow progress

that none of them are likely to reach Dongola for many days. The average rate has been scarcely five miles a day, but the leading divisions have passed the worst cataracts. Without the aid of a wind for sailing, the efforts of the crews rowing or poling are altogether insufficient to make way against the current, but with the help of a strong north wind progression is comparatively easy. The steamer Nassif-el-Kheir is employed in carrying stores south of Dongola.

The Canadian voyageurs, sometimes called in camp "the Manitoba Boys," are the only boatmen with the Expedition



PORTAGE OF WHALE-BOATS AT BAB-EL-KEBIR.

who make light of the difficulties of moving up stream. They appear thoroughly up to their work, and are systematic and untiring. One man to each boat is insufficient, and if, instead of four hundred, twelve hundred had been employed it would have been economy of time and money. The boats, through striking rocks and sun-warping, make repairs as frequent and necessary as detentions for meals. The percentage is small of those which have to be abandoned on account of injuries received at the cataracts. The official time allotted to whale-boats from Sarras to Dongola is twenty-five days. The orders now are to push all boats forward as lightly loaded as possible.

A report which comes from Khartoum states that General Gordon has 2000 Turks and 6000 blacks, besides Arabs. The Mahdi's forces at Omdurman, and around Khartoum, are estimated at fifteen to twenty thousand. It is stated that Mr. Frank Vizetelly, the artist, who was with Hicks Pasha's army last year, when it was destroyed in Kordofan, is still living in the Mahdi's camp. He was not employed by the *Illustrated London News*, as is said in a recently published volume, "With Hicks Pasha in the Sudan," by Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne; but the mistake probably arose from the fact that Mr. Frank Vizetelly had been one of our Special Artists many years ago, in the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, and in the American Civil War. We shall be glad to learn that he is alive and safe.

Mr. Melton Prior, the Special Artist of this Journal with Lord Wolseley's Expedition, contributes to this week's publication some effective sketches of the labour of towing a number of whale-boats, such as we have described, through the rocky passages of the Second Cataract against the force of the rapids; the hauling of some boats up the stream at Bab-el-Kebir, the "Great Gate" of that series of rapids; and the "portage" or carrying of empty boats overland, an expedient frequently resorted to in Canada, where it is found that unloading and bearing them a short distance on men's shoulders along the river bank is more expeditious than struggling with the adverse current in a particularly rough place of its course. All this is between Wady Halfa and Dal, the real obstacles of the Second Cataract beginning at Samuch, nearly opposite to which is Sarras, with the dépôt of stores for the force advancing up the Nile, and El Gemal, the actual starting-point on the river. The pioneers of the Expedition left Sarras on the 2nd inst., sailing the boats with a favourable wind; and this scene is represented by one of Mr. Prior's sketches, as well as that of the 4th inst., when the first division of the soldiers belonging to the Camel Corps arrived at Wady Halfa in boats towed by a steamer. He also furnishes an illustration of the hoisting of the steam-pinnacles upon the railway trucks, at Wady Halfa, for conveyance on the short line which is there in working, and in which the Railway Company of the Royal Engineers, as we lately described, have been doing useful service. The naval officers accompanying the Expedition, headed by Captain Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., who appears standing on a rock and superintending the very scientific hauling-tackle, in our illustration of the work at Bab-el-Kebir, have rendered Lord Wolseley the greatest assistance. Nor will the vigorous and skilful exertions of the "Manitoba Boys," those hardy boatmen of the Western Continent by whose aid Colonel Wolseley brought to pass his successful Red River Expedition of 1870, be forgotten in the history of the present Nile Expedition. They are great favourites with all in camp, and our Special Artist has sketched them enjoying a good breakfast which they had certainly earned.

THE SKYE CROFTERS.

The menacing agitation with regard to land grievances among the "crofters," or small cottier tenants, in the Isles of Skye, Uist, and Lewis, has induced the Home Office to send an armed force to Skye for the prevention of lawless and violent acts. No personal violence has indeed been committed or attempted by any of the agitators, but threats of damaging and destroying property have been loudly uttered. The Isle of Skye, which belongs to the county of Inverness, but lies near the west coast of Ross-shire, is forty-five miles long, and from twelve to twenty-two broad. Portree, the chief town and harbour, on the eastern shore of the island, is reached by steam-boats either from Stromie Ferry or from Oban. Half the island, the part situated north of Portree, is divided into three peninsulas, named Trotternish, Waternish, and Duirinish, which are the seat of the present agitation. On the north-western shore of Trotternish is the bay of Uig, with the village of that name, which has lately been mentioned in connection with this unhappy affair. Glendale, also notorious for its "martyr" to the cause of the crofters, is in the most westerly part of the island, near Dunvegan. On Monday week, H.M.S. Assistance, troop-ship, Captain Sinclair, R.N., with a force of three hundred Royal Marines and Royal Marine artillery, under Colonel Munro, and H.M.S. Forester, gun-boat, Lieutenant Hodgkinson, R.N., escorting the steam-boat Lochiel, which conveyed the civil magistrates and police, arrived at Uig from Portree. The civil authorities were Sheriff Ivory, the Procurator-Fiscal, Mr. Anderson, and Chief Constable McHardy. They landed with six constables, accompanied by the naval and military officers, and took up their quarters in a school-house, guarded by Marines. H.M.S. Banterer, another gun-boat, arrived next day, when a strong force of Marines and seamen was landed. These marched across the peninsula to Staffin, on the east coast near Quiraing, as that was considered to be one of the most disaffected districts. No resistance or annoyance was offered by the Skye peasantry. It was expected that the Sheriff's officers would serve legal notices on a number of tenants against whom processes have been issued.

The Portrait of Professor Stuart, M.P. for Hackney, is from a photograph by Mr. Barraud, of Oxford-street.

The banis of marriage between Countess Helen Bismarck, younger daughter of Count Bismarck, cousin to Prince Bismarck, and Major Wilfrid Cripps, son of the late Mr. W. Cripps, M.P., have been announced in Ruabon parish church. The marriage is fixed to take place on Dec. 2. Count Bismarck has arrived at Wymstay Mansion, Ruabon.

At the last meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society a new Lantern Microscope with the oxy-hydrogen light was exhibited, which, according to the opinions expressed by some of the most eminent microscopists of the day, is destined to be of great service to lecturers who require to exhibit microscopic objects to classes or audiences. A number of anatomical and other objects, mounted by Fellows of the Society, were exhibited on a screen fourteen feet square; and Mr. Lewis Wright and Messrs. Newton and Co., of Fleet-street, the makers of the instrument, received high commendations for the brilliancy and sharpness with which the details of the subjects were shown. The results obtained were, in the opinion of Dr. Dallinger, F.R.S. (president), Dr. Carpenter, Professor Stewart, Mr. Michael, Mr. Crisp (hon. sec.), and others, greatly in advance of anything that has been previously obtained, far exceeding in definition the Giant Electric Microscope exhibited last year.

BIRTHS.

On the 21st inst., at Valparaiso House, Sefton Park, Liverpool, the wife of H. H. Hammond, of a son.

On the 24th inst., at The Elms, Spring-grove, Isleworth, the wife of Lieut.-General Dodgson, C.B., of a son.

DEATHS.

On the 20th inst., at 111, Camberwell-road, William Barnard Boddy, surgeon, aged 89. Friends will kindly accept this intimation.

On the 20th inst., at 76, Charlwood-street, S.W., Katie, beloved wife of Harold Hartley, and dearly loved daughter of E. E. Brewer, of Kensington, aged 31.

On the 1st inst., All Saints' Day, at The Rectory, Perth, Ontario, Canada, entered into life eternal, Mary Elizabeth Smith, aged 25 years, dearly loved wife of D. Sievingh Smith, Esq., M.A., and only child of the Rev. R. L. Stephenson, M.A., Rector of Perth.

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To be Published next Monday, Dec. 1.

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DOLLY'S REVENGE. By George Cruikshank.

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MONDAY AFTERNOON, at THREE. MONDAY NIGHT, at EIGHT. ANNIVERSARY OF ST. ANDREW'S DAY. ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. The magnificent choir and orchestra of the

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS will give TWO SPECIAL PERFORMANCES OF SCOTTISH NATIONAL MUSIC. Doors open at 2.30 and 7.30. Tickets and places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"The Candidate" is likely to be quite as successful as "The Colonel." Strange to say, both plays are built upon the same lines—the one being a political, the other a social satire. In "Le Mari à la Campagne," and its English equivalent, "The Serious Family," sanctimonious hypocrites and the cultus of cant were held up to ridicule: in "The Colonel" the æsthetic craze and art jargon generally were put into the pillory and cheerfully pelted by Mr. Frank C. Burnand: whilst some anonymous legislator who has a ready wit, a smart style, and a good fund of animal spirits goes to a modern French play, "Le Député de Bombignac," in order to chaff, in the most good-natured fashion, the popular politicians of the day who agitate with terrible earnestness for the passing of the Franchise Bill and the suppression of the House of Lords. But, however much all the plays follow a given leader—who suspiciously resembles the "Lartuffe" of Molière—there is a comical idea in "The Candidate" that gives it a very strong backbone. Mr. Charles Wyndham is once more the worried husband, burning to free himself from the shackles of an intolerable servitude. He is beset by politics at every turn. His mother-in-law is an ardent Constitutionalist; his wife, a Tory in petticoats; his friends, Protectionists of the most obstinate type; his guests leaguely themselves against the Radical enemy. As for the volatile and mercurial Wyndham, he cares for none of these things. All he desires is an excuse for running away from home and spending a few happy days in town. The expected opportunity arrives in an offer to contest a neighbouring Radical borough in the Conservative interest. The desire to go to London is too strong, however, for the impulsive Wyndham, so he deposes his faithful secretary, Mr. George Giddens, to stand for him. A curious character is Mr. Giddens. He is a Radical in disguise, an Oxford man, a philosophical politician of a pronounced type, loyal to his employer but struggling with his own convictions. Once fairly free and exposed to the temptations of Easthampton, the secretary yields to temptation and fear. The influence of the partisans of "Bradley and Henry" are too much for him, and the Radical rascal gets his patron the peer returned upon what Americans would call the "Republican ticket."

Conceive this scene played by two excellent comedians, the one buoyant and excitable, the other gloomy and dull. Picture Mr. Wyndham returned from one of his rollicking excursions, anxious to obliterate all memory of it, to find to his horror that he has to face his family with the alarming intelligence that he, the landowner and old-fashioned country gentleman, has ousted the genial "Henry," and is the colleague of the notorious "Bradley." The scene, conceived in the highest spirit of comedy, is exhilarating in the extreme; both Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Giddens are at their best, and it is a treat to turn from the dull horse-play, the foolish pantomime, and the idiotic gestures of most farcical plays to the contemplation of a dramatic position that could not be conceived without brain, or acted without intellect. Here is one satisfactory reply, at any rate, to the retort that we have no actors nowadays. If such a bright bit of comedy had been given us in the old days by Geoffroy or Ravel, or Brasseur, or one of the stars of the firmament of comic acting, shoulders would have been shrugged and the inevitable comparison made. Believe me that the acting of Charles Wyndham and George Giddens in this scene is as good comedy as anyone need want to see. We laugh sometimes at a comedian because he is fat or thin, because he has a long nose or a short one, because he wears an extravagant coat or a comic pair of trousers, but how much more amusing when comic individuality is so admirably rendered as it is here. Apart, however, from his skill as an actor, Mr. Wyndham deserves immense credit for his determination to break down, crush, and utterly destroy that curse of English acting—slowness of delivery and of apprehension. He is as valuable a reformer in his way as Mr. Irving. Tragedy was taken off its stilts by Mr. Irving; comedy owes much of its freedom and elasticity to Mr. Wyndham. We have got lately into a dull, prosy, tedious style of acting. We wait, we pause, we halt, we gesticulate, and we consider. A thought takes five minutes to travel from the brain of one performer to another. That which should go by lightning express, travels and dawdles by luggage-train.

If you would consider acting, go to the Criterion and compare comedy there with what comedy is found elsewhere. The plays are lighter, no doubt, but the manner can be as light at the Haymarket or the St. James's if anyone cared to institute a reform. Watch, for instance, Mrs. Kendal—admirable artist as she is—toiling and dragging out that necklace scene in "The Iron Master," a wholly false effect; notice how Mr. Brookfield labours and dawdles over Baron Stein's scenes in "Diplomacy," to the ruin of his Zieka and the utter detriment of the play, and you will see the difference between comedy that is overstrained and comedy that is alert and finished. People think that the exhilaration and spirit of Criterion comedy are due to the electric light, or the pretty theatre, or a contented after-dinner audience. Nothing of the kind; they are due to the fact that Mr. Wyndham insists upon keeping his actors awake, and does not allow them to go to sleep. Dull acting makes dull audiences; spirited acting enlivens all who are assembled. The best play will be as dull as ditch-water if the actor does not feel the temperament of the assembly and work to secure their attention. Mark, then, how admirably the comedians trained under Mr. Wyndham second his laudable lead. I have spoken of Mr. Giddens, who has specially distinguished himself in this play. Mr. Blakeley and Mr. Maltby are equally entitled to credit. A young actor hitherto unknown, Mr. W. Gregory, already shows the value of the training he has received. But, best of all, may be mentioned Miss K. Rorke, a young lady who, whatever she has to do, is determined not to be stagey. Your French ingénue is the most stagey and affected of all actresses. Miss Rorke is an ingénue, but she is natural and bright and original in all she does. She gives a charming individuality to every part she performs. Delighted as we must all be at the success of an amusing play, glad as playgoers will be to find that a most dangerous subject has been handled with such good nature that the sting is taken out of it, still the great value of "The Candidate" to the contemporary stage is that it is one more nail in the coffin of slow acting. The world is too sad and serious to allow us to be bored at the theatre, and, as a rule, the depression comes from the actors, and not from the authors.

C. S.

A performance of "Caste," under the patronage of the Duchess of Beaufort and other supporters of St. John's Hospital for Skin Diseases, will be given for the benefit of the charity this (Saturday) evening, at St. George's Hall, Regent-Street, by the Nelson Dramatic Club.

The Duke of Montrose opened a fancy fair for the Sick Children's Hospital in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, on Tuesday, in presence of a brilliant company. Among the stall-holders were the Duchess of Montrose, the Countesses of Eglinton, Breadalbane, Glasgow, and Home, and Ladies Lamington, Balfour, Maxwell, and Colebrook.

MUSIC.

Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's dramatic oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," was performed at last week's Saturday afternoon concert at the Crystal Palace. We have recorded the success of the work on its original production at the Norwich Festival last month, and on its first performance in London by the Sacred Harmonic Society at St. James's Hall; and need now only notice its enthusiastic reception at Sydenham on Saturday, when three of the principal vocalists, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Miss Hilda Wilson, were the same as at St. James's Hall—the two former having been associated in the original performance at Norwich, when Miss Nevada was the solo soprano and Madame Patey the contralto; Miss Nevada having again sung the soprano music at St. James's Hall. This was, at Saturday's concert, assigned to Mrs. Hutchinson, who acquitted herself with great success in the important love music of the Sulamite, as did Miss Wilson in that for contralto; Mr. Lloyd, as the Beloved, and Mr. Santley as King Solomon, having again given their music with fine effect. Mr. Mills sang that of the Officer very impressively. Mr. Mackenzie himself conducted, and was greatly applauded.

This week's Monday Popular Concert brought forward Mdle. Marie Fromm, who played with much success Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Fantasia in F sharp minor, op. 28. The same occasion included the first performance here of a very melodious adagio for the violin, composed by Mozart in 1776, originally with orchestral accompaniments. It was admirably played on Monday evening by Madame Norman-Néruda, with pianoforte accompaniment transcribed from the score. The accompanist in this case, and in the vocal selection, was Mr. Ernest Ford, an expressive song by whom (a setting of Shelley's lines "To the queen of my heart"), was well sung by Mr. J. Robertson, who also gave Mendelssohn's "The Garland" with good cantabile style. Other items call for no specific mention.

Berlioz's "Faust" music was given by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby, on Wednesday evening. The work had proved very attractive on previous occasions when performed by the same society.

Three of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts have been announced to be given at St. James's Hall before Christmas. The first took place this week with a strong programme, both as to selection and performers.

"The Messiah" was announced for performance by the Royal Society of Musicians—conducted by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt—at St. James's Hall, yesterday (Friday) evening.

Messrs. A. Burnett and Ridley Prentice give a chamber concert this (Saturday) evening at Steinway Hall.

The first of Mr. William Carter's six National Festival Concerts will be given at the Royal Albert Hall on Monday evening, when the programme will include Scottish music. Mesdames Valleria, Trebelli, and Sterling, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, and other eminent artists, are announced.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

The last week of the racing season was about the busiest six days during the year, and we should be almost afraid to say how many horses ran from Monday morning to Saturday night. Warwick was not a particularly good meeting; but the Manchester gathering proved a grand success in every respect, and the big handicap, in spite of the stupid bungle over the weights, produced a thoroughly satisfactory race. The Manton horses have been in great form during the back end, and the victory of Keir (8 st. 6 lb.) was a capital wind-up to a season that began very inauspiciously for the bearers of the well-known scarlet jacket. Watts had wasted very hard to ride him, and this excellent jockey has had a capital season. Crim Tartar (6 st. 5 lb.) made a good fight of it, but no boy can possibly do justice to this very awkward colt; and Blue Grass (7 st. 10 lb.) had evidently only had a hurried preparation, so, if he can be thoroughly trained next year, may yet win a valuable race for the Duke of Hamilton. Stockholm (7 st. 10 lb.) has trained very light, and once more disappointed her party; and backers must surely have had more than enough of Highland Chief (7 st. 11 lb.), Chislehurst (7 st. 10 lb.), and Sir Reuben (7 st. 4 lb.), though the last-named gives promise of improvement, and may develop into a smart four-year-old. The other important event of the meeting was the Lancashire Cup, in which Coruma (7 st. 2 lb.) at last rewarded the few who have persistently stuck to him; and all the nurseries brought out the immense fields that have been customary of late, and generally fell to a 20 to 1 chance, so the bookmakers had a merry time, whilst we fear that few backers earned that "winter's keep" for which they have been working so hard during the last month.

The final heat of the Colquhoun Sculls took place after this Paper had gone to press last week, and was won easily by E. A. Pitman, who stroked the Cambridge crew last year.

A six-days' race (twelve hours per day) will be concluded at the Aquarium this (Saturday) evening. At the time of writing, Littlewood—the holder of the belt—and Rowell are close together, and both have beaten record by several miles. Unless one of them should unexpectedly give way, a very exciting finish may be anticipated.

W. Cook and W. J. Peall are engaged in a billiard-match of 12,000 up, at the same place, and this also will be finished this (Saturday) evening. At the outset of the game, Peall took a long lead with a splendid break of 762 (251 "spots"), but Cook played up most pluckily, and, with two breaks of upwards of 450, soon showed in front again. Both men, indeed, seem in the best form, and the lovers of sensational breaks are likely to have a treat. There is every prospect of Mitchell and Peall contesting a match of 5000 up for a large stake; and, altogether, the "board of green cloth" will not have much rest this winter.

LADY ARTHUR HILL'S NEW OPERETTA.

A new comic operetta, entitled "The Lost Husband"—the libretto by the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire, the music by her daughter-in-law, Lady Arthur Hill, the well-known composer of "In the Gloaming," and other charming songs—was presented at Downshire House, Belgrave-square, yesterday week. The audience was large, fashionable, and, as was to be expected, representative and artistic. The music is light, sparkling and effective; and had full justice done to it by Mrs. Godfrey Pearce, Mr. Cotsford Dick, and Mr. Colnaghi. Lady Hill herself supplied the pianoforte accompaniments; while Dr. Louis Engel officiated at the harmonium.

The operetta was preceded by a dramatic sketch of Sir Charles Young's, entitled "Yellow Roses"—a little piece with an echo of "Sweethearts" about it—in which the two parts were ably sustained by the author and Lady Monckton, both of them made up to simulate humanity in the sixties. In the intervals (in the absence of Miss Wakefield, who was to have sung), Signor Foli contributed to the general success of the evening by singing one or two songs. The performance was repeated last Saturday for the benefit of the poor of Westminster.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Nov. 26.

After a very rapid decline in the value of money, there is now a pause, and indeed some degree of firmness once more prevails; but the position is so much better than it was that a very beneficial effect continues to be exercised upon the chief money market securities, such as the British Funds, and the best of the Colonial Government and Municipal issues. Apart from this influence, the stock market is not generally displaying favourable conditions. It is of course something that there is now nearly the certainty that at home we shall have no premature appeal to the constituencies; but when we look abroad we find difficulties of various kinds. In Egypt, China, and Africa, there are international perplexities; and in America the "war of rates" develops rather than diminishes; while in France and Mexico internal disorders give ground for anxiety. We are still without precise news as to the Government plans in regard to Egyptian finance, and Egyptian stocks have declined. Turkish also are flat, while Mexican Bonds have heavily fallen upon it transpiring that the populace have risen against the proposed settlement of the English claims. Low as are United States railways already, they are still receding, almost without exception. Grand Trunk stocks go with them, because that company's traffic is largely the result of American connections; while Canadian Pacific shares are firm, because of the growth of traffic shown by the weekly returns. Mexican Railway have rapidly advanced in connection with the closing of "bear" accounts.

Canada North-West Land Company's shares have come to be in demand, in connection with a notice from the company that Parliamentary power is to be sought to permit the shareholders to at any time purchase the company's lands with the shares at par. The shareholder will in this way be able, if he so wish, to take any of the company's lands at the advertised prices, the shares so rendered to be cancelled. The shares have £5 paid, and as they can be bought at less than half that, it follows that whoever designs to buy land of the company will first obtain shares so long as their price is under par; while to the extent that purchases are so made and shares cancelled will the reversionary interests of the remaining shareholders be increased.

The Alliance Bank, Limited, appears to be growing in several ways. Its metropolitan branches are understood to have become almost at once remunerative, and now two additions have been made to the list of directors, which seem to imply a widening interest commercially. Mr. Frederick Peel and Mr. Henry Holmes Sutherland are the new men, and they have a special knowledge of Indian and Lancashire trades. It will be remembered that the Alliance Bank once had a branch in Liverpool. It is worthy of note, too, that both these gentlemen now enter for the first time upon directorial work. It is rare in this day to find new blood of this sort.

The directors of the Scottish Australian Investment Company, Limited, have made their report on the past year. Drought has been a great anxiety, and the dividend is to be 13½ per cent, as compared with 18½ for 1882-3, 12½ for 1881-2, and 10 for 1880-1. The company owns 514,241 sheep, 96,705 cattle, and 3418 horses. The value of its pastoral estates is given as £723,005, and it has advanced to other owners £335,795. The total assets of the company exceed £1,500,000. The market value of the company's stock is £240 per cent.

Notice is given that £1 of East India Railway Annuity, Class A, may be exchanged into £27 10s. of India 3 per cent stock; that £100 of East Indian Railway stock may be exchanged into £133 India 3 per cent stock; and that £100 Eastern Bengal Railway debenture stock may be exchanged into £118 India 3 per cent stock.

Next month a return of £1 per share on capital account is to be made by the Hudson's Bay Company. The shareholders have good reason to be satisfied with their share of the results of the recent "boom" in North-West lands.

The London and River Plate Bank has not taken long to recover from the severe loss of last year, when as much as £116,000 was embezzled. The dividend was then reduced from 10 to 8 per cent. At the approaching meeting a distribution of 11 per cent will be proposed.

T. S.

"HOLLY LEAVES."

This is the title given to the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. The first thing that draws attention in this excellent shilling's-worth is the large coloured engraving presented therewith, entitled "Defence, not Defiance," from a painting specially executed for the journal by W. Weekes. A girl at the doorway of a house holds a dog in front of her resting on his hind legs, by no means a ferocious-looking fellow, while she gives a smile of welcome to a young midddy, her cousin Joe. He, sly rogue, holds at his back a sprig of mistletoe, by right of which he will doubtless soon perform some feat of osculation. The number itself rejoices in an excellent bill of fare, pictorial and literary. The illustrations are drawn by Florence Gravier, Frank Dadd, Davidson Knowles, Lionel J. Cowan, A. W. Allen, John Jellicoe, M. Stretch, Louis Wain, G. H. Edwards, C. T. Garland, G. R. Browne, S. T. Dadd, and there is a page of Clown Sketches by the Captious Critic. The stories and sketches are by W. S. Gilbert, Mrs. Power O'Donoghue, the Earl of Onslow, Herbert Gardner, E. L. Anderson, Richard Tylden, J. W. Robinson, Alfred E. T. Watson, Lady John Manners; G. F. Pellow, W. W. Fenn, and John Hollingshead. Here is a budget of art and literature large and good enough, surely, to draw a shilling from even a miser's pocket.

At St. John's College, Cambridge, a McMahon Law Studentship, of the annual value of £150, and tenable for four years, has been awarded to James Peiris, B.A., LL.B., scholar of the college.

We have received an appeal from Lady Herbert of Lea on behalf of the Westminster Soup Kitchen. Subscriptions in money, food, or clothes will be gratefully received by the Sister Superior, Carlisle-place, Westminster, and by Lady Herbert, Herbert House, Belgrave-square.

It is proposed to open subscriptions for a Fawcett Memorial Fund, to be devoted to the higher education of the blind. A committee is in course of formation, the Duke of Westminster having consented to be chairman, and Lord John Manners vice-chairman. Messrs. Roberts, Lubbock, and Co. and Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, and Co., have kindly consented to act as bankers to the fund.

Nearly 6000 entries were received for the great show of poultry and pigeons held this week at the Crystal Palace. The exhibition comprised about 10,000 birds. Among the successful exhibitors may be mentioned the Countess of Dartmouth, the Countess of Aberdeen, the Countess of Lonsdale, the Earl of Winterton, Lady Gwydyr, Lady Brassey, Lady Frederick Fitzroy, Lady De Rothschild, Lady I. Somerset, the Hon. Mrs. Duberly, the Hon. C. J. Coventry, the Hon. E. B. Gifford, General Hassard, Lieutenant-Colonel Shelley, and Mr. Le Sueur.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The pacific state of affairs in Home politics is suggestive—very. Since the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone, Sir Stafford Northcote and the Marquis of Hartington and Sir Charles Dilke could bring themselves to meet together in conclave on Saturday afternoon last, at the Downing-street residence of the Prime Minister, and not one of them appears to have been one ha'porth the worse for this joint Ministerial and Opposition deliberation on the ticklish question of Redistribution of Parliamentary seats, who can venture to say the Conservative leaders are not within a measurable distance of office, or that the time may, at least, be near when those who have hitherto been rival chieftains may foregather at the Council-table as members of a joint Ministry? Whatever Utopian issue the womb of the future may have in store for us, it is fortunate for the country that the Party leaders are at present vying with each other, at any rate, in their commendable desire to settle the Franchise and Redistribution questions upon an equitable basis.

Advanced Radicals, on the other hand, are disposed to be angrily dissatisfied with Mr. Gladstone and his Government for having surrendered to the Opposition after rousing the country to a white heat of resentment against the majority of the House of Lords. Mark how neatly the Ministry seeks to allay this disaffection! It has one voice for the Conservatives, another for the Whigs, and yet another for complaining Radicals. Mr. Chamberlain is made the medium for conciliating the last-named class. For instance, replying to a letter from a Welsh Minister, the President of the Board of Trade wrote:—

As regards the present situation, I think it has been somewhat misapprehended in the country. Believe me, there will be no surrender and no compromise of principle. The probabilities are that a settlement will be arrived at, but, if so, it will involve the immediate passing of the Franchise Bill, and the passing next Session of the Redistribution Bill, which will be more Radical and complete than any which seemed possible five months ago. The Seats Bill will not, however, be produced in the House of Commons until full assurances have been received that the Franchise Bill is safe.

Mr. Gladstone, fresh from a renovating Saturday to Monday holiday at Mr. Goschen's country seat, on Monday announced in circumlocutory phrase that he hoped to be able to introduce the Redistribution Bill next Monday, and to move the second reading on the following Thursday. Now the hatchet is buried, there seems to be no valid reason why the Franchise Bill should not be passed forthwith when the Peers reassemble, and why the Lords and Commons should not be permitted to break up for the Christmas vacation by the close of next week. Yet it may be well to be prepared for the contingency that it is the unexpected that frequently happens in the political as in the social world.

As the late Lord Beaconsfield, a master in the art of coining phrases, felicitated Sir Wilfrid Lawson on his possessing a "spirit of gay wisdom," so the noble Earl with equal aptness might have congratulated the House on being favoured with Mr. Henry Labouchere's humorous common-sense. It is this distinguishing quality which renders each speech of Mr. Labouchere piquant and palatable to a degree. The quiet vein of humour running through Mr. Labouchere's pungent attack on the principle of hereditary succession in the House of Lords was hugely relished by the Commons on the 21st inst. Laughter was frequent. The hon. member for Northampton justified his motion in favour of a reform of the Upper House on the ground that at that very time Lord Salisbury was busily negotiating with the Premier respecting the pending changes in the electorate of the House of Commons. His argument bristled with points, one of the most mirth-provoking being his contention that "the intelligence of the father has absolutely nothing to do with the intelligence of the son"—as witness the case of the heirs of Lord Chancellors (Laughter). Though Mr. Labouchere was well supported by the battery of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's wit, Mr. Gladstone had no difficulty in persuading a goodly majority of Ministerialists and Conservatives to follow him into the lobby against the resolution. At the same time it should be stated that, encouraged by the fair minority, the motion was only negatived by a majority of 74: 145 against 71 votes—Mr. Labouchere proposes to "keep on pegging away" against his favourite bugbear.

Mr. Childers secured his additional penny on the Income Tax, so far as the Commons were concerned, on Monday; and on Tuesday the House of Lords demonstrated with what dispatch measures can be pushed through on occasion by reading a second and third time and passing this financial bill. Their Lordships then adjourned until next Monday. The House of Commons suspended sitting for a week the day before. The Prime Minister did not, however, prevail upon the Commons to separate until several hon. members had complained of the arrangement, Sir John Lubbock in particular protesting with earnestness against the shelving of his motion in favour of proportionate representation. Both the hon. Baronet and Lord Randolph Churchill (to whom a pleasant holiday in India may be wished) had to be satisfied with Gladstonian phraseology.

Members of all shades of politics are liberally contributing to the fund being raised for the widow and children of the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P. Of this earnest and eloquent Irish member the committee say:—"Himself generous, genial, and warm-hearted, full of kindly sympathies and benevolent desires, it is felt by those who enjoyed his friendship and appreciated his rare gifts of head and heart, that his family, who have been practically left unprotected, should be helped in their affliction and necessities." Those who believe this tribute to have been thoroughly deserved, as, indeed, it assuredly was, may like to send their subscriptions to the "A. M. Sullivan Fund," addressed to Mr. Charles Russell, M.P., Union Bank, Chancery-lane. In A. M. Sullivan Ireland lost one of her most patriotic sons.

On Monday the Hon. A. F. Kinnaird opened the West Brighton Young Women's Christian Institution, which has been built at a cost of £2750, in addition to £850 cost of land and £400 for furnishing.

The Welbeck Home and Restaurant, in Mortimer-street, an institution established for the board and lodging of young women employed in business, was opened yesterday week by Princess Frederica of Hanover.

In London last week 2409 births and 1521 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 250, and the deaths 255, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There were 33 deaths from smallpox, 14 from measles, 36 from scarlet fever, 31 from diphtheria, 24 from whooping-cough, 20 from enteric fever, 15 from dysentery, and not one from cholera.

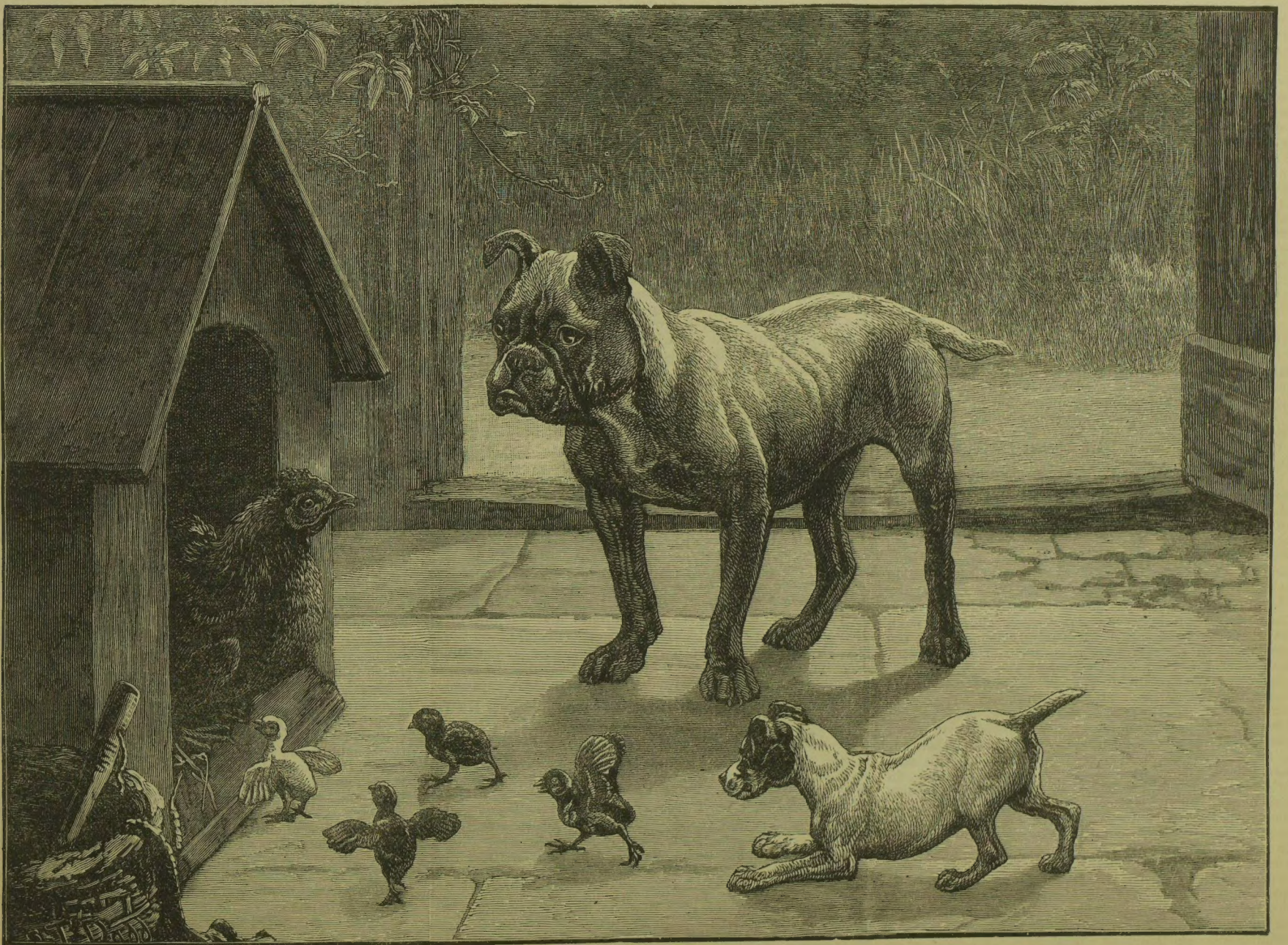
The picturesque village of Porthleven, Helston, Cornwall, has received an addition, both useful and ornamental, by the erection in the tower of the Institute of a new clock, with all the most recent improvements, manufactured by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill. The clock has four dials of more than four feet diameter, one of which, on the land side, is illuminated. The hours are struck upon a bell of 4 cwt. of a full rich tone. The clock and tower have been erected at the cost of Mr. W. Bickford Smith, of Helston.



THE NILE EXPEDITION: ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE CAMEL CORPS AT WADY HALFA.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



"NOT TO BE CAUGHT BY CHAFF."—BY HEYWOOD HARDY.



"TENANTS' RIGHTS."—BY S. T. DADD.

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS IN BLACK AND WHITE AT MR. MENDOZA'S GALLERY, KING-STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Nov. 25.

The telegraph is not an unmixed blessing, and the use of it made by modern journalism, always greedy for sensational news and striking cross-headings, is by no means exempt from disastrous consequences, as the Parisians may now testify. In the latest newspapers received from America the telegraphic reports relative to the cholera in Paris, for instance, are extremely exaggerated: we read of people being struck down in the streets, in the omnibuses, in the theatres; and of the populace being terror-stricken. Since the epidemic broke out, not a single case has occurred in the conditions specified. I can imagine the alarmist headings with which a clever sub-editor would serve up the telegrams from Paris concerning the riot which took place in the Rue Lévis on Sunday last, and the amplifications which the reader's imagination, aided by distance, would lend to the simple facts. No. The Revolution has not yet broken out in Paris, and the streets are not yet streaming with blood. On Sunday afternoon an Anarchist meeting, at which some 2000 persons were present, was held in the Salle Lévis; and during three hours, incendiary speeches were made, as usual, against the capitalists by the professional militant revolutionaries. In the audience were many workmen, and the cry was "Mort aux bourgeois!" Those who ventured to protest were maltreated and expelled from the room, and finally an order of the day was passed, resolving that the working-men should go down armed into the street and hold an open-air meeting on the Place de la Bastille. When the 2000 came out of the Salle Lévis, the police proceeded to prevent the formation of groups. Suddenly there was a cry "Kill him!" and a terrible rush. A detective in plain clothes had been recognised. Then followed a scrimmage; knives, chisels, knuckle-dusters, and paving-stones were used; and a charge of cavalry was necessary to clear the street. Thirty persons were arrested, of whom fourteen are to be prosecuted; seven policemen were more or less severely wounded, and many others were cruelly bitten. The attempted riot was promptly suppressed, and at six o'clock all was quiet.

The Radical journals accuse the police and the Government of having provoked the riots, and the Monarchical organs naturally exaggerate the importance of the manifestation with a view to discrediting the Republic on the eve of the general elections. The moderate Republican journal, *Le Temps*, takes the common-sense view of the tendencies of a part of the working classes of Paris, and says that "if there is not an energetic revolt of the public good sense against the pretension to excuse and even to honour crime when covered with a political or social veil, we must expect, sooner or later, to see universal suffrage, in disgust or in terror, take a new turn; we should all of us do well to bear this in mind on the eve of the general election." It may readily be believed that a disturbance like that of Sunday, although it was most promptly and effectively repressed, is not in the interest of the commerce of Paris, already so sorely tried by an industrial crisis, and still further aggravated by the cholera scare, which has led to a general stagnation of business. Happily, the epidemic has now dwindled down to such insignificant proportions that it is no longer needful to publish daily bulletins. Yesterday there were only seven cases and seven deaths, of which six were amongst the cases under treatment in the hospitals on previous days.

In the Chamber the grand debate on the Tonquin credits has begun, and in all probability it will last until Thursday. Never has a Ministry received more terrible and precise accusations of incapacity, deceit, prevarication, and direct lying to the Chamber and to the public than the Ferry Cabinet has received during the past week from MM. Clémenceau, Andrieux, Lockroy, and Delafosse. It seems, however, probable that M. Ferry will obtain once more the majority necessary to enable him to keep his portfolio. The situation is truly extraordinary.

Last Thursday the French Academy held its grand annual meeting for the distribution of the prizes founded by M. de Montyon for the encouragement of acts of virtue, and of other prizes for literary productions. Mr. Pailleron was charged with the panegyric of virtue, and took advantage of the occasion to burn incense under the noses of his compatriots, telling them that, in spite of contrary appearances, they were all really saints, and that the only wicked people in France were the foreign residents. Amongst the literary prizes may be noticed 10,000*fr.* award to M. Leconte De Lisle for his "Poèmes Tragiques," and 3000*fr.* to Mistral for his Provençal poems. It is curious to see the French Academy, the guardian of the language of Racine and Bossuet, awarding a prize for the encouragement of a *patois* literature.

M. Taine has published the fourth volume of his work on the "Origines de la France Contemporaine," in which he follows the history of the Revolution up to the eighteenth Brumaire. The author's reactionary tendencies appear in this volume more pronounced than ever, and he has picked his documents with such prejudiced intentions that he finds in the whole Revolution nothing but a monstrous parody, played by charlatans, scoundrels, and brigands. This excessively one-sided volume is alone a condemnation of M. Taine's much-vaunted historical method.

T. C.

The King of the Netherlands has selected M. Mackay, Anti-Liberal, as President of the Second Chamber, from among the three deputies whose names were submitted to his Majesty for that post. The First Chamber has adopted the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne.—The subscriptions at Amsterdam to the share capital of nine million florins of the New Netherlands Indian-Agricultural Company exceed seven million florins, and the lists are closed.

The new German Reichstag was opened Thursday week by the Emperor in a speech expressing satisfaction at the progress made in social reform since 1882. He spoke with satisfaction of the unity of the Central Powers of Europe. The election of the new President and Vice-Presidents of the Reichstag took place last Saturday afternoon. Herr Von Wedell-Piesdorf, of the Conservative party, was elected President by 261 votes out of a total of 333 recorded, of which 71 were blank. The former Vice-Presidents, Herr Franckenstein, of the Centre, and Herr Hoffmann, of the new German Liberal party, were re-elected by acclamation. In the German Imperial Budget for 1885-6 the income and expenditure are respectively fixed at 621,196,051 marks—a sum which has to be balanced by a loan of more than 44,500,000 marks.—The West African Conference met again in Berlin last Saturday, when proposals relating to the Congo were made by the United States Plenipotentiary. The members afterwards dined with the Emperor, the Foreign Ambassadors and Prince Bismarck being also present. Mr. Stanley lunched with Prince William of Prussia, at Potsdam; and in the evening dined with Prince Bismarck. On Tuesday Mr. Stanley was entertained at a banquet in the Kaiserhof by the Geographical and Anthropological Societies.—Dr. Bodinus, the celebrated zoologist, and Director of the Zoological Gardens in Berlin, died of apoplexy on Sunday morning. He was seventy years of age.

The Emperor of Austria left Vienna on the 24th inst. for Gödöllö, where the Court will remain till the end of the month. It will then move to Pesth, returning to Vienna on Jan. 17 next.—The young Grand Duke Michael of Russia, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Count Schouvaloff, has arrived at Vienna from Athens.—The Austrian Reichsrath has been summoned to meet on Dec. 4.

On Sunday the jubilee of the Metropolitan Isidore, who has held the archiepiscopal office for fifty years, was celebrated at St. Petersburg with great solemnity. Last Saturday evening prayers were said in all churches of St. Petersburg, Novgorod, and the Grand Duchy of Finland. On Sunday prayers were said at the Isaac Kasan and Nevski Cathedrals by the members of Holy Synod, and in the evening by the Archbishops. The whole of the Imperial family presented their congratulations. The St. Petersburg clergy have subscribed eighty thousand roubles to found, in the Metropolitan's name, an asylum for aged priests here.

M. Callias has been elected President of the Greek Chamber by 105 votes against 66 votes obtained by the Opposition candidate.

It is announced from Tien-Tsin that Chinese Turkestan will be made the nineteenth province of the Celestial Empire, and governed similarly to China.

The New South Wales Parliament was opened on the 18th inst., in order to pass the Estimates of the ensuing year. The Treasurer made his financial statement, which showed that there would be at the end of the year a clear surplus of £210,000. He estimated the revenue for 1885 at £8,480,000, and the expenditure at £8,420,000, thus leaving an aggregate surplus of £270,000. Should the estimated revenue of 1885 be realised, there would be a sum of £2,000,000 beyond the revenue for 1883, and £1,500,000 in excess of the present year's receipts.—Sir Arthur Blyth, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for South Australia, has received a telegram from the Government at Adelaide, informing him that the Provincial Parliament had been prorogued after a successful Session; that the Parliament had passed the Land and Pastoral Bills, and bills for railways from Petersburg to Silvertown, and from Mount Gambier to Naracoorte. Also that the emigrant ship *Hesperus* had arrived safely at Port Adelaide.—The Queensland Legislature has voted the appropriation of £10,000,000 towards public works, as proposed in Mr. Dickson's financial statement. The expenditure is required mainly for railway purposes.—At Melbourne on the 19th inst., the jubilee of the first settlement in the colony was celebrated—Edward Henty having landed at Portland Bay from Van Dieman's Land exactly fifty years ago. He was the first European who settled in Victoria.—The English cricketers, under the captaincy of Alfred Shaw, last week played a match against an Eleven of Victoria, which resulted in a victory for the English team by 118 runs. None of Murdoch's Eleven who visited England this year played in the match. Shaw's team won another match on Monday at Melbourne by four wickets against an Eleven of New South Wales.

The official return of the polling in Hackney gives the number of votes recorded for Professor Stuart (Liberal) as 14,540, while those for Mr. McAlister (Conservative) were 8543.

Viscount Bangor has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for county Down, and the Earl of Fingall has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant of county Meath.

The first of a series of evening concerts by members of the Kyrie Society, through the interest of Lady Brabazon, was given to the patients of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City-road, last week. The performance was of a high order, and was fully appreciated.

At the meeting of Old Moderators of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, held in Edinburgh on the 19th inst., it was agreed to nominate Professor Mitchell, St. Andrews, as Moderator of the next General Assembly. The Commission of Assembly of the Free Church met the same day, when the Rev. Principal Brown, Aberdeen, was nominated as Moderator of the Free Church for next year.

A conference of representatives of Trades Unions with members of the Artisans' Technical Association was held at Anderson's Hotel, Fleet-street, last Saturday afternoon, to consider the best means of bringing the work of the association before workmen. Sir P. Cunliffe Owen presided, and a resolution was adopted calling on the Trades Unions to assist the efforts of the association.

The School Board for London again discussed at considerable length, on the 20th inst., the question of over-pressure. After the rejection of several amendments, the proposition of Mr. Bousfield to appoint a special committee to inquire into the allegations of over-pressure made in the report of Dr. Crichton-Browne was agreed to by 24 to 20 votes. A letter was received from Mr. Robson, resigning his post as architect to the Board, owing to his having been appointed consulting architect to the Educational Department.

The show of fat cattle which opened on the 20th inst. at Norwich is admitted to have been the finest exhibition ever held in the county. There were 120 beasts shown, as against ninety-one last year. For the best beast in the yard, Mr. R. Wortley, of Aylsham, was awarded the Patron's Plate; he also took the President's (Lord Hastings) prize for the best ox or steer. The Queen received first prize for the best steer of any breed, besides other prizes. The Prince of Wales took second prize in the class for cows bred and fed in Norfolk. Lord Hastings, Mr. Colman, M.P., Mr. R. Wright (Lincoln), Mr. D. A. Green (Colchester), and Mr. Clement Stephenson (Newcastle), also took prizes in cattle classes.—The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh have both entered fat stock for exhibition at the two great Kent Cattle Shows at Canterbury and Ashford to be held in December.—Lord Tredegar's agricultural show opened on Tuesday at Newport, Monmouthshire. The exhibits numbered 1150. There was a keen competition for the prizes.

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LAW.

A large portion of our issue of last week contained the result of the trial *Finney v. Garmoyle*, which came to a close on Thursday, the 20th inst. The action for breach of promise of marriage, brought by Miss Finney (known on the stage as Miss Fortescue) against Lord Garmoyle, eldest son of the Earl of Cairns, came before Mr. Justice Manisty. Counsel detailed the circumstances of the engagement, and showed that Miss Finney was accepted by Lord and Lady Cairns as the affianced bride of their son. Owing to the objection of Lord Garmoyle's parents to the stage, Miss Finney and her sister retired from the theatrical profession. The marriage was delayed to enable Lord Garmoyle to pass his examination at Sandhurst, and ultimately he wrote breaking off the engagement. On behalf of Lord Garmoyle, the Attorney-General consented to a verdict for the plaintiff, with £10,000 damages, observing that his Lordship desired it to be known that during the whole course of the engagement there was nothing in the conduct and bearing of Miss Finney but what was becoming a high-minded English lady. A verdict for £10,000 was then entered. The *Law Journal* says the £10,000 awarded to the plaintiff is probably the largest amount of damages ever recorded in this country in an action for breach of promise of marriage; though perhaps larger sums than the present have been paid out of court.

The trial of the libel action brought by Mr. Charles Warren Adams against Mr. Bernard Coleridge came to an end last Saturday. The plaintiff was not cross-examined, and Miss Coleridge, though called, was not examined. Mr. Justice Manisty held that the letter written by the defendant to his sister warning her not to marry the plaintiff, whose character he impugned, was a privileged communication, and that the jury had only to consider whether he wrote the letter honestly and without malice. The jury, after deliberating, replied that they believed that the defendant, in not retracting when he had the opportunity, showed vindictiveness; and they awarded the plaintiff £3000 damages. Mr. Adams asked for judgment in his favour, but the Judge said that, in his opinion, there was no evidence on which such a verdict should be found, and he should give judgment for the defendant, with costs. The plaintiff conducted his own case. Mr. Justice Manisty on Monday, on taking his seat in the Court of Queen's Bench, made an order for stay of execution in this case, and said that the course he had taken on Saturday had been much discussed and misunderstood. It was, however, the course which tended most to shorten litigation and reduce its expenses.

The trial of Lord Marcus Beresford for an assault alleged to have been committed by him on Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, proprietor and editor of *Vanity Fair*, on Oct. 16 last, resulted yesterday week in an acquittal at the Middlesex Sessions.

In the Queen's Bench Division on Saturday, Mr. Joseph Lawrence was found guilty of publishing, in a journal called *Modern Society*, a libel concerning Mrs. Mary Amy Blood, residing in Thuriow-square, South Kensington; and the jury awarded £1000 damages. Counsel applied on Monday to Mr. Justice Denman to stay execution in this case on the ground that the amount of damages was excessive, but his Lordship declined to do so, remarking that he thought it was too small.

The trial at the Central Criminal Court yesterday week of Morley Jarvis, Barnard Garland, and Charles Kent, for conspiracy to defraud, through a sham organisation known as the Defence Society, was brought to a close with the conviction of the prisoners. Jarvis was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, Garland to fifteen and Nash to nine months' hard labour.

At the same Court last Saturday James Ivey was sentenced to fifteen months' hard labour for stealing two purses and money from the person of Mr. Baym on Lord Mayor's Day. He was stopped by two young ladies, sisters (Misses Rhoda and Kate Morris), who took the purses from him and held him till the police came up. They were directed to receive £3 reward.

The Earl of Rosebery has been elected a vice-president of the Royal Colonial Institute, and Sir Richard Temple a member of the council, in the room of the late Sir R. Torrens.

The inaugural meeting of the Cambridge University Town and County Fine-Art Association will be held in the Theatre Royal, Cambridge, this (Saturday) evening.

Tuesday's *Gazette* contains the following:—The Queen has been pleased to appoint Major-General Peter H. Scratchley, R.E., C.M.G., to be her Majesty's Special Commissioner for the Protected Territory in New Guinea.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held on Monday night at the University of London, Mr. Michel Beazeley read a paper descriptive of an overland journey in the Island of Formosa from Tai-Kow to the South Cape, undertaken by him in June, 1875. Lord Aberdare, president of the society, took the chair.

Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., has consented to become President of the English Congregational Chapel Building Society, in succession to the late Mr. Robert S. Hudson, of Chester. Mr. Morley, whose name appears in the last report of the society as having, at various times, contributed £3557 to its funds, has for a great many years taken a practical interest in its work.

Mr. W. H. Higgin, Q.C., has been elected treasurer of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple. Mr. R. B. Finlay, Q.C., and Mr. Daubeny have been elected Benchers of the Middle Temple in succession to the late Sir Laurence Peel and Mr. Beavan.—Mr. Arthur Richard Jelf, Q.C., Recorder of Shrewsbury, and Mr. John Thomas Crossley, Q.C., of the Chancery Bar, have been elected Benchers of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, in succession to the late Mr. Justice Watkin Williams and Mr. Edward Vaughan Richards, Q.C.—Mr. Morgan Howard, Q.C., Recorder of Guildford, has been appointed a member of the Council of Legal Education, in succession to Mr. Justice Wills.

A fête was held on Wednesday evening at the Bread Reform Exhibition at Humphreys' Hall, Albert-gate, in aid of a fund to provide penny breakfasts and dinners for poor school children. Mr. Humphreys gave the use of the hall free for the benefit of the fund, and a loan gallery of pictures, *objets d'art*, &c., formed special attractions of the exhibition. Fancy work, flowers, fruit, &c., were contributed, and pictures were lent; and the proceeds of all contributions to the evening fête will be handed over to the fund, which will be in the charge of a general council, who will organise centres and establish the penny breakfasts and dinners on a self-supporting basis. Afternoon teas, musical, dramatic, and other entertainments were given during the exhibition. The series of dramatic and musical entertainments began last Saturday, and continued to the 28th inst., concluding with a *matinée* on Dec. 2, by permission of Mr. John Hollingshead, at the Gaiety Theatre. Princess Christian, the Dowager Countess of Aylesford, the Hon. Emily Cathcart, Lady Alfred Churchill, Lady George Hamilton, Lady John Manners, and Lady Louisa Mills, preside at the "afternoon teas." All communications should be addressed to Miss Yates, hon. sec. Bread Reform League, 8, Northumberland-terrace, Regent's Park.

HISTORY OF PICTORIAL JOURNALISM.

"The Pictorial Press: its Origin and Progress," is the subject of a handsome volume, with a hundred and fifty Engravings, published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett. To all engaged in the conduct of this Journal, and we trust also to many of its readers, the treatise here ably and agreeably presented must be one of peculiar interest. The author, Mr. Mason Jackson, being connected now and for very many years past with the *Illustrated London News*, has had a practical experience of the management of wood-engraving, drawing, and sketching for the purpose of News Illustrations, to an amount certainly unapproached by any other person. He has a family title, moreover, to be the surviving representative of some of the eminent Newcastle school of wood-engravers, founded by Bewick, who revived that ingenious, pleasing, and useful art in England; and who applied it to popular instruction and entertainment in a style of beauty and accuracy, and of artistic effectiveness, never before conceived to be within its reach. "The History of Wood-Engraving," by the late Mr. John Jackson, is a standard authority upon the steps by which technical and artistic improvement was gradually arrived at; but it has been reserved for Mr. Mason Jackson to relate the history of a special employment of the art, which he has had unequalled opportunities of observing, and the modern form of which is greatly indebted to his personal superintendence. His genuine and disinterested love of the art itself, and of its public uses in this respect, antecedent to the success it has obtained under his own direction, is proved by the diligent researches he has made among the ephemeral publications of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, to collect examples of pictorial illustration of the events and topics of those days. The earlier chapters of his book are therefore rather of an antiquarian character, furnishing, with the reprints of many quaint old woodcuts, a very amusing commentary on the social life of England in past ages, the manners and ideas, the popular sentiments, prejudices, and superstitions, and the occasional fits of panic or party fury that stirred the public mind.

Mr. Jackson writes in an agreeable style, and has a lively perception of characteristic incidents and humours. He finds a great variety of things to narrate; and, though most of them are probably already familiar to readers of English history, or to those interested in the habits of our ancestors, their repetition, which is concise and never tedious in his pages, was needful to explain the very curious illustrations he has reproduced. He begins with those found in special papers, of the "broadside" form, and in tracts or pamphlets, which were issued, from the time of Queen Elizabeth, to give an account of some extraordinary events. The exploits of Sir Francis Drake in sea-fights with the Spaniards, in 1587, the disastrous floods of 1607 in Monmouthshire and in Somersetshire, the great fire of Tiverton in 1612, and the storms and shipwrecks of the next year on the eastern coast, were thus made the subjects of rude and childish drawings, often with the most grotesque and fantastic exaggeration. Notorious crimes, like the murder of Mr. Storrie, a clergyman at Market Rasen, in Lincolnshire, and the story, which may be fabulous, of the gentleman in Cornwall who unwittingly murdered his own son, having received him as a stranger come from abroad with a bag of gold, are figured in similar publications. The religious excitement prevailing in the early part of the seventeenth century is exemplified by strange pictures of supernatural portents, such as the vision of three dead men, appearing as skeletons, arisen from their graves in a churchyard in Germany; and that of a battle in the clouds (seen above the tomb of Mahomet in Arabia), with a woman bearing sword and book in the opposite quarter of the sky, and with a shower of blood raining down on Rome. It is remarked by Mr. Jackson that nearly the same pretended vision was again promulgated in 1642, when it was stated to have been reported by the English Ambassador at Constantinople. On the former occasion, in 1620, this "Good News to Christendom" had been sent by a merchant at Alexandria to a Venetian at Leghorn. The exaggerated descriptions of meteors, thunderbolts, and comets, that of the ghost haunting the butchers' stalls in Smithfield, the Newbury Witch who walked upon the water, and whom a volley of musketry failed to kill, and the Whale of Weymouth, carrying a Romish priest like Jonah in its belly, were part of the *Illustrated London News* in that age.

Of much greater real interest, as being associated with important historical transactions, are the drawings intended to represent the military performances of Gustavus Adolphus, the conflicts with the Irish rebels in 1641, the execution of Strafford, and many subsequent events of the Civil War, the Commonwealth, and the Restoration. Mr. Jackson presents a good collection of the satirical pictures with which both parties, Roundheads and Cavaliers, accompanied their exercise of the weapons of earnest controversy, soon exchanged for "pike and gun." Archbishop Laud, during his long imprisonment before it ended on the scaffold, was the object of many fanciful and malicious caricatures; in one burlesque play, he is seated at table with Prynne, Burton, and Leighton, or Bastwick, whose ears were cut off by order of the Star Chamber; then he has his nose held to a grindstone, and is put into a cage with a Jesuit; in another picture, the Devil offers Laud a Cardinal's hat. The illustrations of actual doings, of the storming of Lambeth Palace by a mob, the pulling down of the Cross in Cheapside, a sitting of the Long Parliament, the raising of the King's Standard at Nottingham, Prince Rupert with battleaxe and pistol galloping somewhere between Daventry and Birmingham, the "Oxford Junto" in council, with the King and Queen looking on from the gallery, the cruelties of Cavaliers at Exeter and Bristol, the flight of Charles from Oxford in 1646, the breaking of the Great Seal before the Lords and Commons, Fairfax sitting in his council of military officers (there is no illustration of Cromwell), the naval squadron of Prince Charles, the siege of Colchester, the imprisonment of Charles I. in Carisbrooke Castle, his execution at Whitehall in January, 1649, and other incidents of that memorable contest, reappear in the present volume. A duel between Sir Kenelm Digby and a French nobleman who had called King Charles a coward is also represented. Under Cromwell's arbitrary rule, the Press had little freedom; and, being forbidden to exhibit political events at home, was fain to show "the Hollow Tree" on Hampstead Heath, or a seven-headed and seven-armed human monster in the mountains of Spain. Hopkins, the Witchfinder, surrounded by witches and their imps in the shape of animals, is figured in one pamphlet.

The Restoration censorship permitted, of course, the publishing of a horrid picture of the Execution of the Regicides; and the murder of Archbishop Sharp near St. Andrews, in 1679, was allowed to be made the subject of an Illustration. Popular superstition was still indulged with a view, during the Dutch War, of the apparition of ships fighting on the coast of Holland, and emblematic lions in aerial conflict, with a crowned King triumphant on high. These designs, rendered by etchings on copperplate engravings, were drawn in tolerable perspective; and the woodcut of 1684, representing the Great Frost on the Thames, shows a considerable advance in correct delineation. The Monmouth

Rebellion, and the Bloody Assize of Judge Jefferies, were the subject of illustrated tracts probably sold without Government license, at least in the latter instance. On the other hand, the *Loyal Protestant* could encourage the zeal of its party with a queer woodcut of the prodigious hen's egg laid at Rome, containing a comet in its inside; "but all persons are left to their own choice whether they will believe either this or any of our own late homebred Miracles and Visions." In the reign of William III., on the death of Queen Mary, a broadside account of the funeral was adorned with a large woodcut, part of which is copied in this volume.

The eighteenth century, when the art of wood-engraving was long generally neglected, affords but few specimens for Mr. Jackson's collection. Fabulous visions of swordsmen in the sky at night were now and then imposed on vulgar credulity, during the wars of Queen Anne's time. The taste for caricature, as might be expected among contemporaries of Dean Swift and other great literary humourists, revived with as much sharpness against party opponents as it had displayed previously to the Civil War. The Jacobites were fiercely ridiculed in Read's *Weekly Journal* of 1718 with an elaborate pictorial composition, which might easily be interpreted by one conversant with the plots and intrigues of that day. But the most complicated design for the purpose of expressing detestation of a set of men is that in the same journal, also styled the *British Gazetteer*, for May 20, 1721. It depicts, with vindictive particularity and precision reminding us of Dante's "Inferno," the voyage of a fraudulent South Sea Company Director to the blazing jaws of Hell, conveyed in Lucifer's row-barge with a cargo of gold coin, with Mammon at the helm, Belial playing the fiddle, Satan whispering him at one ear and Beelzebub at the other, and the worm of remorse gnawing his entrails; while subordinate figures and emblems fill the sides of the picture. In Parker's *London News* of May, 1724, a clear and sensible account of the expected eclipse of the sun is accompanied by a series of drawings, useful to show the course and stages of obscuration, but setting a round human face in the sun's disk. A plan of the harbour of Portobello, with the position of Admiral Vernon's ships engaging the Spanish forts, was given by a daily newspaper, the *Post*, in 1740; and this as well as the sketch of Fort Fouras, on the coast of Brittany in 1758, is likely to have been furnished by a naval or military officer. The Jacobite rebellion of 1745 having rekindled English animosity against the partisans of the Pretender, Fielding became editor of a weekly political paper, the *Jacobite's Journal*, expressly to assail them with ironical derision. It has been supposed that Hogarth drew the woodcut heading, which Mr. Jackson has taken for the frontispiece to this volume. This drawing, of which Fielding writes a humorous explanation, shows Mr. John Trotto and his wife riding on an ass, Popery, in the person of a sly Friar, leading the beast with a halter, and the Royal Arms of France dragged behind the tail. In the *St. James's Chronicle*, a sheet published thrice a week, in June, 1765, there is the picture of a "strange wild beast" which had spread terror and havoc in the Gévandun district, in France, and of which the most wonderful stories are told. Mr. Jackson suggests, from the description, that it may have been a hyena escaped from some travelling menagerie. The last example that he presents of pictorial journalism in the eighteenth century is taken from the old *Gentleman's Magazine*; it is the full-length and full-breadth figure of Mr. Edward Bright, the Fat Man of Maldon, in Essex, who weighed forty-two stone.

We have enumerated none of the old Engravings but such as will be found reproduced in this book, passing over many of them by which the reader will be equally amused. The author describes a great many more, which may be seen in the British Museum collections of English broadsheets, tracts, pamphlets, and periodicals. We believe that equally rich materials for the history of illustrated occasional publications are to be found among the products of the Dutch, German, French, and Italian presses, in many cities of Europe, from a date at least as early as the beginning of the Lutheran controversy, and in some instances almost from the introduction of letter-type printing, with which wood-engraving was from the first closely allied. Caxton used, for the adornment of his books, engraved blocks which were probably executed by the foreign printers he employed; and blocks were afterwards procured, as Mr. Jackson informs us, from Nuremberg or from Lyons. "Albert Dürer's influence on the art of wood-engraving was very great, but it never extended to this country. Hans Holbein, who came to England two years after Dürer's death, made a few designs for the wood-engravers during his long residence here. His transient use of the art, however, did not raise it to a better condition, and printers continued to be the chief producers of woodcuts."

The lifetime of Thomas Bewick extended to 1828; his principal works, except the second volume of the "History of British Birds," appeared before the end of the last century; but he was afterwards much occupied in teaching the art which has, during fifty years past, achieved a universal triumph. The credit due to him and his pupils can hardly be over-rated. When the *Penny Magazine* came out, in March, 1832, under the management of Charles Knight, and under the auspices of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," the more artistic practice of wood-engraving, by which it was illustrated, was regarded as "a new art." It was the only means by which the working classes, and the great body of the people, could be made familiar through the Press either with the best works of painting, sculpture, and architecture, or the various scenes and endless marvels of Nature, or the faces of illustrious men. Those who now remember the delight and instruction that their early childhood received from the *Penny Magazine* will feel grateful to the artists, draughtsmen, and engravers, by whose skill these results were obtained. We may claim also for the *Illustrated London News*, established by Mr. Herbert Ingram ten years later, the merit of having carried on that portion of the work in the same spirit, providing the best materials of refined mental entertainment and sound "Useful Knowledge," together with the illustration of passing events. This Journal, however, enjoys the unique distinction of being the first regular illustrated newspaper that came into existence; and Mr. Jackson devotes the latter half of his volume to the progress of news-illustration in the nineteenth century. The practice was resorted to occasionally, not regularly, by several older journals, by the *Observer*, *Bell's Life in London*, and the *Weekly Chronicle*, before the *Illustrated London News* was started. Mr. Jackson does at least sufficient justice to the special efforts of our predecessors. The *Times* had in 1806 given a woodcut of Nelson's funeral car, and in 1817 a view of Robert Owen's Socialist villages. The *Observer* began with copper-plate, in 1815, giving a view of St. Helena, and three years later the portrait of a murderer, Abraham Thornton, the last accused criminal who claimed to prove his innocence by ordeal of battle. In 1820, the same journal, conducted with much enterprise by Mr. Clement, had woodcut illustrations of the Cato-street Conspiracy, and of the trial of Queen Caroline, followed next year by some of the Coronation of George IV. The King's visit to Ireland, and the siege of Cadiz by the French in 1823, shared these pictorial attentions of the *Observer*; but it made a great deal more of the infamous crime of Thurtell, who murdered Weare

on the road near Elstree, while driving him in a gig, and with some accomplices hid his corpse in a pond. *Bell's Life*, owned by the same proprietor, sometimes contained portrait sketches of theatrical and sporting celebrities; and, from 1827 to the end of 1840, had different series of "comicalities," drawn by Cruikshank, Seymour, and Kenny Meadows. The *Observer* continued its occasional use of news-illustrations, dealing thus with the death of the Duke of York and of Mr. Canning, in 1827, the opening of a suspension bridge at Hammersmith, the alterations of St. James's Park, the Battle of Navarino, Mr. Gurney's steam-carriage on turnpike-roads, the disaster in the works of the Thames Tunnel, Ascot Races, the Red Barn murder near Ipswich, the opening of St. Katharine's Docks, the Siamese Twins, the death and funeral of George IV., the reception of King William IV. and Queen Adelaide in the City, their Majesties opening the new London Bridge, and the Royal Coronation in September, 1831. For several years, we are told, no illustrations were given, but in 1835 there were some of Fieschi's attempt to kill the King of the French. In 1837, there was the funeral of William IV., and Queen Victoria's visit to London, and there was her Coronation in the following year. These important events were duly "illustrated" by the *Observer*, which also did something in that manner with the opening of the railway to Greenwich, the grand portal of the Easton-square Station, the great fire at the Tower, and the birth and christening of the Prince of Wales. But the *Weekly Chronicle*, started in 1836, went in freely, sometimes with little regard to discretion and good taste, for the use of illustrations of all exciting topics. Portraits of notorious criminals, and the most horrible incidents of the Greenacre murder in 1837, commanded an enormous sale. The conductors, however, did make some laudable attempts to entertain their public with better things. "The Pictorial Gallery, illustrating every object of interest and curiosity in Art, Science, Literature, and Amusement," was the promising title of a well-meant series of engravings. Among these were balloon experiments, and the disastrous parachute adventure of Mr. Cocking. The French-Canadian rebellion, and the conflict of the madman Thom, calling himself Sir William Courtney, with the constables and soldiers in Kent, were illustrated by the *Weekly Chronicle* in 1838. Mr. Jackson also reproduces from the *Sunday Times* two views of the ruins of the Houses of Parliament after the conflagration, and from the *Magnet* one of the embarkation of Napoleon's remains at St. Helena.

The late Mr. Ingram, who was then in business as a newspaper vendor at Nottingham, had observed the large extra demand for certain London papers whenever they contained news-illustrations. He therefore resolved to establish this Journal, the first number of which appeared on May 14, 1842. It contained eight illustrations, drawn by John Gilbert, of the Queen's Bal Masqué at Buckingham Palace, one being that of her Majesty in the costume of Queen Philippa; a view of the great fire at Hamburg; views of Cabul and Ghuzni, the scenes of the Afghan War then going on; an illustration of the Fashions for May; some humorous sketches at the Police Courts, and comic designs of the subjects of mock advertisements; and pretty ornamental headings for the columns of particular news, such as that of "Court and Haut Ton," which was graced with figures of an infant Royal Pair, in robes of state, attended by baby pages, and receiving the homage of chubby children more or less dressed up. The *Illustrated London News*, immediately afterwards, gave a series of engravings of the Overland Route to India, and did not neglect in that year the Queen's journeys to Windsor and to Scotland, the attempt to shoot her Majesty on Constitution Hill, the Chartist riots at Preston, the fatal accident to the Duke of Orleans, the funeral of the Duke of Sussex, the Lord Mayor's Show, and various public incidents of London life. Portraits of Mr. Cobden, then just elected to a seat in Parliament, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Disraeli, were given in those early years. The drawing and engraving were often far from perfection; but the sale rapidly advanced to sixty or seventy thousand, and during the French Revolution of 1848 it was more than doubled in three months. The Great Exhibition of 1851, and the Crimean War three or four years afterwards, caused an eager demand for illustrations. Mr. Jackson does not attempt, however, to relate the history of this Journal, but devotes much space in his concluding chapters to a few interesting explanations of the processes by which it is produced: wood-engraving, and the previous drawing on the block; the printing of wood-engravings, and electro-typing, for the purpose of working off the impression at several machines simultaneously; the mode in which a block is divided for the work of separate engravers on its parts; and the relation that an original rough sketch bears to the finishing drawing on the wood. The last-mentioned point is one that has been repeatedly been exposed to the view of our readers, by photographic facsimiles of the hurried sketches of Mr. Melton Prior, or some other Special Artist, made during the tumult of a battle, and published in this Journal precisely as they came. Mr. Jackson presents one admirable example of the artistic conversion of a rapid sketch into a very effective and equally truthful picture. This is the scene at the gate of Sedan, where a French captain, with a white flag of truce, stands on the top, accompanied by a trumpeter, to announce the surrender of the garrison. The artist has done no violence to the original representation, but has taken from it only the part which is essential to tell the story, while he has given perfect form, attitude, and expression to the figures, intense reality to the marks of cannonade or bombardment on the splintered masonry, and the lurid light of flame and glowing smoke in the atmosphere behind. The mechanical and scientific improvements, by which alone it has become possible to bring out the *Illustrated London News* at its present standard of comparative perfection, with representations of facts that have occurred within the week, leaving perhaps only a very few hours to prepare the engraved blocks or the "process blocks" for the press, are briefly described by Mr. Jackson; and he gives an example of the dividing of a block, with the drawing on it, into six pieces for more expeditious cutting by as many hands. The improved printing-machines and folding-machines are noticed, with a few statistics of the immense numbers of papers turned out by them and the huge quantities of paper required. To relieve the perusal of these details, he tells a few diverting stories of the personal adventures of several of our Special Artists, particularly in the war of 1870 and 1871 between France and Germany; and some of their campaigning experiences in the Russo-Turkish War are shown by engravings from sketches of their own. Our valued friend, Mr. William Simpson, the veteran Special Artist who began, thirty years ago, at the siege of Sebastopol, to sketch for the lithographs of Messrs. Day and Son, and who is now with the Afghan Boundary Commission in Central Asia, has a deserved place of honour in Mr. Jackson's personal recollections. We believe that Mr. Jackson's History of "the Pictorial Press," which is complete down to the period at which the *Illustrated London News* reached efficiency and maturity, will be accepted as the standard work on this subject. It was a task desirable to be executed, and he has performed it very well.

THE NILE EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



EL CEMAI, THE STARTING POINT: PUTTING GEAR INTO THE WHALE-BOATS.



CAMP AT THE SECOND CATARACT.

ART NOTES.

At the St. James's Gallery (King-street, St. James's) Mr. Mendoza has brought together a very creditable and fairly representative collection of works in black and white, chiefly by English artists. Of late years the increased attention accorded to etching, and the success which artists of reputation have achieved in that line, have doubtless emboldened our fellow-countrymen to launch out into other fields "of black and white," where their French and Flemish brethren have for years been richly gleaming. Amongst the sketches which in this exhibition will attract attention, Mr. P. R. Morris's "The Stranger within the Gates" (which we shall probably give in a future Number) deserves a prominent place. The least satisfactory part of the work is its title. Two little girls, fully equipped for a Sunday walk, are seated on the steps attended by their faithful terrier. A plate of milk at their feet is tempting a small puss to believe in the hospitality of her new home. The pose of the children and their wistful expression are admirable; and Mr. Morris is every year showing the progress he makes as a painter of animals. There

is another and earlier work by the same artist, "The Three Graces" (144), which marks a period when the influence of Mason and Walker was strong upon him, and many of Mr. Morris's admirers will regret that he has abandoned their ways. Mr. R. Beavis's "Sunshine and Shade" (82) and "After the Storm" (88) are carefully finished sepia drawings, which show him in a new and excellent light. Mr. G. L. Seymour's "April Fool Day" (87) is an excellent bit of *genre* painting. A disappointed Don Juan, who comes to the rendezvous with a horse and lady's saddle ready for flight, only to find that a marble maiden (a statue) awaits him. Mr. J. R. Weguelin's "Saturnalia" (93) is a Tademaesque study, replete with learning and clever drawing—especially that of the Bacchic figure carried off by his more sober companions. Mr. Heywood Hardy's "Not to be Caught by Chaff" (134), a girl trying to coax a recalcitrant pony with a sieve of corn (given on another page), is most carefully finished, and full of story; and in a very different line the same praise applies to Mr. Wyllie's sketches on the Tyne. Among the other noteworthy works may be mentioned Mr. MacWhirter's "Wanderer" (60), a donkey lost in a snowstorm; Mr. Dinsdale's "Spring, gentle

spring," an episode of 1881, when the young lambs were exposed to the trials of snow in May; Mr. Jacomb Hood's clever and carefully finished head, "Hans Sachs" of Nuremberg (104); Mr. W. W. May's "Pinks Becalmed" (94), a summer mist off Schevening; Mr. A. M. Rossi's "Bit of Venice" (81); Mr. S. T. Dadd's "Tenants' Rights" (10), of which the spirit and humour are, it is hoped, adequately rendered in the present Number of this Journal; and two studies of Cattle by S. Van Marcke. These, however, by no means exhaust the list of interesting works which will be found collected in the St. James's Gallery.

Mr. J. McNeill Whistler has been elected a member of the Incorporated Society of British Artists.

The Winter Exhibitions of the Old Society of Painters in Water Colours, the Institute of Painters in Oils, and the Society of British Artists open on Monday next.

A new technical school for Leicester, erected in memory of the late Mr. Edward Shipley Ellis, for many years chairman of the Midland Railway Company, was opened on the 20th inst. by Sir Henry Roscoe, Vice-President of the Royal Society.



THE MANITOBA BOYS (CANADIAN BOATMEN) AT BREAKFAST.



PROFESSOR JAMES STUART, M.A.,
THE NEW M.P. FOR HACKNEY.



THE LATE GENERAL SIR G. LAWRENCE, K.C.S.I.
SEE OBITUARY.

PROFESSOR STUART, M.P.

The election for the Metropolitan Borough of Hackney, to fill the seat vacated by the death of Professor Henry Fawcett, the late Postmaster-General, resulted last week in the return of the Liberal candidate, Professor Stuart, who obtained 14,540 votes against the 8543 given to his Conservative rival, Mr. Alexander MacAlister. Mr. James Stuart, M.A., Professor of Mechanism and Applied Mechanics in the University of Cambridge, is a son of the late Mr. Stuart, of Balgonie Works, Markinch, Fifeshire, where he was born in January, 1843. He received part of his education at home, and subsequently at the University of St. Andrews. Thence he proceeded to Cambridge, entering at Trinity College, where he took his B.A. degree, being Third Wrangler in 1866, and in the following year was elected a Fellow of his college. In 1868 he was appointed Assistant Tutor of the college, took the degree of M.A. in 1869, and in 1875 was elected the first Professor of Mechanism and Applied Mechanics. In November, 1882, Mr. Stuart was candidate for the representation of Cambridge University, but was defeated by Mr. Raikes. He now enters

Parliament for the first time, and is the 119th new member returned to the House of Commons since the general election of April, 1880.

THE MURDER AT BABBICOMBE.

The village of Babbicombe, situated on the shore of a small bay on the South Devon coast, between Teignmouth and Torquay, was the scene of a cruel murder perpetrated on Saturday, the 15th inst. An elderly maiden lady, Miss Emma Keyse, sixty-eight years of age, resided in a pretty marine villa at the foot of the cliff, surrounded by wooded pleasure-grounds, which is called "The Glen." She is said to have dwelt there more than forty years. The house, which is shown in our Illustration, was a low thatched building, but sufficiently commodious; and Miss Keyse, living there with none of her family or friends, often entertained visitors and private yachting parties. She kept three female servants, one of whom had a half-brother, John Lee, twenty-one years old, and he was the butler in Miss Keyse's household. In the night, or between three and four in the morning, the cook smelt

burning, and gave the alarm. It was discovered that the house had been set on fire in three places, in the drawing-room, in the dining-room, and in Miss Keyse's bed-room. The dead body of the unfortunate lady was found in the dining-room, with a deep gash across the throat, and with the side of the head smashed, as by a blow with some heavy instrument. No one had broken into the house. John Lee, whose behaviour and appearance at the time seemed very suspicious, is charged with the murder. His previous character was bad, as he underwent six months' imprisonment for stealing plate from a former master; and he was under notice to quit the service of Miss Keyse. An inquest on the case has been proceeding for some days past, and the prisoner was before the magistrates at Torquay on Tuesday last.

At the last meeting of the Council of the Social Science Association, an invitation from the Corporation of Portsmouth to hold the Congress for 1885 in that borough was considered, and its acceptance by the committee of council confirmed. The presidency of the association for the ensuing year has been accepted by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild.



SCENE OF THE MURDER AT BABBICOMBE, SOUTH DEVON.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice arrived at Windsor Castle on Thursday week, after a residence of eleven weeks at Balmoral. The Duke of Argyll arrived at Windsor next day on a visit to the Queen. The Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice and the infant Duke of Albany, arrived at the castle last Saturday from Claremont. On Sunday morning her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and the Duchess of Albany, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, officiated. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, visited the Queen in the afternoon. Earl Granville and Lord Rowton arrived at the castle, and Earl Granville had an audience of her Majesty. He, Lord Rowton, and the Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, had the honour of dining with her Majesty. The Duchess of Albany left Windsor Castle on Monday morning, upon the conclusion of her visit to the Queen, for London, en route to Claremont. Princess Alice and the infant Duke of Albany left later for Claremont. In the afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited the tomb of the late Duke of Albany. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone left London on Tuesday afternoon on a visit to the Queen. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone dined with her Majesty and slept at the palace. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, left town in the evening on a visit to the Queen. Lord Derby and Sir John Macdonald arrived soon afterwards, and were included in the Royal dinner party. The Queen will, it is understood, visit the Duchess of Albany next week, and during her Majesty's stay at Claremont the formal christening of the infant Duke of Albany will take place.

The Prince of Wales, who had been the guest of Mr. H. Villebois, at Marham House, Downham, left for London on Thursday week. His Royal Highness was present at a meeting next day of the members of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, and afterwards returned to Sandringham. On Sunday morning, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and the guests stopping at Sandringham, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at Sandringham church. The Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, domestic chaplain, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Canon Duckworth, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, who also preached. Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenberg has arrived at Sandringham on a visit to the Prince and Princess. Earl Sydney, Sir John A. Macdonald (Prime Minister of Canada), Sir John Rose, and Sir Robert Herbert have been among the guests of their Royal Highness.

Yesterday week, the anniversary of the birthday of Princess Victoria Adelaide, the Princess Royal of England and German Crown Princess, was observed in London in the customary manner. At Windsor the bells of St. George's Chapel and St. John's Church rang merrily at intervals. In the afternoon a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in the Long Walk, Windsor Park. Her Royal and Imperial Highness Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa was born on Nov. 21, 1840, and married the German Crown Prince on Jan. 25, 1858.

At an adjourned meeting of the subscribers of the Fitzwilliam (Milton) Hunt at Peterborough last Saturday, the master, the Hon. J. W. Fitzwilliam, M.P., announced that he would continue to hunt the country as usual.

The suite of apartments vacant in Hampton Court Palace by the death of Mrs. Hodson, have been granted by her Majesty to Lady William Brooke Phipps, widow of Lord William Brooke Phipps.

MR. ERNEST GEORGE'S ETCHINGS OF OLD LONDON.

Everyone who is familiar with the three beautiful volumes which contain Mr. George's etchings in Belgium, on the Mosel, and on the Loire, will give a loyal welcome to his latest, and in some respects, perhaps, his most interesting work, the *Etchings of Old London* (Fine Art Society). These views of sites and buildings that are rapidly disappearing are twenty in number, and show, in no small measure, the skill of the artist as a picturesque draughtsman. Mr. George's professional knowledge serves him in good stead in his choice of subject and in his method of treatment. The scenes are not presented with what one may term the barren accuracy of the photographer, but, while satisfactory from the standing-point of the architect, they gratify also the sense of beauty, which is by no means incompatible with accuracy. In a word, these etchings are works of art as well as historical memorials. To give to each of the plates the attention it deserves would require far more space than we have at our disposal. If not for the artist, yet for the student of London antiquities, the most attractive etchings of the series are those representing buildings which have already disappeared. Look for instance at the Paul Pindar, Bishopsgate-street, "but a year ago the richest example of domestic architecture in London." Mr. George adds: "Much of the original mansion was gone, and the portion that remained had become a tavern, but the beautiful bay window in two storeys was there in perfect condition, with its curiously carved panels and the lead lights in the original casements." Sir Paul Pindar, a merchant prince of the time of Elizabeth, built the mansion on his return from Italy, but the design was entirely English. The loss of such a building is to be deplored, but Mr. George's careful etching will fix it in the mind's eye. And here we may observe, *par parenthese*, that another tavern still in existence, the Harbour Master, Limehouse, affords an admirable example of Mr. George's style. It overhangs the river, and forms the centre of a scene not easily to be surpassed for picturesqueness. Considering the nursery-scarer monster given to us in the place of it, the loss of Temple Bar is to be deplored; but, as Mr. George observes, sarcastically: "Those who removed this interesting and historic boundary can probably render a reason for so doing." His etching of the old gateway is a good one, but as a work of art we prefer the representation of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, a gateway of earlier date, and happily still standing. Six years ago Temple Bar was carted away; and six years ago a venerable old inn, the Oxford Arms, Warwick-lane, shared a similar fate. This, too, is one of the memorials and the things of fame which Mr. George, with admirable fidelity, has preserved for us. Still more acceptable is the study of Oxford Market, Oxford-street, a once-familiar building, which disappeared from the eyes of Londoners three or four years since. Here we must pause; but assuredly not for lack of matter. Something we should like to have said of the studies of Staple Inn, of Butchers' Shops, Aldgate, of Millbank, and of Bartholomew-close. These four etchings would suffice, in our judgment, to give to an unknown artist a high reputation, but Mr. George has gained his long ago; and from the day when he received the warm praise of Mr. Ruskin, praise not too lavishly bestowed on any artist, his course has been singularly successful. The other day we noticed with interest his collection of water colours now exhibiting in New Bond-street. The public, we believe, have testified their approval of them in the best of all possible ways. There can be little doubt that a verdict quite as satisfactory will be passed upon these etchings of Old London.

Miss Müller opened on Monday evening a palatial school erected by the London School Board at East Dulwich.

THE CHURCH.

The Very Rev. H. Law, Dean of Gloucester, died on Tuesday, in his eighty-seventh year.

A new church, dedicated to St. Paul, has been opened at Keighley, free of debt. The Duke of Devonshire gave the site. On Tuesday afternoon the ceremony of consecrating the new Church of St. Augustine, Brighton-road, Croydon, was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A form of prayer for the safety of our soldiers and sailors engaged in the two African Expeditions has been drawn up by the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be used in the churches of the diocese.

The Rev. Alexander Grimston, M.A., Vicar of Lund-with-Kilwick, Yorkshire, and Rural Dean of Harthill, has been appointed to the living of Stillingfleet, near York, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Canon Harper, Vicar of Selby.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed the Rev. James Grain Brine, B.D., Rector of Lower Hardres, Canterbury, Kent, to be Rural Dean of the Deanery of Canterbury, in the place of the Right Rev. Dr. Oxenden, late Bishop of Montreal, resigned.

A meeting was held on Monday at Stratford-on-Avon to promote the restoration of the parish church. The report of Messrs. Bodley and Garner, architects, of London, on the proposed restoration works was adopted, the estimated cost being £12,000.

At the Royal Victoria Coffee Hall and Tavern, Waterloo-road, on Sunday night, there was a large attendance at the service conducted under the auspices of the Church of England Mission to the People. Mr. Alfred Sargent, general secretary Church of England Temperance Society, conducted the service.

The Bishop of Peterborough having disapproved of the action of the committee for the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral, the work has been stopped. The Dean has published a statement in which he says that all the committee propose to do is to raise the tower 15 ft., which, if not done now, cannot properly be done subsequently.

The Bishop of Rochester presided at a meeting of the Council of the Rochester Diocesan Society on Monday. The report of the committee appointed to consider the best means of augmenting the income of the society was adopted, and grants amounting to £350 were made for buildings. A special grant of £50 was made for the Sunday evening services in the Victoria Hall, Lambeth.

At a meeting of "Old Wellingtonians" at Lambeth Palace, preliminary steps have been taken for the establishment of a Wellington College mission in some poor part of London. On Sunday morning the Bishop of Bedford preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, a considerable portion of the congregation being lay workers in the East London Mission now going on. Lord William Compton presided on Saturday night at one of the lectures in Clerkenwell in connection with the mission.

At a meeting at Chester on Tuesday of the clergy and laity appointed at the late Diocesan Conferences of Chester and Liverpool to consider what form the memorial to the late Dr. Jacobson, Bishop of Chester, should take, the Bishop presiding, it was unanimously decided that a medallion should be placed in Chester Cathedral, and a scholarship founded, to take the name of the Rev. Bishop, at the University of Oxford, and to be held alternately by the dioceses of Chester and Liverpool.

Mrs. Power O'Donoghue will contribute a serial story, entitled "Shot and Shell," to the *Naval and Military Magazine*, the first chapters to appear in the January number.

The Mayor of Sunderland, Mr. Alderman Preston, has received a cheque for £100 from the Marquis of Londonderry towards the relief of the distress in that town.

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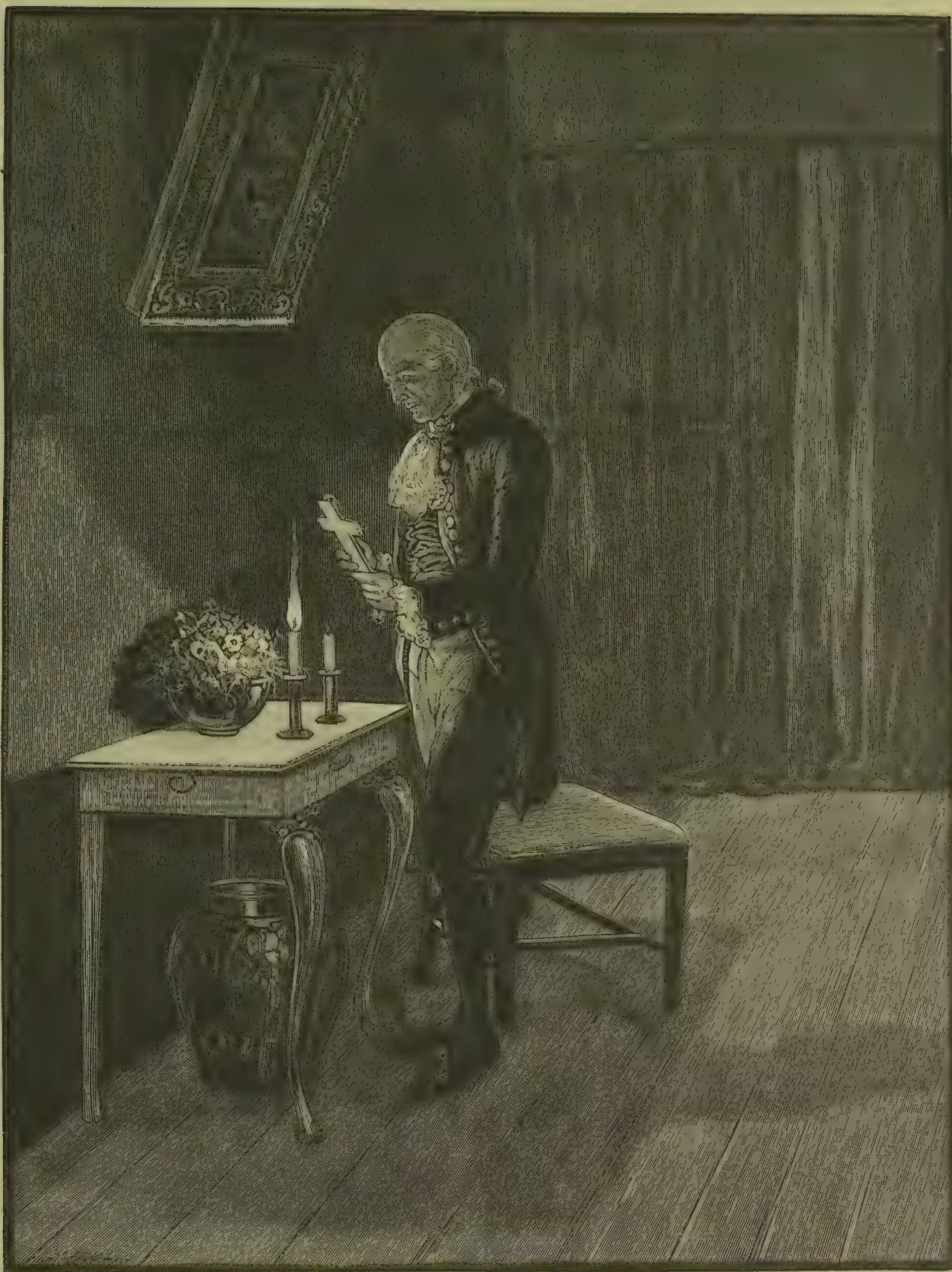
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DRAWN BY HAL LUDLOW.

He took her crucifix from over the bowl of flowers and regarded it intently.

ROPES OF SAND.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &c.

CHAPTER XL. HE AND SHE.



Mabel Openshaw opened the window to her lover she forgot to be joyful at his coming, she was so dismayed. How would it have been if the coast had been clear? That, none may say. But that he should have chosen this night of all nights—just this one night, when, against all reason and rule, the Parson had a guest and was sitting up talking. Of course she loved her lover—that went without saying; but she felt anything but kindly disposed towards him just then.

"Mabel, dearest!" breathed upwards from below. "I am come!"

She was afraid to speak; and yet she had to do something to send him away.

"Are you ready?" he called again—just enough above a whisper for her to hear.

"No—indeed I'm not—indeed! You *must* go!"

"Nonsense, dearest. Everything's ready. Come down."

"I can't, Caleb," she whispered back, with a sigh that she told herself was of sorrow for herself and of pity for him. To

own to herself that it was, in truth, of relief for her reprieve would never have done. "They are not gone to bed!"

It was imprudent to whistle, unless one could be sure of being mistaken for the wind. Prudence was strong with Captain Quickset, but habit was stronger; and he could not help one long, soft whistle for the life of him, though he broke it short off before the end.

For the situation was a serious business indeed—more serious than even Mabel could have any idea. We know what she believed—that her love was all that was in the world to console a hunted hero, and that she must be faithful to him in his fall if her more than father, the Vicar, was ever to benefit by his rise. And if he was never to rise, then must she be faithful to him all the more. But we also know by this time far more than Mabel knew—that he was anything but a hero, and that the dukes who hated him were just as many as the duchesses who loved him. It was time he carried off the Heiress of Wrenshaw if he was ever to carry her off at all. Possibly, had Sir Miles thought of it, he would not have employed an ex-comedian, with all the gossip of the stage, past and present, at his fingers' ends, as his agent in the search for Peggy Garden's child. Possibly, had he known Caleb Quickset better, Caleb Quickset would have been the last man he would have employed in any capacity in the world. But so it had happened: and no wonder the ex-actor's professional fancy had taken fire. To manage matters so that Sir Miles Heron of Wrenshaw should not find his daughter till she was Mrs. Caleb Quickset—why it would be as good as a play. As good? Why, better than the best play that ever was played. For one of two things must needs happen—either Sir Miles would have to accept his son-in-law for his daughter's sake, or he must pension him off handsomely, for his own. At the best, he would, in due course and in his wife's right, become Caleb Quickset, Esquire, of Wrenshaw, or, in time, even Sir Caleb Quickset of Wrenshaw: at worst, he could leave off having to dine on red herrings in his bed-room, and blossom out into the

genuine fine gentleman that he knew how to act before a village beauty so well, and that (as he was honestly and earnestly convinced) Nature had sent him into the world to be.

The whole scheme had sown itself in his brain before he had even known that there was an actual Mabel Openshaw, or rather an actual Mabel Heron, in the world. So soon as he received his commission from his employers at Tunbridge, he recalled to mind certain ancient green-room gossip about Sir Miles Heron and an actress of the past ages; and, gossip being always more or less marketable or capable of being made so, had lost no time in renewing acquaintance with old comrades of the country boards. Now green-room gossip has, or had, this peculiarity, that it never dies. There were ladies and gentlemen living, and still acting, who remembered all about poor Peggy Garden well, and all the best and the worst of her, and especially the worst, that had ever been afloat—and even more than had ever been afloat about her while she was alive. He learned what a beauty she was said to be by people who had no eyes, and what an actress by those who had neither eyes nor ears. He heard all about how that fool Heron had been mad about her until she caught the smallpox, and how then, of course, he dropped her, as any man would naturally do. But the scent was not so easily lost as that by one who had the double advantage of the stage gossip and of the attorney's office gossip, and of his own quick and impudent brain besides. For, if he was as vain as the crow, he was as cunning as the fox, as many great men have been, and one quality helped the other. For—he argued—a secret and confidential commission intrusted to a first-class man like me, and no expense spared, must be a very important and consequential secret indeed. What became of the *Good Fortune*? And what became of Peggy Garden? Both lost as Lucifer—both mixed up with the same man. Such a scent would have baffled cunning without vanity, or vanity without cunning; but, with both together, it did as well for a theory as fifty of Dr. Carrel's.

From such a starting-point—it were too long, without another whole history, and that of no very edifying kind, to tell how—he found it no hard task, and an exceedingly amusing one, to rout out the very village church in Oxfordshire where, unknown to all but himself, his bride, the parson, and the clerk, one Miles Heron had unquestionably become a married man: and that the bride's name was Margaret, besides. It was puzzling that though the bride's name was Margaret, her surname was not Garden. But, then, players seldom use the same name for all the purposes of life—he had himself used many more than one in his time—and certainly a name does not matter much where it is at once to be changed and there can be no legal fraud.

So far, his investigations had done nothing more than give him possession of a secret that might be worth money from Sir Miles, if the Oxfordshire bridegroom were really he, or from Sir Miles's heir-at-law. So he proceeded with his exploration of the western coast of England and South Wales until he lighted, at Stoke Juliot, upon the history of a lost *Good Fortune*, from which a Miss Mabel Openshaw had been saved—Openshaw, the identical maiden name of the Oxfordshire bride.

Mr. Ware, Junior, was right—as a secret and confidential agent's, Caleb Quickset's wits were worth their weight in gold. Had he said in diamonds, he would not have been wrong.

All this had been skill, on the part of the lawyer's clerk. But to pose as a brilliant and persecuted hero, whom dukes detested and duchesses adored—here the genius of the actor came in. And he might boast with Augustus Cæsar himself that none could charge him with having played his part ill. He had come, seen, and conquered, like the greater Cæsar still.

But the time for the bold and crowning stroke had come. He had not delayed it from any fear of what might happen on Mabel's discovery that she had not married even so much as a Captain. As to that, it stood to reason that, Captain or no Captain, she would remain fond and proud of her prize; and, if she should not, she would not cease to remain Sir Miles Heron's only daughter and heir. The truth is, he had a good deal of business of one kind and another to dispose of, not to speak of an entanglement or two—and then, for the sake of his future position, it was of all things needful so to arrange matters that he should never be suspected of having played a double game. He desired to pose before his future father-in-law as the humble but honourable gentleman who had fallen in love with a village beauty while on his mission, and had—stupidly, no doubt, but innocently—married her without knowing the whole value of his prize. For, above all things, he was a prudent man: he had resisted the temptation to call himself Howard Montague instead of Caleb Quickset because the law might have something to say to marriage under a false name.

Now that everything was settled, however, there would be risk of failure in every day's delay. For the Chapter of Accidents is always ready to open, and nobody can ever tell at which page.

His whistle had, indeed, been his solitary piece of imprudence. "They?" he asked, anxiously. "They?"

"The Vicar, and"—

"Not him—not Frank Carew?"

She wished he had not been named. "No," said she. "It is someone you don't know. But for Heaven's sake don't stay talking here—I will see you to-morrow—on the sands—anywhere you like—but not now. Caleb—you will make me desperate if you stay. I will shut the window, and never speak to you again."

"Someone I don't know!" exclaimed Caleb, in a tone that seemed to Mabel strangely full of alarm to come from such a lion. "What's his name?"

"Vernon . . . And oh, I wish you would let me tell him: I am sure he would help you—would help us: he is not like anybody else: he is so good to me, and so kind. I must have told him everything, but for my promise to you"—

But that would never do. "Vernon—did you say Vernon?" asked he. "Jupiter Gammon! if he's not the very scoundrel that's at work to hunt me down. He's just the most infernal villain unhung, and my mortal foe. Mabel—if you so much as breathe my name to this Vernon, I'm a lost man!"

That was almost too much for Mabel to believe. This kindly old gentleman, whom she would have trusted with her most secret heart had she dared, a traitor, and hiding his dark and evil designs under poems about the stars? If she must mistrust Old Pigtail—why she felt she could sooner mistrust Caleb himself: and that would be against all lovers' law.

"Indeed, indeed you are wrong. It is some other Vernon you mean."

"No such luck"—

"I'll tell you what he is like," said she, straining her ears to judge, from the continuance of the murmured talk below, that this midnight meeting had not been overheard. "He is a stout young man, with a pink face, and blue eyes, and yellow hair, short and thick-set, and with a voice like a bull's"—

"I knew it! It's the very man! Mabel—there's only one thing to be done. Whether the house is awake or asleep, this very night you must come. I have a trap behind the church. I'll hang about out of sight till the coast's clear, and then—you shall be the happiest girl in England, bar none; not even the Queen. If Vernon's here, we mustn't lose another night—not another day."

"Ah—then I was right—your Vernon is *not* here! You shall see him for yourself: he is no more like what I told you than he is like me. No, Caleb: I can't go to-night: I can't indeed."

The Captain, for obvious reasons, never allowed his temper to be ruffled by a man. But he was no such poor creature as to have no temper at all, and Mabel was not a man. And besides, she had for once shown herself not quite such a fool about him as a woman ought to be.

"You *can't* come? Mabel—let me tell you that a woman's 'can't' means 'won't', all over the world. You can come: and you must come: and you will. I know nothing whether your Vernon, hang him, any way, for a meddling and prying rascal, has carrots or turnips on his head, and I don't care. But I'm not going to let him stand between you and me." He was not in the least jealous—what cause could Caleb Quickset have to be jealous of any mortal man? But he was really anxious and alarmed at hearing she had found a friend who might chance to have a real head on his shoulders, and it struck him that the jealous lover might not be a bad part to put into the play.

But, somehow, there seemed a certain vulgarity about her lover's way of putting things that she had never noticed in him before, and that she now observed with misgiving, if not as yet with shame. She had now known two fine gentlemen: and she could not make their fineness anywise agree. If Mr. Vernon was the model, Captain Quickset must be what was impossible: if the Captain, then Mr. Vernon must be what was absurd. She drew no such distinction consciously between her lover and her friend, but the distinction was there in her mind.

Nevertheless, she was loyal: and all the more so because

loyalty was becoming difficult, and was beginning to cost her many a pang. "Nothing, Caleb," she said, gently, "can come between you and me. Mr. Vernon will not, you may be sure. He will be your friend for my sake. Let me tell him all. He will not betray you. I will answer for his good faith in that as I would for my own."

Quickset was silent for a full minute, puzzled, and for the moment dismayed. He almost suspected himself of being a fool for having delayed so long. What stranger could have found his way to Stoke Juliot, and have exercised such an influence over the girl in so short a time? He thought: and, by the minute's end, a terrible suspicion—nay, a terrible assurance entered his mind. It must have got about in some other directions that Parson Pengold's girl was worth the catching, and other flies were buzzing about the honey-jar than he. What he had found by one set of chances, another man might find by another. It would take an uncommonly clever fellow to do so, no doubt: and that made it all the worse, as showing him that, if he was right in his surmise, it would be no country blockhead, like Francis Carew, with whom he would have to deal.

"Mabel!" he implored.

"No, Caleb. We have talked too long already. You *must* go now."

"Mabel—I did not mean to tell you all: but I must tell you now. . . . You know my story. I have been trying all a man may do all these weary weeks to set things straight, so that I could claim you openly, and make you at once all that Caleb Quickset's wife ought to be. But 'twas all in vain. My enemies, for the moment, are supreme. I name no names: but the King has been earwigged"—

"Earwigged?"

"Bamboozled, I should say, if one had time to pick and mince one's words—and of the force of calumny at Court you have no idea. 'Who steals my purse, steals trash. But he that filches from me my good name'—In short, the whole pack is down upon me, and I must fly. There's no help for it: none. And she who vowed to share my flight and my exile, and to wait for brighter days—she, in whom I trusted as one trusts but once and never more—she—Well, Mabel. Let them come now, and do their worst. Poor Caleb Quickset has nothing he cares to live for now."

Mabel faintly remembered having seen a speech exceedingly like that in one of the volumes among the Parson's literary lumber. But it was none the worse for that; for who should know better how the heart of a fine gentleman should speak than the playwrights, whose calling implies an accurate knowledge of the world? She was really moved, and coloured with a two-fold shame—one, that she had been charged with being disloyal: the other that the charge was less wholly false than it should have been.

But, true or false, such a charge as that was not to be borne. How her heart would have answered, who can tell? But her fancy had not the faintest doubt in the world.

"Caleb!" she whispered.

But he did not answer. Doubtless he was too overwhelmed.

"Caleb!"

"Well?"

"Nothing. . . . Only, that I will come."

CHAPTER XLI.

A ROCK IN A WEARY LAND.

Hardly had the words "I will come" passed Mabel's lips than she would have given anything to recall them. "Caleb," she whispered again. But no doubt he had counted upon a possible change of mood, knowing women so well. "Be ready—in one hour from now, or five minutes after the coast's clear!" was all he said, before he crept away round the corner. Well, then—the deed must be done.

And but a short time ago she would have done the deed without a grain of scruple or a shadow of fear. Absence had done nothing to change her lover—could it be she that had changed? Some sort of change there was assuredly: and she wasted the first portion of her last hour of freedom in wondering what the change could be.

But thought had fallen into such an entanglement between heart and mind—that no amount of thinking could help her now. It was all wrong. She wished she had never met Captain Quickset. She wished, how she wished, that she had never sent Francis Carew away. She wished neither had ever been born. She wished that Mr. Vernon instead of the Parson had fished her up out of the sea.

What was Francis doing now? What would he say if he could see the woman for whose least whim he had gone into exile preparing for flight with a rival, and that rival his own familiar friend? Well—it was to be hoped he had forgotten his folly: and no doubt he had, by now.

Then she went over all the old ground—how it would be all for the best: how she owed it to the Vicar to make a brilliant match, in case the Captain should recover his grandeur and power: how she owed devotion and loyalty to Caleb himself so long as he continued persecuted and poor. But she could not bring herself to that exalted mood in which self-sacrifice becomes a plain and simple thing. And that her flight with Caleb would amount to self-sacrifice her heart of hearts had gone a long way in learning. For half a moment she seriously thought of going to bed, and answer Caleb's approaching signal by pulling the blankets over her ears. Perhaps she might wake up and find her troubles gone—might once more with a clear conscience hear the waking pigs salute the day, and use her wits to better purpose than in getting clandestine letters from the housekeeper at Hornacombe. She began to pine for the old peace, when Parson Penfold represented all mankind. But no—when one is loved by a lion, one must not drive him to despair. He would assuredly burn the house down, and carry her off, like the cavalier of the ballad, in the flames; or he would deliver himself up to the bloodhounds who were after him, as he had sworn, with a curse upon the perfidy of all womankind.

And the Parson? But that did not much trouble her. At the best he would gain a patron—perhaps a mitre: at the worst he would be relieved of having to support a useless and troublesome girl. "If I were a fat pig, he would care a little then," thought she. "It is not as if his pipe were going to run away, or as if he really minded when his wigs get awry." At last, however, delay as she might, she felt the time draw near. The voices below had sunk into silence: she had heard the door open and shut, and the broken garden-gate clatter and scream. Mr. Vernon had gone. She would never see Old Pigtail again. And oh, what would he say?

It was strange: but what this stranger might think troubled her more than all else besides. She might, with a little patience, have discovered that it was he who, by force of contrast, had put her something out of conceit with what had once dazzled her eyes. But she had no time for patience now—not a minute more. If she let herself think in that direction she would never go at all: and go she must—that was the only thing that was clear. She had never learned to look upon the Vicarage as her home, but some remembrance of it she must take, lest she should never see again the house

where she had been so dull. There was her mother's crucifix—she must take that:—and, in a word, she brought her courage to the point, and carried her candle softly down stairs.

There is supposed to be something romantic about elopement to engage even middle-aged sympathies, and to brand those who oppose them as tyrants, who would part true lovers, and hinder true love from having his way. But, realising all the cowardices, the trickeries, the meannesses, which must needs make up the details of all such affairs, it is very difficult indeed to say why. The only sort of elopement worthy of respect was Young Lochinvar's—there was nothing about that which a gentleman might not ask a lady to go through for his sake, and love's, and liberty's. Mabel felt her pride shrink miserably as she crept into the bower that she no longer had the right to call her own.

Well—it is the woman who always, or nearly always, has to go through the worst of such things. And, as Caleb Quickset was not only waiting, but waiting in discomfort, he clearly had no attention to spare for any mere mental miseries that Mabel had to endure. What miseries should she be having, indeed? She had gone through all the proper and common forms: she had said her can't, and her won't, and her mustn't, and her pleas for delay, and her coynesses, and all the other proper things, and was now free to revel in the prospect of being Mrs. Caleb Quickset before another four-and twenty hours were gone. What more enchanting prospect could any girl enjoy? She was not hungry with driving a gig from Barnstaple. She was not cold with kneeling at a window, and colder still with standing behind a corner round which the wet sea-wind blew. She was not all alone in the dark, and—if the truth must be told—a trifle afraid. Not that Captain Quickset was afraid of the dark, after the manner of a child: for not only was he fully grown up, but a good deal of his professional work, and all his pastime, had exceedingly little to do with sunshine. But a hero has a historic right to be nervous when on the threshold of his grandest coup. Who would ever have believed that he, Caleb Quickset, whose greatest success hitherto (despite all his impudence and all his craft) had been to develop from a walking gentleman on the provincial boards into a lawyer's dirty-work man—who, he asked, would ever have dreamed that this Caleb Quickset would be engaged in carrying off the greatest heiress in the County of Kent and in Devon besides? How old Ware of Tunbridge would stare and grovel to find his out-of-door clerk changed into Caleb Quickset-Heron, Esquire, prospectively of Wrenshaw: for he had quite made up his mind to assume his father-in-law's name and arms. It would please the old gentleman, and look ever so much better on cards. He would get a commission—the militia would do, seeing it was war time—and become a Captain indeed. Of course there might be some trouble with certain old comrades, male and female; but they were a blackguard lot, whom a gentleman could afford to treat with scorn. And see what came of being a frugal man—if he had not made the most of Frank Carew's mare, not to speak of other little matters which had all gone to fill the secret money-box at home, he might have missed this magnificent prize for want of means to cut a dash and to pay the post-boys. No wonder he felt nervous, even while shaking hands so cordially that he almost made them warm.

He too, at last heard the door open and close, and the garden-gate clatter and scream. He waited for a good while, to give the coast ample time to clear—then time enough for the Parson to begin snoring. Then he ventured another handful of small shingle upon Mabel's window-pane.

He waited another minute; and then tried another cast, a trifle sharper. But there was no answering sign.

"Confound the girl!" muttered the poor fellow, aloud, his teeth chattering, and his fingers getting numb with cold.

"And confound you, you vermin!" all at once thundered behind him, while a heavy hand, descending like a hammer upon an anvil, clutched his collar, nearly dislocated his neck, and sent the frozen blood tingling through his veins. "Who are you, throwing stones at honest men's windows at night half-past one? . . . Captain Quickset, by all that's blue!" For one moment, the Captain shrank and cowered into his shoes.

But Mabel, also, had suffered a surprise.

She had crept into her bower like a thief: although it was not she who was stealing, but who was being stolen. She set down her candle. Once more she thought of turning back, though she knew it could no longer be done. To have gone through all this self-torment all for nothing—she would never be able to look in the looking-glass again for the rest of her days. Anything rather than depend any longer upon herself: anything to escape from a life that was no life: anything to have done with lies.

But what was her dismay, and how her heart sank, when she heard slow, steady steps along the passage, and presently saw the shadows change about the half-open door. It was not the Parson's unmistakable footstep: it was not the maid's: and there was nobody in the house but herself and these two. Hornacombe was haunted, and so had Derrick's cottage been of late; but not the Vicarage, despite its being next door to the churchyard, that she had ever heard. Hurriedly she blew out the candle. Ghost or not, it could have nothing to do with her bower. Moreover, she crossed herself, and whispered an *Ave* by way of a charm.

Alas! The charm was in vain. The steps did stop at her door: the new candle-light did enter therein. A robber? No—Stoke Juliot was too well occupied with robbing the King and the sea to have time for vulgar burglary. If this was the sort of thing that happens to people who sit up late at night, never, so long as she lived, would she sit up at night again.

Happily, the candles of those days were not things that carried about with them a flood of light, and it was easy enough for her to vanish into the window-seat and to hide behind the hangings drawn before the bow. She could also hold the hangings so as to peep out; and, though her alarm was great, curiosity was stronger still. And it was then came her surprise. Holding the curtains between one thumb and finger, just enough apart for a single eye to peep between, she saw no less a person than Old Pigtail: and alone.

He had not left the house, then, after all. But why had he remained, and not in the spare bed-chamber if it was too late to go home? Or had he really gone when the gate clattered and then secretly returned? In any case, why could he be prowling about the house at such an hour?

He set down his lighted candle beside her dead one, and closed the door. She noticed his face before he turned his back to the light, and she noticed a grave, sad, weary look, such as she could never, without seeing it, have associated with its normal expression of refined placidity. He looked like a man who had relieved himself of a mask, and she was to see how much older and greyer his face really was than she had believed. Since she had bidden him good-night, and left him to his talk with the Parson, he seemed to have aged ten years.

Nor had it ever struck her till now that there was a mystery about this man. After all, it was strange, when she came to think of it, that a man so fitted to enjoy and to help others to enjoy the world should bury himself away in a miserable

corner like Stoke Juliot, with a bundle of rhymes. Could he be haunted by remorse for any sin or crime? Could he be like Caleb, in hiding from a world of which, now that she was about to cross its threshold, she was beginning to be somewhat afraid?

But nothing of all accounted for his prowling about her own special room, when all but poachers, smugglers, and lovers, ought to be asleep and dreaming. Presently he walked to her crucifix over the bowl of flowers, and regarded it intently—not curiously, like a connoisseur, nor reverently, like a devotee, but clearly with as much interest as either, and something with the air of one who meditates over a tomb. With the help of a chair he took it from its place, and examined it more intently still. At last he laid it down on the table with a heavy sigh.

"Poor Peggy!" said he. And—"Poor girl!" A sigh? Nay, it was a sob that she heard—a man's sob; the sound that no woman, though her whims and her humours have no better mother than the sea, can bear to hear. Mabel tried to hold even her breath, feeling that though this was her own room, she was the intruder, and not he. It was as if she were looking straight into this old man's heart, and so profaning the law that hides hearts from eyes. She would almost as soon that he had looked into her own.

So he, old as he was, had a love-story too. . . . And why not? He must have been a handsome man in his youth, and there was a charm about him even now. Mabel began almost to forget herself for the moment in the sight of a man who had loved and had not forgotten. And Peggy—Peggy was dead, of course, and that was why Old Pigtail was so all alone and so odd in his ways. "If I died, who would cry over me when he is old?" she asked herself silently. And she flushed crimson in the dark when her heart answered her—"Francis Carew."

So distinctly the name came upon her that she seemed to have heard it with her ears. But she had no time to think about that: her ears without any question heard something else—the tinkle of shingle upon a window-pane.

Caleb had come back for her—what on earth was to be done now? She was imprisoned in a bow-window, with Old Pigtail before her and heavy shutters, bolted and barred, behind. It was despair.

Again the shingle tinkled on her lattice. But there was no time for despair now, with the bellow of the Parson's thunder and the thud of his fists in her ears, and only a shutter between. She tore aside the curtains and burst into the room.

"Good God—Peggy!" exclaimed Mr. Vernon, starting from his seat, and overthrowing table, crucifix, vase, flowers, and all, as if a ghost had suddenly come back to him from the grave.

"For Heaven's sake, Sir!" she cried, "don't lose an instant—go out to them: one of them will be killed!"

"Oh!" He tried to regain his composure as best he might: but that was no easy task for a man suddenly found by an excited girl in her own private room at midnight, standing in the middle of a general overthrow. And then, what else might she not have heard and seen of what a grave and silent man would be torn by wild horses sooner than display? "Killed? Oh, no. Only the Parson thought there was something wrong in the sty, he heard such a whining and wheezing outside: and while he went out I strolled in here to see your museum. But it is bad for your eyes to be up so late—very bad indeed. What can I say? I'm afraid I've been taken with a faintness: I am at times!"

"Hark! Can't you hear?" Indeed, he must have been deafener than Horneck's Steeple if he had not heard the slam of the house-door and the whirlwind in which the Parson returned from his visit to the sties. He was portentous in his wrath: his wig was where never wig had been seen before, and his veins and muscles swelled like a bull's.

"That's what comes of prowling round my hen-roosts," thundered he, with a look at Mr. Vernon full of meaning. "That's for number one! Number two will get something more than shaking, as sure as that's my fist and these are my toes. If only the whipper-snapper had shown fight, he'd have got off with more than a shaking too—but one can't knock a man down that won't stand up, worse luck: *Kai palin machesetai*. Girl—take off your hat and go to your room."

But there is one grand thing about matters at their worst: if one has a grain of courage, out it comes. Mabel found hers. "Is he safe?" asked she.

"He safe? As safe as two wheels and six heels can make him—a gig's, and a horse's, and his own. It's you, my lass, that I mean to see safe: and what's more, I will," said he, with another look of thunder at Mr. Vernon, who certainly, unless he had been startled out of his courtesy, ought forthwith to have gone. "I'll make the rounds every night, and I'll begin now with the kitchen door. My spoons aren't silver, but they cost too much to lose."

Still Mr. Vernon lingered. He could hardly misjudge the meaning of Mabel's waiting in the dark after midnight, hatted and cloaked, while a gig, and a driver, were also waiting outside. "I think we are friends, child," he said, gently. "At any rate, I am yours—and you promised to come to me whenever you need help or are in trouble, whatever it may be. . . . Mr. Pengold has told me to-night that you are engaged to be married to my landlord, Mr. Carew, now a prisoner of war in France—a gentleman of good birth and character, and fair fortune. Is it not true?"

"Oh, Sir! I am the most miserable girl in the world! I don't know if it's true: but!"

"You don't love him? You have seen some one else you love more? Come, child, don't be afraid—everything always comes right, unless one is afraid: and then they're bound to go wrong. Don't you know that cowardice is the sin of sins? No—there is one worse. It is to be a slave. If you are being forced to an engagement with Mr. Carew against your will, loving another, I tell you, as I will tell Mr. Pengold, that you are right, and he is wrong. If to run away was the only thing left you—the only thing, mind—you were right to run away. But it was not the only thing: and so far you are to be blamed: yes, my child: severely blamed."

She had never been spoken to in this wise, at once with tenderness that stung and with sharpness that did not wound. She was touched and melted—and that he was speaking with heart-knowledge, and not merely with the dry light of the head, none could tell better than she who had seen that heart laying itself bare.

"What could I have done?" asked she. "Mabel—how can you ask! You should have come to me."

"To you? Oh, Sir—you would—you are—but what could you do?—How could you understand?"

"Not understand—that you should love a man who loves you? And what could I do? You shall see. . . . Tell me only one thing. Is he a gentleman, this enterprising lover of yours? Faith, I like him all the better for trying to carry off his lady love in the good old style!"

"A gentleman?" It was less his words than his whole manner that filled Mabel with a new emotion—as if, in a desolate and bewildering

world she had at last found a pilot on whom she might trust without fear. Or rather it was less his manner itself than the knowledge that he, also, had had his romance, and that out of the fulness of his own heart his lips were speaking to her ears. He was indeed different from any man the poor girl had ever known; if he had told her bigger lies than her Quickset, she would have believed them, and if she hesitated about declaring her lover a gentleman, it was because that would have been placing another mortal on the same level as Old Pigtail. Whatever he was, what could any other mortal be?

"I mean," said he, "is he one who if—I were your own father, you would have no doubt about asking me to receive as your husband and my son?"

"He is a soldier, Sir!"

"And not fighting the frog-eaters? Well, I suppose that's turn and turn. Come—is he old or young: high or low: rich or poor? I won't ask you if he's handsome—every lover is that to his own lass. Nor if he's good—you can't tell that within a month from the wedding day."

"He is—everything: except—except—Oh, Sir, I know not how to say. He has powerful enemies who are aiming at his life, so that he dares not court me openly, as even a fisherman might a dairy-maid. No, Sir. You can't help him. Nobody can. I have sworn not to name even his name."

Mr. Vernon suddenly looked exceedingly grave. "I'm sorry to hear that," said he. "But, as I at length am no enemy of his, or any man's, and may pretend to some power of my own, I think I can undertake to put that straight, if—that is a big 'if' though. . . . Do you trust me? I mean as you would trust a friend whom you had known?"

She thought of "Peggy." "Indeed, Sir, I do! I trust you as if you were my own father. And would to Heaven you were!"

"Mabel! Then, by Heaven, so it shall be! It shall be 'if' no more. Your lover, if he is the gallant fellow he has shown himself, will come again—you shall bid him come: for you have a post-office between you, I'll be bound. We used to, when I was young. . . . And then I will see him: and, one way or another, all shall be well. I won't ask you to trust me, for you must, and you do."

Was she violating her promise to her lover? She did not stop to ask—she was so convinced of Old Pigtail's good faith that to doubt it never entered her mind: not even so much as a thought to be dismissed the moment it came. She only knew that, if he took matters in hand, all must needs be well.

"Good," said Old Pigtail. "Then run off to bed before the Parson's done with the back door. And don't be afraid—I'll make it all right for you with him, too."

(To be continued.)

THE COLOURED PICTURES.

The hunting season is now well in, and thus far it has been successful; as the weather being open, the going has been fair, and there has been no lack of foxes, or good runs either; as the hounds, in most instances, have got away well, which is not always the case in the first month, November. But it would seem that we now have either bolder foxes, or else they have been made so by being so rattled; for as hounds were not hindered in "the cubbing" by weather, copses, thickets, and covers were most thoroughly scoured. Hence, as "the red rascal" now knows it will not do to wait, he makes for the open on hearing a whimper, and we settle down to him at once; and as the scent has lain well through the whole of the month, some very good runs are already marked down—as, indeed, are some good falls, too. Of course, when the fences are all but "blind"—that is, with much leafage remaining upon them—to get down at them quickly is no new thing, where ditches so often lie handy and hidden, and where such trifles are found to be on the drop side as a harrow or plough, corner rails or some timber; and as the hedges till now have been very much bushed, it has been bad for "the crammers," who could not see through them. To those who, however, take all in their stride, and put their horses well at it, with a "do it you must," it matters but little what the fence may be—a bushed or unbushy one, a stoutly plucked one or weak—as the pace always puts them upon the right side without any hitch or a bungle.

But amongst those who each season come out with hounds, too many are there who know nothing about it; and the time for noting their tailor tricks is when they have thus, in November, to take things on trust, as later on, with leaves fallen and only dead sticks, they see where is danger and gladly avoid it. Not always, though, is this the case; as in the hunting-field it but seldom is all plain sailing, on account of the varied kinds of fence, with which no novice knows how to deal—a fence being simply a fence to him, and a something to be jumped. Hence, instead of being steady at timber and swift at all water, and slanting each pleacher just as the lines lie, he treats each place as he would were it but a brush-fence, and therefore he comes to grief; whilst in the case of a bullfinch—which you go through like a bird—he gets at once hurled from the saddle; and with some very marked cases of this lack of fence knowledge we were amused in an odd run we last week had in Surrey—a sort of a market-garden one—where the absence of cover showed each man up and covered him with confusion.

Briefly, the run was this. After a kill in the Epsom country, our second fox took us to Banstead Downs, and on to Carshalton Park, where, checked by the deer, we hit it at Beddington, and raced him round Tooting to the common at Mitcham. Then, skirting the herb-beds and lavender grounds, and getting foiled by the herd in Morden Park—a rare thing to get deer twice in one day—we slowly hunted him through the fields, and then each hound stood still. We were at the time by the mill within the old abbey walls, which there are so heavily hung with ivy, and we soon had all Merton present; when, after casting round and round, the ivy was threshed, and the fox jumped down, and law being allowed him, we finished the day with a wild "who-whoop!" at Wimbledon. In this very out-of-the-way run we had, the bad ones got down at both fences and timber, and were scattered like shot at the Wandle—"the blue transparent Vandalis" of Pope, the "river" Wandle—that willowy brook-like twisting stream, famed for its trout and water-cress, as all fly-fishers know—and each time we had it, a lot got in through letting their horses swerve, as they had no hands to guide them. Amongst the other good men who did it, were some who quite thought it was deep and swift; and one amongst them, a Carlton man, helped his recital of the run by quoting at the club, that night, Whyte-Melville's lines, "I'd a lead of them all when we came to the brook, a big one—a bumper—and up to your chin"; not-being-aware that a boy who followed him and another simply waded his pony through it. We marked that lad for his dogged pluck; as by poking or pushing when the fence was too high—or doing a creep up one bank and a slide down the other—he kept with us the whole time, as his pony could race, and at the end he was in at the death. Who he was or whence he came we had no means of knowing; but that he will become, if he lives, a front rank man is, in our opinion, certain; and should he see the Coloured Pictures

that are given with the *Illustrated London News* this week—which relate to that very run we had—he will find we have not forgotten him—or the Carlton man either, who charged the brook he walked through, and who quoted those lines at his club. S. B.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope. S. J. (York).—In club matches it is usually agreed that a drawn game shall count half a point to each side. In the absence of any agreement, neither side scores. E. C. (Liverpool).—Thanks for the game. It shall be examined. W. E. T. (New York).—We think your four-move problem can be solved by 1. Kt to Kt 8th (ch), R takes Kt; 2. Q to B 2nd, &c.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2109, 2110, and 2111 received from J. S. Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 2118 from J. R. (Edinburgh); of No. 2119 from Emile Fran, E. J. Posno (Harrlem), J. A. H. James (Pretoria), W. H. Cornish, and Carl Stepan; of No. 2120 from Emile Fran, Edward Ridpath, E. K. Plairl, James Easton, James Prett (Wrentham), Victor Georgius (Vienna), Oskar Hartmann (Malaga), W. F. Payne, R. J. G. Le Pion (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Carl Stepan, and F. Pennan; of HERR KROGER'S Problem from E. J. Posno (Harrlem), E. L. G. and Alpha; of M. MAKOVSKY'S Problem from Tweedlemouse, Hereward, Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), Jupiter Junior, C. S. Coxo, E. Elsbury, Norina, F. M. (Edinburgh), J. T. W. J. R. (Edinburgh), C. Oswald, L. Sharswood, Anron Harper, R. Worsters (Canterbury), Emlio (Darlington), E. L. G. Le Pion, Carl Stepan, Plevna, T. G. (Ware), C. Kuby (Newport), and H. A. L. S.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2121 received from A. L. Ory, W. Biddle, G. Sayle, Edward Ridpath, Emile Fran, Bernard Green, Wykehamist, Juanna A. England, Edwin Smith, B. L. Dyke, C. Darraugh, James Pilkington, H. T. Biscoe (Cambridge), Tweedlemouse (Old Romney), Jupiter Junior, Daniel O'Connor (Chiswick), J. R. (Edinburgh), R. H. Brooks, J. A. Schumcke, C. Oswald, F. M. (Edinburgh), L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, F. Pine Junior, Julia Short, John Hodgson (Maidstone), E. J. Winter Wood, H. C. D. L. C. Aaron Harper, Shadforth, R. Worsters (Canterbury), J. T. W. Frank Abé, William Davis, M. O'Halloran, D. W. Kell, A. C. Hunt, E. Casella (Paris), A. Chapman, C. B. N. (H.M.S. Ash), Carl Fré'sleben, E. L. G. Ben Nevis, L. Wyman, B. R. Wood, Emlio (Darlington), W. Hillier, H. Wardell, A. M. Colborne, Indagator, Le Pion, Clement Fawcett, Otto Fidler (Ghent) W. F. Payne, R. L. Southwell, G. S. Oldfield, G. Joyce, A. W. Scrutton, C. T. Sainsbury, Carl Stepan, S. Bullen, G. Seymour, George J. Veale, Plevna, P. Q. R. Joseph Airworth, E. Featherstone, L. Falcon (Antwerp), Castle, T. G. (Ware), H. Reeve, A. M. Porter, N. S. Harris, B. Ingessed, M. Tipping, W. J. Rudman, R. T. Kemp, T. H. Holbourn, A. Karberg (Hamburg), G. S. Tatham (Kirkby Lonsdale), E. London, An Old Hand, G. A. C. (H.M.S. Hecla), C. A. S. (Exeter), S. Lowndes, H. A. L. S. G. Fosbrooke, C. Kirby (Newport), D. Templeton, R. Tweddell, and L. Desanges.

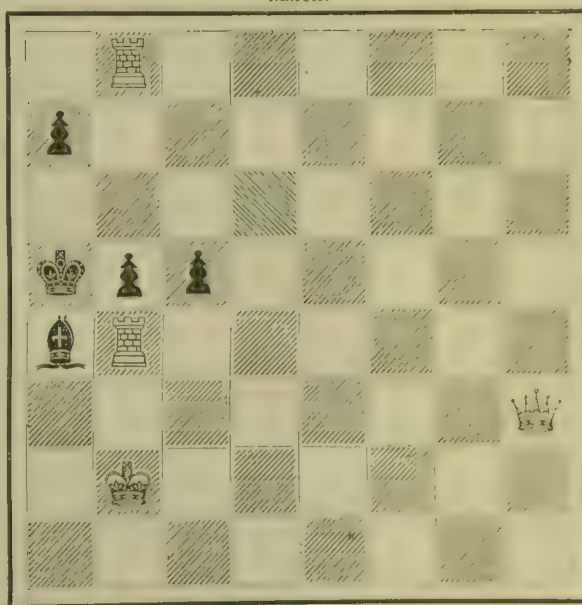
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2119.

WHITE. BLACK. 1. Kt to Q B 4th. Any move 2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2123.

By A. F. MACKENZIE (Jamaica).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played in a Match between Messrs. CHAMIER and CLERC. For the score and abridged notes we are indebted to *La Reue Illustrée*, of Paris. (Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (M. Chamier).	BLACK (M. Clerc).	WHITE (M. Chamier).	BLACK (M. Clerc).
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	14. B to K Kt 5th	Kt to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. B to K Kt 5th	Q to Kt 3rd (ch)
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd	16. K to R sq	B takes Kt
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	17. P takes B	Q to B 4th
5. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd	18. P to B 4th	
6. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt		
7. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 5th		
8. B to Q 2nd			
The correct continuation is 8. Castles.			
9. P to Q 4th is better. The move in the text prevents him advancing the Q P with advantage.	P to K 4th		
9. Castles.	Castles		
10. P to B 4th	P to Q 3rd		
11. P takes P			
11. P to B 5th, shutting in the Q B, is much preferable.			
12. Q to K sq	Kt to Kt 5th		
A good move, which gives Black the best of the position.			
12. Q to K sq			
In anticipation of Black playing 12. B to B 4th (ch), and 13. Q to R 6th, &c.			
12. Kt takes K P			
13. Q to Kt 3rd	B to K 3rd		
14. B to R 6th			
Losing time. 14. K to R sq is better.			

On Thursday, Nov. 13, Dr. Zukertort gave, under the auspices of the Southampton Chess Club, an exhibition of his skill in the Victoria Rooms, where he engaged simultaneously twenty-four players, chiefly members of the club, with a few from other towns. Play commenced at six o'clock, a large number of spectators being present. Four of the players he beat twice in succession; and all the others, with the exception of two, succumbed to his skill, many struggling hard and long to avoid defeat. Some of the players showed considerable ability, and their boards were the centre of attraction, notably that of the secretary, Mr. J. H. Blake, who, after a hardy contest game, lasting a considerable time, won, amid loud applause. The President, Mr. R. Chipperfield, also played an excellent game, which lasted all the evening, and saw all the others out, terminating in a draw. This result was also loudly applauded. The following is the total result:—Won: Mr. J. H. Blake. Drawn: Mr. R. Chipperfield. Lost one game: Messrs. G. R. Sloper; W. B. George; J. Fewings; W. Williams; E. P. Westlake; J. A. Catter; G. Taylor, sen.; G. Taylor, jun.; F. Blake; W. M. Hill; A. C. Rogers; G. J. Waller; J. T. Hamilton; J. J. Carter; F. Budden (Bournemouth); T. Rebbeck (Bournemouth); Ferry (Bournemouth); Watson (Salisbury). Lost two games: Messrs. W. Bowyer; W. J. Bee; W. C. Kenny; and W. Beer.

A match between the Athenaeum and Ludgate-circus clubs was played on the 12th inst., in which the former proved victorious by nine games to two.

The Earl of Stair, the Liberal candidate, has been elected Chancellor of Glasgow University, in room of the late Duke of Buccleuch.

A deputation, representing the principal electric lighting companies of the United Kingdom, had an interview on the 20th inst. with Mr. Chamberlain, at the Board of Trade, to urge that certain provisions of the Electric Lighting Act should be modified and others repealed. The deputation especially objected to the provision which gives local authorities a power of purchase after twenty-one years. Mr. Chamberlain would not undertake to repeal the clause, but said he would carefully consider any suggestions made to him for the modification of the Act.



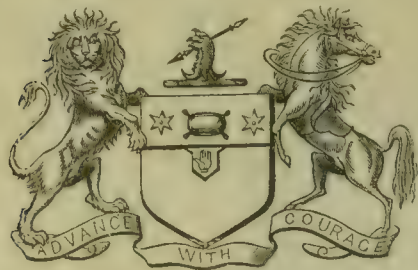
THE NILE EXPEDITION: TOWING THE WHALE-BOATS WITH TROOPS THROUGH THE FIRST GATE OF THE SECOND CATARACT.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

OBITUARY.

SIR J. MARJORIBANKS, BART.

Sir John Marjoribanks, of Lees, in the county of Berwick, third Baronet, M.A. and D.L., died on the 18th inst. He was born May 4, 1830, and succeeded his father, Sir William Marjoribanks, Sept. 22, 1834. He was educated at Eton, and Christ Church, Oxford; and at one time unsuccessfully contested Berwickshire. He married, July 27, 1858, Charlotte Athole Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Trotter, of Morton Hall, near Edinburgh; but, leaving no issue, is succeeded by his only brother, now Sir William Marjoribanks, fourth Baronet.



THE RIGHT HON. M. LONGFIELD.

The Right Hon. Mountfort Longfield, P.C., Q.C., LL.D., died on the 21st inst., at 47, FitzWilliam-square, Dublin, aged eighty-three. This accomplished lawyer and scholar was second son of the Rev. Mountfort Longfield, Vicar of Desertserges, and grandson of Mr. John Longfield, of Longueville, in the county of Cork, who was cousin of Richard Longfield, Viscount Longueville. After a brilliant University career at Trinity College, Dublin, he obtained a Fellowship in 1825, which he resigned in 1834 for the Professorship of Feudal and English Law. He became subsequently a Commissioner of National Education, and filled for some years with the highest credit the important office of Judge in the Landed Estates Court. He married, 1845, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Andrew Armstrong.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR G. LAWRENCE.

Lieutenant-General Sir George St. Patrick Lawrence, K.C.S.I., C.B., died on the 16th inst., at Kensington Park-gardens, in his eightieth year. He was third son of Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Lawrence, Governor of Upnor Castle, and was one of the distinguished brothers whose fame and services in India are so brilliantly associated with its history; Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, K.C.B., so renowned by his defence of Lucknow; John, Lord St. Lawrence, G.C.B., the Governor-General of India; and Lieutenant-General Richard Charles Lawrence, C.B., also distinguished in the Mutiny. Joining the Bengal Cavalry in 1821, he went through severe Indian service; was present at the capture of Ghuznee, the Afghan campaign culminating in the Cabul catastrophe, when he had to endure captivity until relieved by Pollock's advance, which episode is described in his work, "Forty-three Years in India." During the Sikh War, he was again a prisoner, until liberated after the battle of Goojerat. His subsequent services during the Mutiny were most important. He had medals and clasps for Ghuznee, Punjab, Indian Mutiny, and the Frontier. He married, April 3, 1830, Charlotte Isabella, daughter of Dr. John Brown, Surgeon-General, Bengal, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Henry Stormont Leifchild, the well-known sculptor. His chief works were "The Guards Memorial," at Chelsea

Hospital, "The Torch-bearers," "Ruth and Naomi," and "Achilles and Athene."

Mr. Frederick William Hulme, an admired landscape-painter, on the 14th inst., aged sixty-eight.

Captain Alexander John Graeme, R.N., son of the late Colonel Graeme, of Inchbrakie and Aberuthven, in the county of Perth, on the 14th inst., at Fonthill, in his eighty-sixth year.

Lieutenant-General Robert Richards, Bombay Staff Corps (retired), on the 13th inst., aged sixty-six. Served in the Punjab, Mooltan, and Goojerat. He was son of Mr. Robert Hewetson Richards, Assistant Barrister, county Wexford.

The Hon. Isabella O'Grady, third daughter of Standish, first Viscount Guilmare, and sister of Maria, late Viscountess Gort, on the 15th inst., at Fort Fergus, the residence of her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Ball.

The Rev. John Farrar, a leading member of the Wesleyan Ministry, aged eighty-two. He was twice President of the Conference, and held in succession for many years the governorship of Woodhouse Grove School and Headingley College.

The Hon. Arthur Romilly, youngest son of John Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls, on the 14th inst., at Arco, St. Tyrol, aged thirty-four. He was educated at Eton, graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar in 1874. He married, in 1877, Flora, daughter of Professor Shellbach, of Berlin.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 31, 1883) of Mr. Robert Spear Hudson, late of Bache Hall, Cheshire, of West Bromwich, and of Bank-street, Liverpool, manufacturing chemist, who died on Aug. 6 last, at Scarborough, was proved on the 8th inst. by William Creed, Arnold Thomas, and Edward Caddick, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £295,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Emily Hudson, £500, and an annuity of £3000; he also leaves her, for life or widowhood, the mansion Bache Hall, and the pleasure-grounds, with the furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, horses and carriages, and £500 per annum to keep the pleasure-grounds in order. Subject to the interest given to his wife in the mansion and grounds, he leaves the manor or lordship of Bache and the Bache Hall estate to his son, Robert William Hudson. He bequeaths annuities of £1000 each to his said son and to his daughters, Mrs. Mary Evangeline Flynn, Mrs. Anne Elizabeth Spencer, and Miss Emily Jane Hudson, for a period of six years from his death; £2500 to the Maase Loan Fund for Independent Ministers; £2000 to the Congregational Pastors' Retiring Fund; £2000 to the English Chapel Building Fund, for its Loan Fund, and £1000 to the same society for its Grant Fund; £1000 each to the London Missionary Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £500 to the Irish Evangelical Society; and legacies and annuities to his sister, nephews, nieces, manager, trustees, servants, and others. The income of his property is to accumulate for six years, and at the expiration of the time he gives all his business property to his son, subject to his paying, under a valuation, for the stock-in-trade, book debts, credits, bankers' balances, and other personal chattels; and the ultimate residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust for his three daughters.

The will (dated April 12, 1869) of Mrs. Jemima Belinda Hames, late of Asheldon House, Torquay, Devon, who died on the 7th ult., was proved on the 29th ult. by the Rev.

Hayter George Hayter Hames, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testatrix gives and devises all her real and personal estate to her said son for his own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated June 20, 1874), with three codicils (dated July 10, 1879; Sept. 8, 1883; and April 30, 1884), of Major Frederic Sewallis Gerard, J.P., D.L., late of Aspall House, Lancashire, who died on May 7 last, at Hastings, was proved on the 8th inst. by Frederic Gerard, the son, and Sir John Lawson, Bart., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Gerard; £1000 to the trustees of the settlement of his late daughter, Lady Lawson; £5000 to his eldest son, Frederic, who is otherwise well provided for; £5000 to his daughter, Lady Stafford; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his two younger sons, Charles Thomas and Edward.

The will (dated Oct. 28, 1878) of Mr. Richard John Knowles, late of No. 24, Calverley Park, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Sept. 12 last, at Willington, near Maidstone, was proved on the 3rd inst. by Richard John Knowles, the son, Richard William Tootell, the nephew, and Frederick Francis Sanders, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his wife, son, executors, nephew, and niece. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives one third to his wife, Mrs. Maria Seymour Knowles, and two thirds to his said son.

The will (dated July 8, 1879) of Mr. George Bond, late of No. 8, Medina Villas, Richmond, Surrey, who died on Aug. 23 last, was proved on the 10th inst. by William Burrell and William Anderson, M.D., two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. The testator gives some legacies, and makes provision for his son, William Henry; and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to the children of his said son, in equal shares. In default of any of the said children attaining twenty-one, he bequeaths £1000 each to the Richmond Infirmary, and the President of the Conference of Wesleyan Methodists; one half of the ultimate residue to Queen Anne's Bounty, and the other half to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1883) of General Sir Arthur Augustus Thurlow Cunynghame, G.C.B., late of Hurlingham Lodge, Fulham, who died on March 10 last, at sea, was proved on the 29th ult. by the Hon. Dame Frances Elizabeth Cunynghame, the widow, the value of the personal estate, exclusive of the property in settlement, exceeding £16,000. The testator leaves £5700 to his wife; and all his other property, in trust or otherwise, to his wife, for life, and then to his four children, Henry Harding, Arthur, Emily Caroline, and Lavinia Charlotte.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1883) of the Hon. and Rev. William Henry Lyttelton, Rector of the Parish of Hagley, Worcester-shire, and Canon of Gloucester Cathedral, who died on July 24 last, at Great Malvern, was proved on the 29th ult. by Lord Lyttelton, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £7000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Constance Ellen Lyttelton; and such sum, not exceeding £1300, as will produce £40 per annum, to be called "The Emily Lyttelton Fund," for the purpose of providing a nurse in midwifery cases and non-infectious diseases for the parish of Hagley. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust for his wife, for life, and then for his children; and in default of children for the said Lord Lyttelton.

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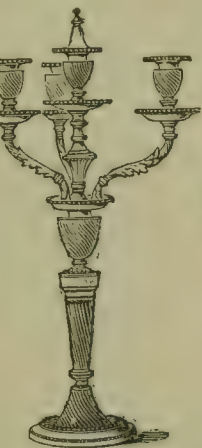
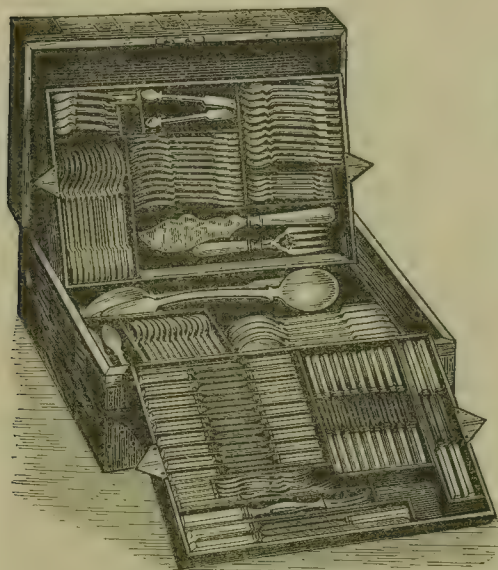
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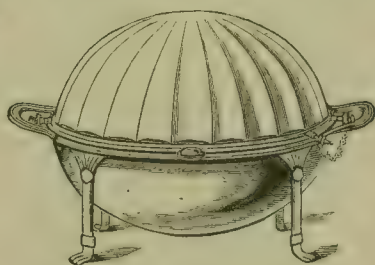
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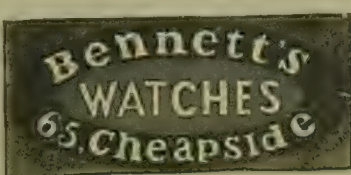
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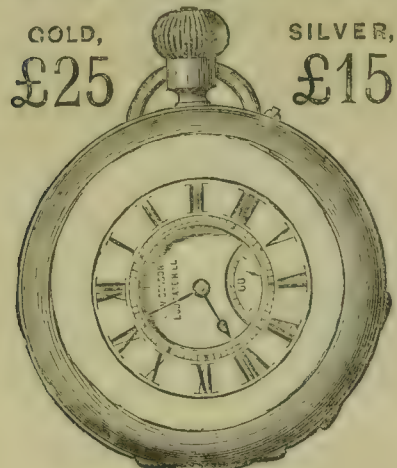
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GUARANTEED ENTIRELY OF MY BEST ENGLISH MAKE.
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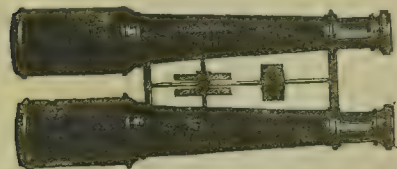
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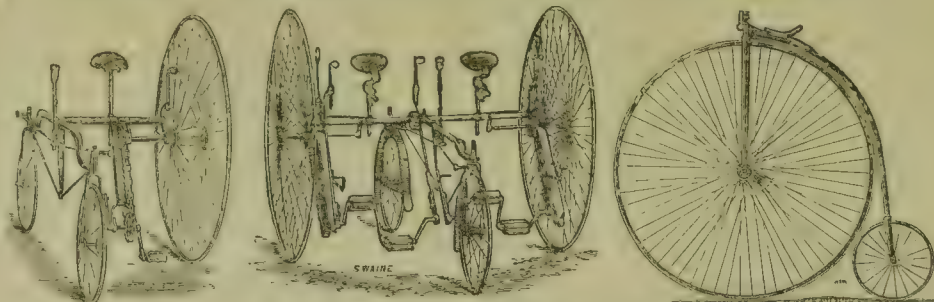
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They are made from the Brightest, Most Delicately
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In addition to this well-known and highly-valued Preparation,
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a perfectly soluble, non-poisonous, non-corrosive, ODOURLESS
and most powerful Disinfectant, Deodoriser, and Antiseptic
ready for instant use, by sprinkling upon all that is offensive or
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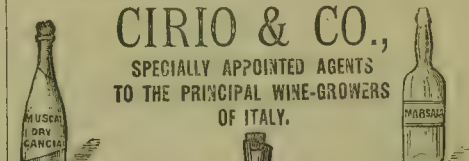
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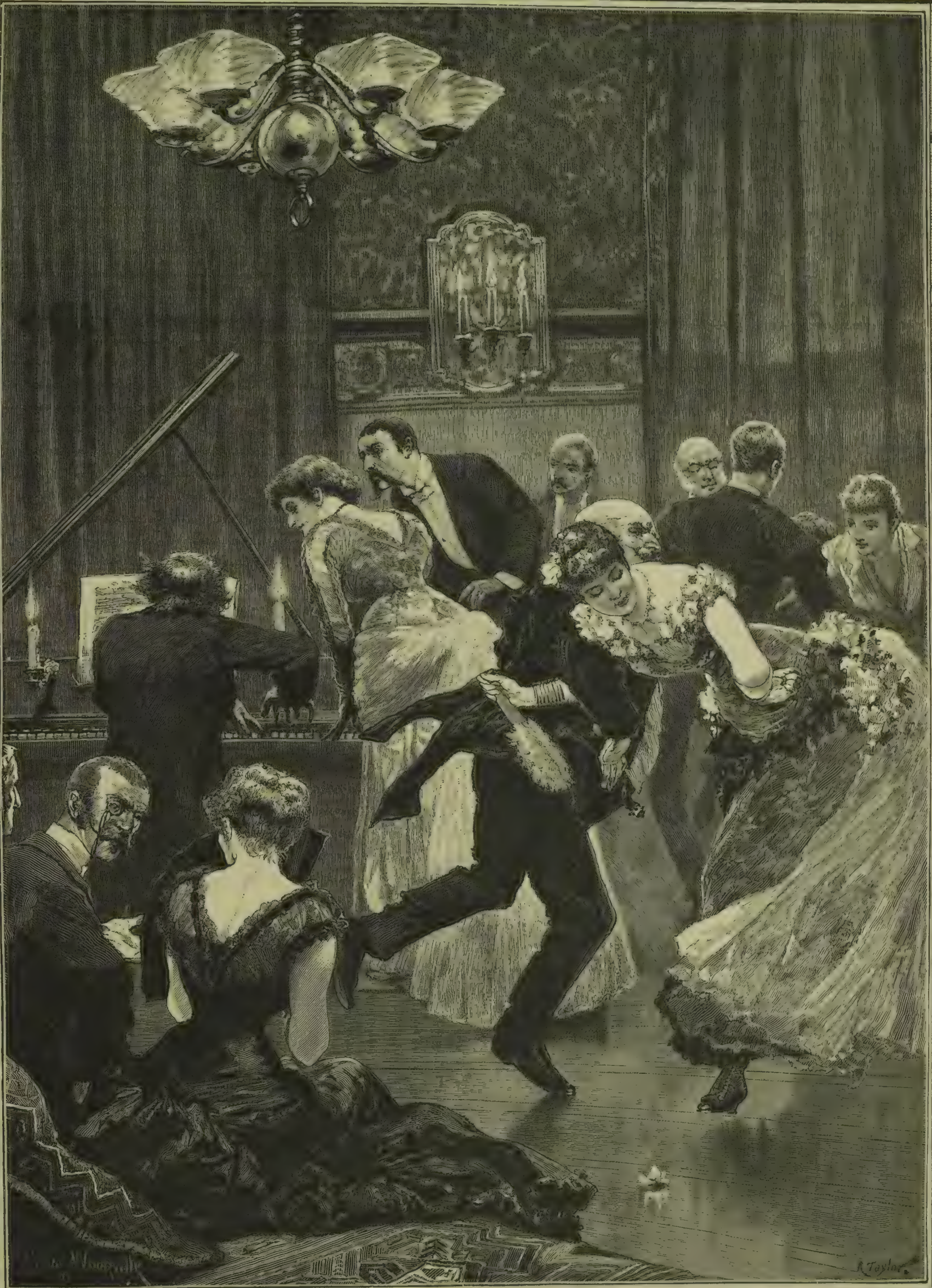
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NOVEMBER 29, 1884.

Christmas Number



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

ENGRAVED BY E. TAYLOR.

THE HIGHLAND SCHOTTISCHE: FINALE.

You need not wonder why I think
The Highland Schottische half divine;
As of the golden chain first link
That made my Highland lassie mine.

Postscriptum: The rejected one
Got coached by damsel more complying
And so in the finale he
Went whirling round, with coat-tails flying.

As faster still the music played,
So faster flew the maid untiring;
And our stout friend kept bravely on
Though scant of breath and much perspiring.

Mothers who regard Health and Beauty in your Children!

Read This!!! It will Repay you a Thousand-Fold!!!



THE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients; hence frequently, the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin, from which many Children suffer. It should be remembered that **ARTIFICIALLY COLOURED SOAPS ARE FREQUENTLY POISONOUS**, particularly the Red, Blue and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. Very White Soaps, such as "Curd," usually contain much more Soda than others, owing to the use of Cocoa Nut Oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline Soap, very injurious to the Skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to Children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the Skin has developed into some unsightly disease, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

ITS DEEP BROWN AMBER COLOUR IS NATURAL TO IT, AND ACQUIRED BY AGE ALONE.



PEARS' SOAP

FOR THE TOILET, NURSERY, AND SHAVING. PURE, FRAGRANT, AND DURABLE.

A careful perusal of the following Reports of the most Eminent Analytical Chemists, together with the Testimonials of the élite of the Medical Authorities on the Skin, will convince the most sceptical of the immense Superiority of **PEARS' SOAP**.

REPORTS OF EMINENT ANALYSTS.

From Dr. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.C.S., F.I.C., &c.;

Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

"**M**ESSRS. Pears have long been celebrated for their Transparent Soap (Transparent Soap was invented by them), and from frequent examinations and analyses of it during a period of thirty years, I can certify that it possesses the properties of an efficient yet mild detergent, without any of the objectionable properties of ordinary Soaps, which usually contain free fatty acid or caustic alkali, or alkaline salts, giving them a greasy, acrid, or irritating character. It is quite free from Cocoa Nut Oil and artificial colouring matter, and may be relied upon for great purity, uniformity of composition, and agreeable perfume. It may be represented as a perfect Toilet Soap."

From CHARLES R. C. TICHBORNE, Esq., LL.D., F.I.C., F.C.S., &c.; Lecturer on Chemistry at Carmichael College of Medicine, Dublin, and Chemist to the Apothecaries' Hall of Ireland.

"**I** HAVE made three separate and independent analyses of Pears' Transparent Soap, the samples being procured by myself at ordinary Retail Shops, and from these examinations I am enabled to certify to its purity. It is made in the most perfect manner, and is free from any causticity—to persons of delicate skin a question of vital importance. Being free from all adulteration with water its durability is really remarkable. I cannot speak too highly of it, for it strikingly illustrates the perfection of Toilet Soap. Within the last few years a great number of Transparent Soaps, imitations of Messrs. Pears' invention, have appeared in the market of a most inferior and injurious character, consisting of Cocoa Nut Oil, Glycerine, and a large addition of water, and I have found in them over five per cent. of free caustic soda, and nearly one-third water. I need hardly say that such Soaps are necessarily most hurtful."

From Professor JOHN ATTFIELD, F.R.S., Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain; Author of a Manual of General, Medical, and Pharmaceutical Chemistry.

"**I** HAVE annually, for the past ten years, made an independent analysis of your Transparent Soap, and have not found it to vary in quality or in composition. It contains neither excess of alkali nor of moisture, and it is free from artificial colouring matter. A better, purer, or more usefully durable Soap cannot be made."

From Professor CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., S.Sc. Camb. Univ.; Professor of Chemistry and Hygiene in the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland; Medical Officer of Health & Analyst for Dublin.

"**I** HAVE analysed Samples of Pears' Soap, purchased by myself in Dublin. I find it remarkably good—prepared from pure materials, combined in the proper proportions, and free from Cocoa Nut Oil and from artificial colouring. It may safely be used upon the skin of the tenderest infant."

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From Professor Sir ERASMUS WILSON, Professor of Dermatology, Royal College of Surgeons of England [in the "Journal of Cutaneous Medicine."]

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Mr. JOHN L. MILTON, Senior Surgeon, St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.

From the "Hygiene of the Skin."

"**F**ROM time to time I have tried many different Soaps, and I have now, after Fifteen Years careful trial in many hundreds of cases, both in Hospital and Private Practice, no hesitation in giving my verdict to the effect that nothing has answered so well, or proved so beneficial to the skin, as **Pears' Transparent Soap**."

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Mr. JAMES STARTIN, Surgeon and Lecturer at St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London, Successor to the late Mr. James Startin.

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H. S. PURDON, M.D., Physician to the Belfast Skin Hospital.

"**T**HE best Soap I know is **Pears' Transparent Soap**, and I recommend it to patients and friends."

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6d. (unscented)	5/-	£2 12/6		1/6	15/-	£7 10/-	
1/-	10/-	£5		2/6	25/-	£12 10/-	

The Large Coloured Illustration.

THE BEST OF FRIENDS.

FROM A PICTURE BY PHILIP RICHARD MORRIS, A.R.A.

'Twas in bright sunny weather
Two dunsels stood together,
For an A.R.A. to take them,
And so right famous make them.
In gayest pink arrayed
Deep-blushing stood each maid;
With Ross, dear doggie, who
Was ever with the two.
"The best of friends" were they
Since that eventful day
When from bad boys they bought
him
With all their pocket-money—
Stout cord his neck around,
With heavy stone fast bound,
Made ready to be drowned.
Some curious tricks they taught
him,
Of others he bethought him,
Tricks quaintly droll and funny;
Great at all kinds of larking,
And really grand at barking.
Rich recompense Ross made
them,
For all their love repaid them,
His duty fitly crowning
By saving both from drowning.
Fiercely in their defence,
He drove all beggars thence,
Their tattered garments gripping,
And calves of footmen nipping.

Viewing the maids in pink,
A wag, with knowing wink,
Pinks of perfection named them;
This title rather shamed them,
As though in pink they went
To challenge compliment.
So, wounded by light laughter
That on the joke ensued,
They shrank from pink there-
after
As from a thing tabooed;
And it abjuring quite,
Dress now in simple white,
Or in some neutral tint,
With nothing pinkish in 't.
But their bewitching faces
And sweet unstudied graces
Draw loving hearts perforce,
So that all youths, of course,
Think them, and ever will,
Pinks of perfection still.
A witching pair the two,
Sweet Ann and sweeter Prue—
Plain names, not courtly fine,
Yet made by Love divine.
In short, the chits, fast-grow-
ing
Have bloomed two maidens fair,
Like dainty rosebuds blowing,
On each new morrow showing
Fresh beauties, rich and rare.

JOHN LATEY.

THE HIGHLAND SCHOTTISCHE.

(See Illustration.)

You wish to know how I obtained
The dear companion of my life;
Then I will tell you how I gained
A ball-room partner and a wife.

You know how passionately I
Join in a dance, whatever it be—
Quadrille or galop, polka, waltz,
Schottische—'tis all the same to me.

Well, I resolved to beg a dance
One night from one I much admired:
Her form, her face, her radiant glance,
Her many charms my bosom fired.

But one before me begged that she
In a Schottische that then began
Would bless him with her company;
Just blurting out—good candid man!—

"I do not know a step myself,
And beg that you will keep me right;"
On which his offer she declined,
Yet in a manner quite polite.

The gentleman was stout and bald,
His fringe of hair becoming grey;
Now, whether this had aught to do
With her refusal, who can say?

Then I, in turn, addressed her thus—
"I know the Highland Schottische well,
And shall your debtor prove if you
Will be my partner for a spell."

She acquiesced, and off we went,
Our footsteps beating perfect time;
So on and on, and round and round
We tripped it to the music's chime:

Two beings by one impulse moved,
The ruling spirit ever she;
And ne'er was Highland Schottische danced
By mountain maid with foot more free.

One partnership led on to more;
Acquaintance grew to love; and we,
Partners in dances, at the last
Became life-partners, as you see.

You need not wonder why I think
The Highland Schottische half divine;
As of the golden chain first link
That made my Highland lassie mine.

Postscriptum: The rejected one
Got coached by damsel more complying;
And so in the finale he
Went whirling round, with coat-tails flying.

As faster still the music played,
So faster flew the maid untiring;
And our stout friend kept bravely on
Though scant of breath and much perspiring.

J. L.

OUR WORLD OF LONG-AGO.

O! happy hours when first we knew
We loved each other—you and I;
There was no truth then half so true
As—Love can never die!

To live was joy, and, at our feet,
The world lay fair as world could be;
No poet's dream was half so sweet
As life to you and me!

O! loved one, were you changing glow
That fills the West our sign to-day,
Our golden world of long-ago
Would fade and pass away.

But not to yonder dark'ning sky
We, faithless, turn our fate to know;
We find in true hearts—you and I—
Our world of long-ago!

W. GOW GREGOR.

A DIVIDED DUTY.

BY H. SAVILE CLARKE.

CHAPTER I.

A GAME AT CARDS.

Many fierce declamations from ancient sanctity have been uttered against cards and dice, by reason of the craft used in the game, and the consequent evils as invented by the Devil.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

"Hang the cards, the Devil's in them;" and, as he spoke, Guy Leslie dashed his hand furiously down on the table before the opponent with whom he was playing the seductive game of écarté.

"Ah!" said another voice. "So they used to say; and I'm not surprised to hear he's there still." The speaker was the young man's friend, Jim Hastings; but, as he was not playing, he could afford to philosophise, and coolly lit a cigar as he made the remark.

Then a third person spoke—a man of some fifty years of age or more, with clean-shaven face and scanty hair, of which, however, the owner made the most by skilful arrangement. This was Captain Roper, in whose rooms at Boulogne they were playing, and to whom Leslie had lost during the evening a great deal of money. He shuffled the cards mechanically, looking keenly from one young man to the other as he said to Leslie, "The luck will change, dear boy; you can have your revenge whenever you like."

"I will; and now!" said Guy Leslie, as he seized the cards and commenced dealing furiously. "Another 'monkey' Captain."

But the Captain demurred, or at all events pretended to do so. "Really, Mr. Leslie," he said, "this is gambling; but as I've won, I can't refuse. I take your bet."

"I should think it *was* gambling," muttered Jim Hastings to himself as he watched them. "Guy's lost some thousands if he's lost a penny, and I'll try to pull him up."

"I say, old fellow," he said aloud; "don't you think you'd better stop now? You've been playing all night. Come and have a snooze, and you can tackle the Captain again this evening;" and he laid his hand on Guy's shoulder.

"No, no!" said Leslie, impetuously, filling his glass from a bottle that stood near. "Not a bit of it. Captain Roper has won a lot of my money, and my turn must come. Here's luck." And as he spoke he tossed off the contents of his tumbler.

"Ah," said Jim, "that's what I said once; but my turn didn't come until I was cleaned out. An old Frenchman said to his son, don't play écarté till you've four eyes in your head: but it seems to me six wouldn't be too many."

These sage reflections, however, were unheeded by his companions, who were intent upon their cards.

"Game," said the Captain, quietly.

"My infernal luck again," cried Guy. "But I won't be beaten; double or quits on the last monkey."

"Done," replied Captain Roper, dealing the cards swiftly and smoothly, while his opponent drank excitedly, and watched the flying bits of pasteboard with bloodshot eyes. They took up their hands.

"I propose," said Guy.

"Play," returned the Captain: and then he said, quietly, "I mark the King."

"The King again," cried Guy, his face ablaze with excitement: "I'm hanged if you don't keep them up your sleeve."

"What do you mean, Sir," said the Captain, rising in indignation, as well he might, at this shameful insinuation.

"What I say," shouted Guy, losing all control over himself. He had not meant his speech exactly, but the other's attitude roused him, and the two men faced each other in a fury.

"Liar!" answered the Captain promptly, and taking up the pack of cards he flung them with all his force in the young man's face. Guy Leslie staggered back for a moment, and then stepped forward to strike his adversary, when Hastings rushed in between them and separated the combatants.

"Stop, stop!" he cried, "you are both forgetting yourselves. Guy, what can you mean by accusing the Captain of cheating? And you, Captain Roper, cannot you see that Guy's losses have made him lose all control over himself? You must make allowances for him."

"I have nothing to do with his losses," said the Captain, shortly. "No man shall accuse me of foul play with impunity."

"I can only say"—cried Guy, when Hastings interrupted him.

"Say nothing! Are you both out of your senses. Guy, would you strike a man old enough to be your father. Ay," he continued, seeing that Leslie rather hung his head, "you may well look ashamed of yourself. And you, Captain Roper," said the peace-maker, facing the other, "who have won so much, can afford to forgive words uttered in haste and exasperation."

The Captain reflected. It was not his habit to kill, or rather, he should say, to frighten away the goose that laid golden eggs, or to leave a pigeon half plucked, so he smoothed his brow as well as he could, and said, with the best grace of which he was capable, "Well, well, we'll see about it. Perhaps I *was* hasty."

"That's right," said Hastings, cheerfully. "And now, I suppose, you won't play any more. Look at the morning light coming through the shutters. Egad! we've made a night of it. Come along, Guy! Let's go and have a dip in the sea."

Guy Leslie had by this time somewhat recovered himself. "You may expect me in the course of the day, Sir, to settle with you," he said to the Captain, with a formal bow, which the other returned as stiffly, and then he went out with Hastings.

When the two young men had gone, Captain Roper opened the shutters and let in the morning sunlight. It streamed into the room, shining on the table littered with cards and the stumps of cigars, on the empty bottles and the tawdry furniture of the lodging-house. It made the Captain look very old and worn, as he stood gazing out on the blue sea and bluer sky.

How often, he thought to himself, have I seen the sun shine into the room after a night's play when I could have wished it blotted out for ever? But now it rises on a victory. What favourable wind blew this young man to Boulogne. "Ten thousand pounds," he muttered, as he made a rapid calculation on a little slip of paper, and as safe as the Bank of England, for Hastings tells me his father is very wealthy. After this coup I'll play no more."

"Ah!" he soliloquized, as he took up one of the cards on the table, "they may call you the Devil's picture-books, but I've read nothing else for so long that it will be hard to give you up, and I shall still count my tricks in dreams. But I must keep this money. It will enable me to acknowledge my daughter, to live with her in some quiet nook in England, where those who know nothing of my past will look with no suspicion on my present, and where I shall dare to hope for the future. This rich lad will never miss the money, and it

will make two people very happy, for it will give my Mary back to her father's arms.

So the old man mused, little thinking how soon and how strangely his castles in the air were to be shattered. Here is Captain Roper's history in a nutshell. He came of a good family, and at the earliest possible age entered the Army. There he lived a terribly fast life, nearly ruined himself, repaired his fortunes temporarily by marriage, then squandered his wife's money, and saw her die of a broken heart. Such a story is a very old one, and has been told better than I can tell it; so we may leave the Captain's past for his present. He had one child, Mary, now a girl of nineteen, and the only hope of his somewhat cynical and wholly sordid heart was that she should marry respectably, and be in no way contaminated by what the Captain well knew were very shady antecedents. She lived at Boulogne, but under her own name, that of Mary Trevor, Roper being a convenient alias of the Captain's; and, though they met occasionally, she was never recognised as his daughter in public. Such an arrangement was not at all to the girl's taste, but she had protested against it in vain. Her father was determined, so he said, that her life should never be shadowed by his; and though it cost him many a pang, it was the graceless old man's reparation to her dead mother, and Mary had perforce to yield to his whim.

On this summer morning of which we are writing the Captain had just seen the room put in order; when the servant ceremoniously announced "Miss Trevor." Mary was accustomed to call on her father occasionally in this way, ostensibly on business connected with the English church, but she did not like to do so too often. As soon as the door was closed she rushed into his arms.

"Father, darling, I am so glad to be with you again!"

"Yes, yes, my dear," said the Captain, returning her embrace; "but pray be careful, Mary, somebody might come in."

"Be careful! that is always your cry," said the girl, impetuously. "I am tired of this concealment, father; why may we not own each other?"

"My child, as I have told you before, because my life would shame yours, and I would not have it so."

"Father," answered Mary, earnestly, with the tears in her brown eyes, "how can you say such things? I am not ashamed of you, and never could be."

"No, dear, I dare say not," returned the Captain. "But listen to me, my child. I—no matter how, and you will spare me the confession—am not in the position I once occupied. I am idle; I have spent my life unwisely; men call me an adventurer, and possibly I deserve the name. I have habits and associates of which you, thank Heaven, are ignorant, and I will keep the promise I made to your dead mother, that your life should never be sullied by mine."

"Father, father," the girl entreated, "do not talk like that."

"Therefore, for all these years," continued Captain Roper, speaking coolly and with great deliberation, "we have lived apart. You under our own, and I under an assumed name. And that we may so live I am content that our relations should think I have deserted you. That has been the plan of my life, and, though it has often cost me an aching heart, I am not going to alter it now."

"Why not, father? May not a time arrive when you will be willing to do so. Listen to me; I have good news for you."

"Well, my child, what is it?"

"You know," said Mary, her clear olive complexion turning a little red, "I have been staying in England, at my aunt's. Well, papa, there I met, I met—Oh! how can I tell you?"

"There you met some one who loved you, dear. I can easily understand that."

"Yes, father," said Mary, hanging down her head, "I met some one who says he loves me very dearly, and indeed indeed—I believe it."

"Well, my child," said the Captain, kindly, "that is not all. What has your heart answered?"

"It has answered," she said, "that next to you, papa, I love him very dearly."

"If that be the case," said the Captain, "it must be some one worthy of your affection. Is that so?"

"I hope it is. I am sure you will say so when you know him."

"I have not a doubt of it, my dear," replied Captain Roper; "and perhaps you can tell me something about his prospects and his family."

"They are people of good position, and have received me most kindly," returned Mary; and he—he will be rich some day; but, believe me, I did not think of that when I gave my heart away."

"I can quite understand that, dear," said the Captain; "but still," he added, drily, "there is no occasion to despise money. It is hard to get and harder to keep, but it makes life easier and love last longer; the way of the world is smoother when it is paved with gold."

"And you are glad to hear my news, father?"

"My darling, I congratulate you heartily. He must be a good man indeed who is worthy of my jewel. I hope he will take care of it."

"I am not frightened, father."

"Ah! There love speaks in your eyes and through your lips. But, Mary, you have kept our secret?"

"I have. They only know what my aunt has told them; but, dear father, I want your permission to let me own you and introduce you."

"Well, well," said the Captain; "we will see. But, darling, you must run away, as I have an appointment," he added, as he saw Hastings approaching the house.

"But I haven't told you his name," said Mary.

"Not now, dear; come back afterwards, and I may have some news for you also. You can always call on an old man like Captain Roper—for a subscription, you know," he said, smiling, and then formally showed his daughter out as Jim Hastings entered the room.

That gentleman's errand was a simple one and soon executed. After chaffing the Captain about his visitor, and old Roper having explained Mary's appearance as an emissary from the English Chaplain, Hastings went on to say that Leslie would pay five thousand pounds, and had given his cheque for that amount, while he would let the Captain have the rest on a three months' bill. In reply to Captain Roper's questions, Hastings also said that Mr. Leslie, though very much chagrined at his defeat, had exonerated the Captain from all suspicion of foul play; and further resolved never to touch a card again, a resolution Roper received with a cynical smile. Then Hastings went away, and the old man was left alone with his good luck.

"Five thousand pounds," thought the Captain, "and as much more to come. This luck comes just in the nick of time now that Mary is engaged. I shall be able to show up to her lover in good style, and give her a handsome trousseau. And, perhaps, when she's married, there will be a corner for me somewhere, for I feel very worn and old sometimes, and weary of this aimless life." The old man's face saddened, and he presently brightened up, for he heard his daughter's footstep on the stairs.



DRAWN BY G. L. SEYMOUR.

ENGRAVED BY R. TAYLOR.

SWEET ORANGES.



DRAWN BY E. J. WALKER.

ENGRAVED BY A. FROMENT.

A CHRISTMAS MISSION.

Mary came in, looking radiant. "Now, father," she said, "To finish my news and hear yours. Who is to begin?" "Bless me! how bright you look, dear," said the Captain, gazing at her with pride. "You come into the place like a sunbeam."

"Thank you, papa," said Mary, smiling. "I like compliments from you."

"And from no one else, Miss?"

"Well, perhaps, from one other person," she said, blushing. "But come, papa, shall I go on with my story?"

"Hear my news first, impatient girl—yours is half told. Mary, I have made some money."

"At cards again. Oh, papa, I'm sorry—I mean, don't look so disappointed. Of course I'm glad you've won, but I wish you wouldn't play."

"You may have your wish some day, dear. But never mind, I have won money from one who will never miss it, and I can fit you out properly as a bride."

"I don't like it, papa. It is a bad omen."

"Nonsense, child. What does the old song say—'and ye shall walk in silk attire and siller hae to spare.'"

"I had much rather you kept it for yourself, papa."

"No, no! But now for the remainder of your news. Sit down beside me, and finish your story."

"As I used to do when I was a little girl, and you told me fairy tales," said Mary, nestling at his knee.

"Ah! darling," said the old man; "the fairies have long ago dropped out of my life. Let us hope they have still gifts in store for you. Now for it."

"Well, papa," said Mary, "you must know that he is very good and very handsome, and oh! so generous. When I told him I was a poor girl he said he liked me all the better for it."

"Ah!" said the Captain.

"What did you say, papa? What are you exclaiming at?"

"I was merely paying a tribute of astonishment, my dear, to the touching disinterestedness of youth. Go on."

"It is true, papa, though you may laugh at it. He said he had enough for both of us."

"I am glad to hear it."

"Yes. And they live at such a beautiful place, with gardens and a park. And there's the dearest little house in the grounds where we are to live, to be near his father, who is very old; and where there will always be room for you, darling," said Mary, affectionately kissing the thin hand on which she had laid her cheek.

"This is indeed a fairy tale," he answered, looking at her fondly. "And what is the Prince's name?"

"Guy."

"Ah!" The Captain gave a great start, and then muttered to himself, "Psha! a common name enough."

She caught the whisper.

"No, not a common name; and a very pretty one. But how you started."

"Did I, dear? Ah, I haven't been very well lately, and I felt a sudden touch of rheumatism. But, come, I suppose the Prince has a surname?" he added, with an obvious effort, though he was successful in concealing it from his daughter.

"Guy Leslie."

"Guy Leslie!" repeated the old man, turning deadly pale, as he placed his hand on his heart, gasped convulsively, and then fell helpless into his daughter's arms.

CHAPTER II.

A DAUGHTER'S SECRET.

I do perceive here a divided duty.—SHAKESPEARE.

The course of events moved somewhat rapidly since the occurrences detailed in the last chapter. The Captain speedily recovered, and, indeed, was almost himself again when his daughter returned with the doctor, for whom she had rushed out, or it would have been difficult for her to conceal that her anxiety for him was more than that of a chance acquaintance. Then she left, promising, in neighbourly fashion, to call in the morning and inquire after the patient.

When he was alone the Captain's reflections were by no means of an enviable character. How terribly, he thought, had his forebodings of what would happen whenever his life, as it were, touched his daughter's, come true!

Whatever came of this love affair, it was quite evident that he could never take his place beside Guy Leslie's plighted wife, and give her away at the altar. It was most likely indeed that, should Leslie ever know that the girl he had met and loved in England was the daughter of the raffish old gentleman who had "plucked" him at cards at Boulogne, he would never take her to that stately ancestral home which the Captain could picture so well. For Captain Roper put it to himself with perfect frankness in this way, and at last came to the following resolutions. They cost him many pangs, but his daughter was the only thing he cared for on earth, and he resolved to sacrifice himself for her sake.

In the first place, he would of course never let Mary know that his sudden collapse at hearing Leslie's name arose from anything else than indisposition. In the second place, he would hand over to her aunt, in trust for her, the five thousand he had received from Leslie, and as he could easily negotiate the bill the young man had given him for the remainder, that money would suffice for his wants. In the third place, he would actually and in reality desert his daughter, would say farewell to her, and take himself off with the intention of being heard of no more. He had accidentally meddled with her life only to mar it, and now he would efface himself, so that the story she and her aunt had been instructed to tell should be a true one. It would be hard to do, but the Captain felt it to be his duty, and though that was not an argument which had, as a rule, much weight with him, he felt he would indulge in the unwonted luxury of doing that duty for his daughter's sake.

It was not done without difficulty. Mary was ready enough to believe that her father had been attacked with sudden indisposition; but naturally she could not see why his existence was never to be recognised, nor could all the Captain's specious arguments convince her. In fact, it seemed so likely that she would rise in flat rebellion against her father's will that at last he settled the matter by going off as he had resolved to do, leaving no trace of his whereabouts, and only a few lines for his daughter, strictly enjoining her to respect his wishes and regard him as cut off from her life for ever. It may be asked how the Captain came to be willing to leave her to marry a gambler, such as many people would have held Guy Leslie to be; but the old man had made minute inquiries, and discovered that the fatal game at Boulogne was a solitary outbreak, not likely to be repeated, and chiefly brought about by his own powers of persuasion to iniquity. At any rate, Leslie would be enormously rich; and that, as the Captain was wont piously to reflect, covered a multitude of sins.

The next stage of our story then shows us Mary happily married to Guy Leslie; and, as his father died almost directly after their marriage, she was installed as mistress of Scawton Manor. Her husband was kindness itself, and the only cloud in her sky was the consciousness that she had not been quite frank with him about her father. She told herself, however, that the tale of his desertion was indubitably true, and argued

he had a perfect right to demand that his past life should be kept a secret, even from one so near and dear to her as her own husband.

But a day came when she knew why her father had laid his commands upon her; and she found, with a thrill of horror, that she would have to keep the secret for her own sake.

It befell in this wise. Jim Hastings was asked to come and stay at the Manor for some shooting, and cheerfully accepted the invitation. On the first evening, in the drawing-room, after dinner, the conversation turned, much to Mrs. Leslie's annoyance, on Boulogne; nor did her husband seem to relish the topic much more. But Hastings did not notice this; neither was he cognisant of the fact that Leslie had never told his wife of the scene in Captain Roper's rooms; nor, indeed, that he had ever known that worthy at all. So he rattled on about the adventures he had experienced there; and suddenly said—

"By the-way, Leslie, I wonder what became of your old opponent there, Captain Roper."

"I believe he bolted," said Leslie, a little stiffly, for he did not like being reminded of his folly; "which was just what one might expect of him."

"Well, he was amazingly lucky at cards," said Hastings. "Egad! he cleared you out that night, old man, and no mistake."

"He did," said Leslie; "and it was a lesson I have never forgotten, for I have not touched a card since."

During this conversation Mary Leslie sat feeling as if she were gradually turning into stone—as if, like Galatea, she was going back to the marble. Her very heart seemed to her to stop beating when she heard the revelation that her father had won at cards of her husband; and though she would have given worlds to get up and leave the room, she felt too paralysed to fly.

"Old Roper was a curious mixture," continued Hastings. "He'd win money of you in the most cheerful manner until you hadn't a penny left, and yet he would occasionally give subscriptions for charitable purposes. Why, I remember seeing you come out of his rooms, Mrs. Leslie, and he told me you had got him to subscribe for some fund the English Chaplain was getting up"; and he turned to his host's wife.

"What, did you ever come across Captain Roper, Mary?" said her husband, unsuspiciously. "The Chaplain should not have sent the young ladies of his flock on errands to such an old reprobate. But, my darling," he added, hastily, "you look very pale. What's the matter; are you ill?"

He might well ask the question, for Mary's face had waxed whiter and whiter; and at last everything became indistinct to her, and, with an inarticulate cry, she slipped from the arm he had put round her, out of the chair in which she sat, on to the floor.

Then there was a great outcry, and the bell was hastily rung for Mrs. Leslie's maid, while a messenger was dispatched for a doctor: though, as Guy asseverated as he helped his wife up stairs, it was nothing but the heat of the room. When Hastings was left alone he went up to a thermometer that was hanging in one corner. No, he thought to himself, as he noted the height at which the mercury stood, it was not the heat of the room. I wonder why Guy Leslie's wife was so affected at the mention of Captain Roper's name.

If, however, Hastings had his suspicions, Guy Leslie never for a moment imagined that his wife's sudden fainting fit had any connection with their conversation about Boulogne. He did not, therefore, allude to it again, to her inexpressible relief, for her agony at the revelation was almost insupportable. Now she knew the secret of her father's horror at hearing the name of the man to whom she was engaged, the reason of his departure, and the source of the money he had won. And she had received her share of the plunder! The thought was like a hot iron, and she was inclined to pray that she might never see her father again.

About a month after this terrible revelation, Mary Leslie was walking in one of the loneliest avenues of the huge woods that surrounded Scawton Manor, when she saw an old man coming towards her. She paid no particular attention to him, until he stopped when she reached him, and, taking off his hat, said, "Mrs. Leslie!"

She thought he was a beggar, and as both she and Guy were very charitable in a sensible and methodical way, she said, "If you are in want, my good man, you must come up to the manor at ten to-morrow morning, and your case shall be inquired into."

"I am in want," said the stranger: "but I think I had better not come up to the manor," and at this strange speech she turned and looked at him.

It was her own father that stood before her.

Although she had been thinking of him only a few moments before—she had thought that he was hundreds of miles away, even if he were not dead, though she fancied she would have heard of that—his sudden appearance was a great shock to her. She was startled, too, to see how much he was aged, how hollow his cheeks looked, how unkempt was his hair, and how ragged the beard he now wore, while his shabby clothes betokened that he was by no means in affluent circumstances.

"Father!" she said, gazing at him with astonishment.

"Yes," said Captain Roper, for so we will continue to call him, "I don't wonder you didn't know me. I sometimes don't know myself." He spoke in a husky voice, and his daughter perceived that he was a good deal altered for the worse since she had seen him last.

"What have you come here for?" The words seemed hard and unkind, and before the recent revelation concerning the card-playing, she would have rushed into his arms and implored him to come and be introduced to her husband. But now she felt her lips were sealed; she had consented to one deception, and her father had forced her into another; and come what might, the two people who were dearest to her in the world must never meet again.

"I have come here," said the Captain, "because I have spent all my money, and don't know where to look for more, except to the daughter who is living in luxury." He had not been slow to mark her manner, and seemed by his own to resent it.

"Poor father!" she said, more tenderly, "I wish I could help you."

"Of course you can help me, dear, and I'm sure you will, for you know I shared what I had with you. But come, Mary, have you no welcome for me, though to be sure I'm not grand enough for Scawton Manor?" and as he spoke he leant forward and kissed her.

"Don't talk like that, father," she said. "You know how gladly I would welcome you, and you also know what prevents it."

"What, hasn't he forgiven me yet?" said the Captain, sneeringly. His voice was hard, and his manner unpleasant; he had evidently not improved by his adventures, whatever they had been, since he left his daughter.

"Oh, father!" said Mary, with tears in her eyes, "why did you never tell me there was anything to forgive? Why did you let me marry, knowing there was this terrible secret between me and my husband?"

"Pooh!" said the old man, contemptuously. "What was there terrible in it? He lost his money, as many a better fellow has done, and, by Jove, it slipped through my fingers pretty quick afterwards. Upon my soul, I believe sovereigns are greased nowadays."

His daughter shuddered. His whole tone was repulsive to her, and yet she struggled to be sorry for him, for the old man was evidently in what he himself would have called very low water. He saw the look of aversion in her face, and went on angrily,

"I suppose he still thinks I cheated him! Does he remember how I flung the cards in his face for the accusation?"

Here was a new incident of the horrible story, which she had not heard before; and, fearful of anything worse, she cried out, "Father, spare me! Pray be silent concerning that dreadful night, which may yet bring ruin on both of us."

"Well, well," said the Captain, "I'm not going to rake it up. But what are you going to do for me? I must have some money."

"What am I to do?" she said, utterly stunned. "I cannot introduce you to my husband."

"A loving daughter didn't recognise me," he sneered; "why should he?"

"I will have no more deception. You shall either be known as what you were and what you are, or not at all."

"Very well; I'll risk it," he said, sulkily; "though I dare say I shall get a warm reception," he added, with an ironical emphasis on the adjective.

"But what will he think of me," she cried, "when he knows how I have deceived him? Oh, Guy, Guy! forgive me; for I loved you so!"

"Oh, he'll forgive you sure enough," said her father, flippantly. "Come along, and get it over."

Mary looked at him with positive horror. In old times, even when she knew him to be an adventurer, he had preserved some of the manners and, as she used to hope, the feelings of his better days; but now his life seemed to have thoroughly brutalised him. There was a wolfish look in his face that frightened her. And this was the man she was to introduce to Guy Leslie as his father-in-law, to say nothing of the other revelations that would follow.

"You are cruel, father," she said. "How can I do it?"

"Then help me yourself. I'm not particular. You must have command of plenty of money. Fork out, and I'll go away quietly."

"I cannot. I have no money but what my husband gives me. He is generosity itself, but he likes to know how I spend it."

"Then I suppose I'm to starve?" he said, roughly.

"No, no. Don't speak like that. I'm trying to think what it is best to be done; but oh! it is so hard—so hard to see a way out of this complication."

"Complication!" he growled. "That's a pretty way to speak of your poor old father. Look here, Miss," he continued, raising his voice, so that she glanced around her lest he should be heard even in that lonely place. "You've married money. I stood aside and let you do it, and I gave you half I had when I left you. I've been unlucky—deuced unlucky—and as I once kept you, I've come home to give you a chance of keeping me. Do it in any way you like; but, mind you, it's got to be done."

"Spare me," she wailed; "and indeed I'll try to help you."

"Look here," cried the old man, producing a soiled newspaper, which had evidently held bread and cheese. "Here's your precious husband advertising for a lodge-keeper. If he can afford all these servants, he can afford to give you what will keep me. It isn't much, Mary," he whined. "It isn't much."

As he spoke they both heard a tread on the leaves, and, turning, saw Guy Leslie advancing towards them.

Mary caught her breath, and for a moment looked as if she were going to fall. The Captain, too, looked much disconcerted. He did not relish this sudden interview, in spite of all his bravado, and would have preferred not to present himself to his son-in-law till he was in better plight. Some pity, too, for his daughter may have stirred in his callous old heart; for, saying in an undertone, "Trust me," he assumed a deferential air as Guy Leslie came up to them.

"Well, Mary, I've been looking for you everywhere," said Guy. "I hope this avenue isn't damp, for you don't look very 'fit.' What does this man want?" he added, turning to the Captain.

The old man smoothed his hat with an air of great humility, and then, pointing to the advertisement to which he had referred before, said:

"Please, Sir, I was asking the lady to say a good word for me. I've come about the lodge-keeper's place."

CHAPTER III.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

The merry brown hares came leaping
Over the crest of the hill,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
Under the moonlight still.—KINGSLEY.

The feeling of relief that no revelation had been made to Guy Leslie regarding the identity of the man he saw before him with his old antagonist, was at first uppermost in Mary's mind. He had not recognised the Captain, and her father had spared her the confession which she was anxious to make, the while she felt that it would kill her. Guy, on hearing the Captain's application for the place of lodge-keeper, had merely told him to call next day, and then taken his wife back to the house.

While remarking only her pallor he had tenderly scolded her for walking in the avenue which had been rendered damp by the autumnal rains. She could answer little, for every kind word seemed to hurt her, and she felt she was committing a further deception in not telling him the whole story there and then, even at the risk of his displeasure. She determined, however, to wait until the morning, assuring herself she would try and gain nerve for the effort by that time, though she was conscious that the resolve was but a half-hearted one.

But once more her father stole a march upon her, and she was in greater perplexity than ever. The Captain came before his time in the morning, had an interview with Guy, and succeeded in gaining the promise of the situation should his references prove satisfactory. How he was to obtain such things was a puzzle to Mary, as much as the assumption of the name John Weston, under which he had presented himself. But it so happened that this was the name of a trooper in his old regiment, who had borne a very good character. The Captain borrowed it, and an application to the Colonel brought a perfectly satisfactory character. So the Captain was installed in the little lodge at the gates of the park, and seemed to make himself very comfortable.

Mary Leslie was in despair. Here was her father, a living lie, as it were, before her face, and she an accomplice, inasmuch as she kept silence regarding his real name. If it had been difficult to nerve herself to the task of telling her husband before, it would be much harder now, when his anger at the continued deceit practised upon him would be proportionately greater. In vain she appealed to her father to go away, but

he replied that he was quite comfortable, and added that any revelation now would only make her husband furious, and deprive him of his place, so that she had much better not interfere. And, in truth, Mary felt herself helpless. She loved her husband, and would gladly have made full confession, but the force of circumstances was against her, and she had silently to acquiesce.

No wonder, then, the nervous excitement and irritation produced by her father's presence at the lodge did not improve her health, but made her pale and less cheerful than of old, and Guy, noticing this, talked of taking her abroad. She would have looked paler still had she known how near her husband was to the discovery that she dreaded.

The Captain, as we have said, was considerably altered, and the whiskers and beard he wore changed his face very much; but he certainly ran a great risk when he came where he was seen by Jim Hastings. He was not, however, recognised, though Hastings had that curious instinct of having seen his face before which comes over us when we cannot put a name to a countenance that has once been familiar to us. He had remarked this to Mrs. Leslie, and had been rather astonished at her sudden flush and evident constraint as she answered him. There was not the slightest reason for any such display of emotion, and he inwardly resolved to find out more about this mysterious old lodge-keeper.

There was danger, too, to be apprehended from another quarter: and that a very unexpected one. It so happened that Mrs. Boothby, the elderly dame who was housekeeper at the manor, did not consider herself too old for the delights of Hymen, and did Captain Roper, or Mr. Weston as he was called, the honour of falling violently in love with him. But her blandishments were in vain. The Captain endured her visits, and would occasionally take tea with her in the housekeeper's room, while he was by no means averse to the delicacies she prepared for him. He was deaf, however, to her hints as to matrimony; deaf even to the fact that, as she constantly told him, she had saved "a pretty penny," and the suggestion that life had nothing better to offer now than retirement, with a congenial soul, to an eligible public-house. But that dazzling prospect did not tempt him, and at last Mrs. Boothby reluctantly gave up the siege; and as "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," she straightway conceived a hatred of the Captain as unreasoning as had been her love.

And so it happened that when she sought for some means of being revenged upon the disdainful swain, she became aware that her mistress was a good deal at the lodge, and seemed to make a great friend and protégé of its inmate. This at one time would have pleased Mrs. Boothby, but now it made her suspicious; and, oddly enough, this strange friendship, for so he deemed it, also came to the knowledge of Jim Hastings about the same time, for he, too, as we know, had his reasons for watching the Captain.

Thus two remarks were made to Guy Leslie to which he paid no attention at the time, but which he remembered afterwards. It was proposed to engage a boy to assist the lodge-keeper, and Mrs. Boothby was anxious to have a protégé of her own appointed, thinking it advisable to have a spy on the premises. The Captain was, of course, averse to that; wished to secure the selection of a lad in the village whom he could trust, and had picked out a promising young wastrel who was devoted to him. So when the matter was discussed before Mrs. Boothby, she blandly remarked that it was no use opposing Mr. Weston, he was such a favourite of the mistress's, and Guy had answered, "That must be because he does his work well," which effectually snubbed the old lady.

Then said Hastings, as they were driving out of the gates the same day, "Deuced queer old man that lodge-keeper of yours, always tries to avoid me. Seems to be a favourite of your wife's though."

It was a curious coincidence, thought Guy, that two people should thus comment upon his wife's partiality for the old man, and he said, "Yes; I think she took pity on him as she saw him first, coming for the place. I found her talking to him in the avenue."

So Mrs. Leslie introduced him, thought Hastings; there's some mystery here, I'm certain; but he only said, "Ah! indeed"; and turned the subject. But where on earth had he seen the old lodge-keeper before? Weston evidently avoided him—that was certain—and he was clear, too, that he saw a great deal more of his mistress than an ordinary man in his position would be likely to do.

Meanwhile, as these clouds were gathering, Mary was made miserable by her father's repeated demands for money. His wages were not enough to support him, he said; and that was true, for he was regarded as a great man at the village inn, and even contrived to do a little gambling in a quiet and, so to speak, inexpensive way.

At last the storm broke. The Captain had asked for assistance, mainly that he might, as he expressed it to himself, go up occasionally and "have a flutter" in London. The railway journey took little over an hour, and his custom was to start as soon as Guy and his wife had come back from their afternoon drive on days when he knew they would not be out in the evening, and get back by an early train in the morning. So no one was any the wiser; and if the services of the lodge-keeper were needed in the interval, there was his deputy, whom he could implicitly trust never to reveal his absence.

But one day the Fates were against him. He had walked to the station next to Scawton, as he usually did, and there got into a first-class carriage, where he would not be likely to meet any of his village cronies. He had no sooner settled himself comfortably, and the train was on the point of starting, when he saw a man rushing along the platform. In another moment Hastings had jumped into the same carriage, and the train was off.

The Captain had seen him coming, and, promptly covering his head as well as he could with his rug, he pretended to be asleep. But, even as he accomplished this manoeuvre, Hastings, who had his eye on the carriage for which he was making, had caught sight of him and recognised him. That is to say, he thought he saw Mr. Weston, much better dressed than usual, going up to London in a first-class carriage when he ought to have been at home in his cottage, and he was considerably astonished thereat. The question was, what was he to do. He might be mistaken, of course; but, if he were not, he determined to get to the bottom of this mystery and see what Mr. Weston did in town. To do this he must not declare himself; so he took no notice of the supposed sleeper in the corner, but read a paper, and at the next station he nonchalantly got out, and, going a little way down the train, esconced himself in another carriage. Then he thought he had his man safe, for the train stopped nowhere again until they reached London. But the Captain was far too old a campaigner to be caught by such a trick. He felt certain he had been recognised, for Hastings had overacted his part, and he was pretty sure too that the latter was still in some part of the train. He did not feel inclined to be either confronted or followed in town, and he was sure one or other plan would be adopted by Hastings. What then was to be done?

A thought struck him. The ticket-platform. It was just outside the station; the collector was an old ally; indeed, he

had often had a friendly glass with him at the buffet, nothing would be simpler therefore than to call in his aid. It was done, and when the train rolled slowly into the London terminus, and Hastings jumped hastily out, it was only to find, to his disgust, that the bird had flown.

There was no down train to Scawton that night, as both men reflected; but there was an abominably early Parliamentary one at six in the morning, and by that the Captain was accustomed to go. The question was, would Hastings take it, too; and the difficulty was to find out that gentleman's intentions. Here Fortune favoured the Captain in a truly remarkable manner.

He went to the hotel—a quiet one, near the Haymarket—where he usually dined, and where he met a few choice spirits who were always willing to have a little game at cards; and he had no sooner entered the hall than he saw a valise he recognised as belonging to Hastings on a chair. He dived into a long passage immediately, for he knew the house well, and a few minutes afterwards was in close confabulation with the "boots." From that worthy he learned that Hastings had never been there before, that he had come to meet a gentleman, and that immediately on entering the house he had asked for a time-table, and then requested to be called at half-past five o'clock! The Captain chuckled. The boots was devoted to him, and the result of their conversation was that the Captain not only spent a very pleasant night at cards, but slept for an hour in the same house with his enemy, and had the satisfaction of passing his door knowing he was fast asleep. Hastings was not called by the faithful "boots"; but if he had awoke, the Captain, being on the spot, would have known and had to invent some other way of escape.

Thus it happened that when, some hours afterwards, Hastings, very vexed with himself and much puzzled, entered the manor gates, the Captain in his old clothes obsequiously opened them for him.

Hastings was much puzzled. He knew, of course, that the Captain could have come down by the early train, but still, on the other hand, it was possible he himself might have been mistaken, though he argued again why had the man, whoever he was, got out at the ticket-platform. As he passed the Captain could not repress a smile, and Hastings saw it. He was nettled, and turning, said sharply, "What were you doing in town last night, Weston?"

The Captain was ready for him. "Nothing, Sir," he said, "for I wasn't there."

Hastings looked at him, but the old man bore his glance unflinchingly. "Then I saw your ghost in the railway carriage," he said as quietly as he could, and resumed his walk to the house.

That night Hastings mentioned his suspicions about his fellow-traveller to Leslie; when Guy, who was getting a little weary of these constant references to the lodge-keeper, said, rather testily,

"Oh, you must have been mistaken. Upon my word, everybody's at me about this man Weston. But here's my wife. Ask her what she thinks of such a story."

Luckily, Mary had been prepared for the question, for she had seen the Captain and been informed of Jim's suspicions, though her father had not told her they were well founded. So she could answer quietly enough that he must have been deceived by an accidental likeness, though a slight flush as she spoke did not escape his notice, and he felt more convinced than ever that there was some mysterious tie between Mary Leslie and the lodge-keeper, John Weston.

The next evening, about two hours after dinner, the head keeper came to say that he had received information of a raid upon the coverts to be made that night, the local poachers being reinforced by some friends from a neighbouring town. It was at once determined to gather such forces as were available at the Manor, and post them at various points, so that the intruders should be surrounded and regularly trapped.

"You'll go, Hastings, of course," said Guy Leslie, "and we'll see if we can't land some these beggars in the county jail before morning."

"Oh! Guy, you are not going?" said Mary, whose nerves were completely unstrung by her anxieties. "Think of the danger."

"That's nothing, dear," said Guy; "I can take very good care of myself."

"I do hope you will; I shall never rest till you return," she said, trying to smile, though the sad look in her eyes belied the effort of her lips.

"I dare say we shan't be long, and they'll very likely run when they see us," said Guy, patting her cheek. "But now, Jim, let us see how many men we can muster. And talking of that reminds me I never thought of Weston. We'll send for him, and collect him as we go out."

"Weston! You are not—not going to take him?" Mary could scarcely gasp out the words, and she looked so wild and haggard that both men stared at her in astonishment.

"Why not, you silly girl? he'll help to take care of me," said Guy. "He's an old soldier, and we'll put him in the front."

He spoke rather meaningfully, for he noticed her evident anxiety about the old man as well as himself, and resented while he could not understand it.

"Oh, it must not be!" she cried, wildly. "He—I mean you—will be hurt," she added, seeing their astonished looks, and then burst into hysterical tears.

Guy saw the look on his friend's face, and, while he was irritated and puzzled at this extraordinary outburst because he was going to take the old lodge-keeper on their nocturnal expedition, he was very vexed it had happened before Hastings. He controlled himself, however, and said, very quietly, "My dear, you are not well; pray, calm yourself, we shall run no risks." And, so saying, he rang the bell, summoned a servant, kissed Mary gravely, and she allowed herself to be taken up stairs.

That night, as expected, the poachers made a raid on the coverts of Scawton Manor. And it was a much more serious business than Guy Leslie had anticipated. The scoundrels showed fight, and made a determined resistance when the keepers attempted their capture. At last the ringleaders were secured, and the others made off, but not before some hard blows had been given and received, and one of the Scawton Manor party dangerously wounded. This was Captain Roper, who had entered into the fray with right good will, and he had received the injury in defending Guy Leslie.

A stalwart poacher had clubbed his gun, and was about to brain Leslie, who had slipped, and was on his knees on the ground, when the Captain, old though he was, had sprung between them, received the blow partially on his arm and partly on a cudgel he carried; and then, while struggling with his adversary, the poacher's gun had gone off, and the lodge-keeper was severely wounded in the face and shoulder.

A litter was hastily improvised, a messenger sent to the doctor's house, which was fortunately close at hand, and the sufferer was carried slowly up to the hall.

Mary Leslie stood on the steps as the little procession approached, and her first cry was one of thankfulness that her husband had escaped.

"Yes," said Guy, "I am all right, but poor Weston is badly hurt, and we are bringing him here to be nursed."

"Weston!" she screamed, in agony. "Oh! my darling," and as they brought the old man in and laid him on a couch in the hall, she rushed to him, and kissing him frantically, hung over him with murmured endearments.

The servants and tenants stared, as well they might, and Guy and Jim Hastings were thunderstruck, but nothing could be said, for the man was apparently dying, nor could anything be done but clear the room and make way for the doctor, who entered at that moment.

With swift fingers he cut away the hair and beard clogged with blood to ascertain the extent of the Captain's injuries, and then as Guy and Jim Hastings looked on, the change thus wrought in the old man's face caused them to recognise him at the same moment.

"Captain Roper!" said Hastings, in a perfect stupor of astonishment.

"It is," said Guy, in an undertone. What on earth does it all mean?"

"It means," said his wife, rising and facing him with dry and tearless eyes, "what I never had the courage to tell you before, that this is indeed the person you knew as Captain Roper; but he is also my father. Oh! husband, forgive me."

The Captain opened his eyes; they looked glazed, and his face was drawn with pain. "Forgive," he whispered faintly.

Guy only paused a moment. Then he put his arm round his wife's waist, and took the old man's hand.

"There is nothing to forgive," he said, gently. "If this man is your father, Mary, he is mine also; for, darling, he has just saved my life!"

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

DOLLY'S REVENGE.

Once there was a little girl, who had too many dolls. She ought to have been a kind Mamma or a kind Nurse to all of them. But I am sorry to say, she was not. She threw them about, and trod upon them; she knocked them against the wall; she crammed the big one into a doll's-house that was meant for the small ones; their arms and legs were torn off, and she did not send them to the Doctor to be mended. When she played at washing and dressing them, she did it so roughly that the paint was washed off their pretty faces, and the big comb tore off their flaxen hair. One cold day in winter, this cruel child put a poor little Dolly out in the garden. It was soon covered with snow, and the gardener swept it up with his broom. He brought it to the kitchen, and when the careless little girl saw it, she was afraid it would die. The maids in the kitchen said, if it died, she would be tried for Murder. So she held it to the fire, and then it got so hot that the wax of its body melted, and they said it had got a Fever. When it was bed-time, this naughty child lay down in her little white bed. She had eaten her piece of Christmas pudding and two mince pies, and an orange, and three figs, and some nuts and preserved fruit. But though she had had all these good things, Annie could not sleep. She lay and tossed and kicked, and tumbled all the bed-clothes, and thought how wicked she had been to her poor little dolls. In the middle of the night, when she was not quite asleep, but only dreaming, she knew they were all dead, and it was she who had killed them. All their ghosts came at once to her bedside, crying out, "Here she is! Annie! Annie! Annie!" Then they said, "We are children now, and you are only a Doll! Your Papa and Mamma have taken us to live with them, instead of you, and the Governess and the servants will let us do whatever we like." They made Annie get up out of her bed; and the tall one, with the wooden head and hands, and with the long naked body and legs, made of white cotton stuffed with bran, took Annie all over the house. She could not run away, or fight, or scream, because she was now only a doll herself. And first, she was rudely washed in a tub in the scullery, and her nice hair was pulled nearly off her head, while the broken points of the old comb stuck in her skin and hurt her very much. And her face was wiped with a dirty old dishcloth, and the soap got into her eyes and mouth and nose. The tall Doll, which had become a Savage because Annie had stripped off its clothes, and was almost bald like a Red Indian, told Annie she was going to be scalped, but she must first be tortured, and frozen, and burnt. She thought, Now they will carry me away into the wilderness, and she cried, "No, let me be in my own home!" Then the big Doll said, "This is your house," and pushed her into the doll's house, which was a small box, so that her arms and legs stuck out of the four windows. All the other Dolls laughed to see Annie shut up in prison. After that, she was taken out, and whirled round and round, till she came to the Nursery window. Outside, the snow lay on the ground, and they threw her out. There she felt very cold, and cried till Pussy, who had been hunting the Robins, came to take her part. When Pussy mewed and squealed, the Dolls feared that people would come; so they brought Annie into the house. There were no servants in the kitchen, but a fire was burning on the hearth. The little girl said, "Oh, I am so cold;" and they held her a long time in front of the fire, so that she was quite scorched. There was a plate and knife and bread and butter on the table, but the Dolls never gave her a bit. She did not see if they ate any of it themselves; but she remembered that she had never given them anything to eat, nor a drop of tea. She was now very sorry, and ashamed that she had treated them so badly. She asked their pardon; but the tall Dolly, who was their leader and commander, said, "Annie, why did you break our limbs? why did you bruise our heads? Come and see, you cruel, wicked girl." They made her go to a box called the Dolls' Hospital, which she had never cared to visit. It was full of arms and legs and battered heads, crushed waxen faces, with the eyes picked out, and cloth bodies with holes and wounds that let out half the sawdust. "Look at the dying and the dead!" said this angry Dolly, "and don't you know that you drove a nail into my skull last Tuesday week? Why shouldn't I do the same to you? Then he got a hammer and two big nails, and was going to do it, but first he thought he would put Annie's bonnet on her head, so as to fasten it on with the nail, which she had tried to do with one of her dolls. You see, he had changed his mind about cutting off the scalp of her head. But when the nails were stuck in the bonnet, and he had raised the hammer to strike a blow that would have killed her, dear good Pussy came into the room, and said, "Please, Sir, pray let Annie live! I know she will be a good girl, and be kind to everybody!" Annie cried and wept, and said, "Yes, indeed I will, for ever and ever!" And they begged and prayed for mercy, the sweet black cat fawning upon the Master Dolly, and rubbing her head against his knees, until his sawdust heart was touched with pity. He stood up grandly, like a conquering hero in the act of forgiving his enemy, and said, "Well, Annie, I will let you go! Be kind, be good, be free, be happy!" Most of the other Dolls said this was quite right. Annie took good care of them all as long as they lived, but she never had any more new ones.



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

ENGRAVED BY R. LODAN.

CHRISTMAS MORNING: EARLY BREAKFAST.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., PINIT.

ENGRAVED BY W. D. GARDNER.

A GIRL OF CAPRI.

SWEET ORANGES.

Not with a ripe and ready lip
(For every courtier's jest a quip),
Eyes never still, and saucy chin—
The manner of our Nelly Gwynne.
But, placidly, unprone to smile,
Doth this grand-daughter of the Nile
Her lazy, languid commerce ply,
Letting the golden fruit say "Buy—
Sweet oranges."

A Cleopatra still uncrowned!
(Her Roman lover not yet bound),
As one receiving tribute she
Stands there, in careless majesty!
Proud head, proud form, imperial face,
Glowing with immemorial grace!
A Cleopatra, meant to sway
A sceptre, not to sigh, or say—
"Sweet oranges."

'Mid shards and dust of countless years,
'Mid temples worn by time and tears,
We find the living link that brings
The time when Egypt cradled Kings!
This is a Queen of noblest mould,
To wear a crown of Afric gold!
A Queen to rise her stately way,
And not to stoop and sigh, or say—
"Sweet oranges."

BYRON WEBBER.

A CAPRI GIRL.

Under the refining pencil of Sir Frederick Leighton the peasants of Greece and Italy come forth as gods and goddesses. The distinguished President of the Royal Academy has the rare power of enchanting both his models and his admirers. The former lose all the grosser attributes of their nature, and become, in his hands, divine. We may imagine this myrtle-crowned damsel to have come under the enchanter's spell during some momentary pause in the olive-garden or the vineyard. Or she may have been caught while watching the quails in their annual flight from Africa to the sunny shores of Italy. The half-pitying expression of the face may almost suggest that she sees the unhappy birds entangled in the nets which are spread for their capture. Great numbers of quails are taken in Capri at the season of migration, and their dying flutterings are not unlikely to have excited the pity of many a gentle Capri girl. But we prefer to imagine this large-eyed maiden loitering in the sunny valley of her enchanting island, listening to the far-off song of the fisherman, or to the laughter of the distant vine-dressers—wandering with uncertain purpose, and coyly glancing down every grove, till a footstep is heard and a figure is seen, and a blush steals over the youthful face, and we know it is the old, old story over again. So it will be to the end of time.

The peasant girls of Capri are uncommonly handsome. They are said to be descended from a tribe from the Epirus who settled in the island. It was a favourite residence of the Emperors Augustus and Tiberius, and numerous ruins and fragments of ancient monuments still remain. The island, which is situated in the Gulf of Naples, is about nine miles in circumference, and is surrounded by perpendicular cliffs, which afford only one landing-place.

THE SATURDAY TUB.

A BARK-AROLLE.

*Rub-a-dub-dub,**Four dogs and a tub,**A poodle and pug, feeling neither the merrier,**A thoughtful dachshund, and a Manchester terrier;**Each of them waiting his turn for a scrub**At the hands of old Ben in the Saturday Tub.*

The scene was in Southwark (the place, if you search, You will find in a lane at the back of a church);—
The time? Well, no matter; let's say "after dark":
I bridgeward was bent, when a growl and a bark
Arrested my notice, for here in a den
Lives prince among fanciers, Bachelor Ben.

If you're wanting a dog, if your wish be a bird,
You cannot do better than pass him the word;
He has linnets, canaries, and pigeons galore,
Guinea-pigs, squirrels, and who knows what more;
For I'm told that Nobility goes now and then
To seek the advice of old Bachelor Ben.

Through a crack in the door I the scene could survey;
Ben rolled up his sleeves in a leisurely way;
"Bow-wow!" snapped the terrier,—'twas, I supposed,
His bark which the picture to me had disclosed,—
For he knew that the moment was drawing near when
His coat would be lathered by Bachelor Ben.

The dignified pug held his head in the air;
The turnspit was waiting with patient despair;
Sir Pompey, the poodle, I knew him of old,
Was wondering whether the water was cold;
A comic quartet,—but no pencil or pen
Can e'er reproduce the expression of Ben.

To-morrow old Ben will appear in the street,
His old-fashioned dress will be spotless and neat,
His face will be bright and his tongue will be gay;
As he looks at the dogs at his side he will say,
"Pure water is good both for beasts and for men,"
And they'll bark the same sentiment, looking at Ben.

HORACE LENNARD.

A CHRISTMAS MISSION.

Search the loveliest county in England through and through, and you would hardly find a cosier nook than the dell in which stands Highfield Vicarage; nor a prettier, franker, more winsome girl than grey-eyed Elsie Grove, the Vicar's fair daughter. Embowered with tall poplars whose leaves musically rustle in summer, and whose branches gleam like silver spears when the snow is falling, as it should fall to herald a good old-fashioned Christmas, the ivy-clad Vicarage is an ideal English dwelling-place all the year round.

And Elsie—well, someone I know cherishes Elsie as an ideal English girl—soft, tender eyes under well-arched eyebrows, sweet-voiced, bright, fresh, everything that is charming. That other admirers share this opinion may be gathered from Dame Coleman's colloquy with Elsie at the porch late one December afternoon, when the little fairy of Highfield Vicarage had resolved herself in her downright earnest way into a village Sister of Mercy, and, armed with a basketful of seasonable Christmas gifts, was about to brave the thickly-falling flakes, and set forth alone on her charitable mission.

"Doece wait a minute now, Miss Elzie, dear," pleaded the grey-haired housekeeper; "and I'll go with yew. Doece stop now. I've only got to zee the ashen faggot's right in the kitchen-hearth for the varm labourers. The Maister'd never forgive me if the binds weren't right, would he now? Ah, Miss Elzie, if young Zqaire Hamer were yur, wouldn't *he* be mighty proud to hold the umbrella over your bonny head? I've zeen him casting sheep's-eyes at yew, Elzie, up at church, many a time. Or, what would yew zay to Laayer Jones's likely zon—or?"

"You tease, you! I declare I won't stop a single moment longer," laughingly answered little Elsie in her witching way; adding to herself, as she tripped lightly down the garden path-way, "I only hope I may find a letter from Somebody Else."

The smile which dimpled her fair round cheeks, and played with zephyr lightness round the sweetest of rosebud lips, died away as Elsie faced the snow, and with difficulty sheltered herself beneath the umbrella. Securely as she held the well-filled basket on her left arm, Elsie was for a while clearly on other than charitable thoughts intent. When the whitened field she was crossing was green, and the Lovers' Walk under yon ghastly avenue of silvered trees was welcomed for its shade, "Somebody Else" had whispered the sweetest message in all the world to Elsie, and had received her sweet "Yes" in reply. All was Sunshine then. Joy filled two united hearts. Love seemed in the very air they breathed. Now, with the lowering clouds sending down wintry missives, what wonder Elsie felt depressed at the absence of news from her sweet-heart far away in Egypt? Could aught have happened to her gallant soldier love?

"Bless us, if it ain't Miss Elzie from the Vicarage!" exclaimed postman Capper a minute or so later, as he opened his cottage door, and let in a whirl of snow and the warm-hearted girl at one and the same time. "Yew come like a ray a zunzhine, I dew declare. Yur, Missis, yew stir the fire, and make Miss Elzie warm herself."

"Bless your pritty face, my dear, so yew are like zunzhine," broke in Dame Capper, darting a sharp glance over Elsie's shoulder at the door of the state parlour. "Substantial zunzhine, too! Ah, my dear (this as Elsie nimbly opened her basket, and cheerily handed the good woman a packet of tea, a bag of flour, a parcel of Christmas fruit, and a bottle of port)—ah, my dear, if there wur only a few more angels on earth like yew, what a different wurd this would be for us poor as yew have always got to have with yew, as the Vicar truly says, my dear!"

"Now, don't you try to spoil me with compliments, Mrs. Capper. This is only Father's usual little gift, you know. And I wish you both, and little Billy and Annie, a Very Merry Christmas, with all my heart."

"Zame to yew, Miss; and many of 'em, broke in Postman Capper. "And Vicar, tew! He be a gude man, he be. He never passes me w'out gieing me zummut. Curious, wazn't it, I was just coming up along to Vicarage with this late letter for yew, Miss Elzie, when?"

Sight of the foreign post-mark had no sooner sent the love-light into Elsie's soft grey eyes, and flushed her cheeks a rosy red, than the door of the little sitting-room was flung open, and a glad-faced young officer of the Guards rushed out.

"Elsie!"

"Bertie!"

And "Somebody Else" fondly clasped the fair, trembling girl to his heart; and in lovers' whispers ended Elsie's Christmas Mission, as far as the Postman's cottage was concerned, to the evident enjoyment of Mr. and Mrs. Capper.

Under the umbrella held closely over her by Lieutenant Russell, whose other arm stole caressingly round her slender waist, Elsie Grove found the walk back to the Vicarage far too brief.

JOHN LATEY, JUN.

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CHRISTMAS MORNING—EARLY BREAKFAST.

The young lady who has bravely stepped out of doors, bare-headed as she is, to scatter a dishful of crumbs on the snow for the household pigeons and the little birds in the garden, performs a graceful service, and merits our sincere commendation. It is a very pretty way of beginning the Christmas Day to care for the wants of these feathered people, her innocent and guileless pensioners, who would otherwise be in danger of starving in a few days of winter frost. She is not the less likely to think betimes of the poor and needy among her human neighbours; and we may expect to meet her, soon after breakfast, walking in the lane to the hamlet a mile distant, with a basket full of substantial comforts, meat, groceries, and perhaps a bottle of wine, for the Christmas dinner of one or two aged persons, whom she knows to be deserving of such kind attentions. To be willing and able to do these gracious things is a great ornament of womanhood in any rank of society; if she were the daughter of a peer or of a prince, this would make her nobility shine with an added lustre in the eyes of all dwelling around her ancestral home. "Kind hearts are more than coronets;" and it is well to practise kindness continually upon all living creatures, and not to forget the birds, though you know they cannot thank you. It has been remarked that the love of birds seems peculiarly characteristic of the English and Scottish people. No country of Europe, in proportion to its extent, contains such a number and variety of the feathered tribes, in its woods and fields, and nowhere are birds so generally adopted as household companions, and cherished almost as part of the family, like the pet dog or cat. The canary, bullfinch, lark, or linnet, confined in his little cage at the cottage window, may not be so happy as in a natural state of freedom, but is usually regarded with much personal affection and endearment, at least by the women, girls, and children; and many a lonely maiden has felt her long hours of solitude beguiled and cheered by the voice of a captive songster. It is not less pleasant to engage the attention of free birds, as in the scene which our artist has delineated, by giving them food on a cold December morning. The dog, for his part, looks on with a comical air of wishing to rush out and worry them, from which inhospitable act he is restrained by the little boy, the young lady's brother. The whole picture is agreeably suggestive of gentle thoughts and sympathies, and not out of harmony with the Christmas season.

SANTA CLAUS.

Chirrup! Chirrup! Christmas Cricket

Chirrup! all the evening through!

For a footstep's at the wicket,

And the wind is in the flue.

Chirrup! Chirrup!—He is rapping:

Chirrup!—There! Undo the door:

Santa Claus, Sir, from his tapping;

He's been often here of yore.

Chirrup! Bless him!—Old and jolly

(Just as when I was a boy),

With a little Christmas holly,

And a deal of Christmas joy!

With a bundle, white and snowy,

And his boots a trifle damp,

And his eyes—the night is blowy—

Looking rheumy near the lamp.

But the same old, honest laughter,

And the same old cheery tone,

With a chord of sorrow after,

And a tenderness its own.

And he takes the chair I offer

In the chimney-corner here,

And he drinks the glass I proffer,

As we talk of Christmas cheer.

Just the same old, hearty fellow

With his presents for the boys,

With his winter-apples mellow,

And his store of children's toys;

With his crackers and his kisses,

And his rebuses and rhymes,

And his mistletoe for Misses,

And his tales of olden times.

Just the same, and little older,

With the good things in his pack,

With his white locks on his shoulder,

And the snowflakes on his back.

Bless him! Chirrup! Christmas Cricket!

Chirrup! all the evening through!

For his footstep's at the wicket,

And the wind is in the flue;

And the wintry gusts distress him,

And the way is wild and long,

And the little children bless him

For their stories and their song!

WILLIAM TWAMLEY.

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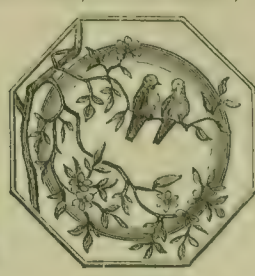
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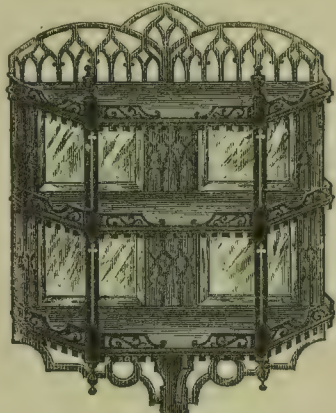
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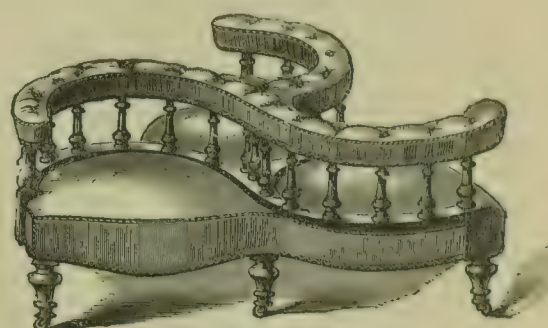
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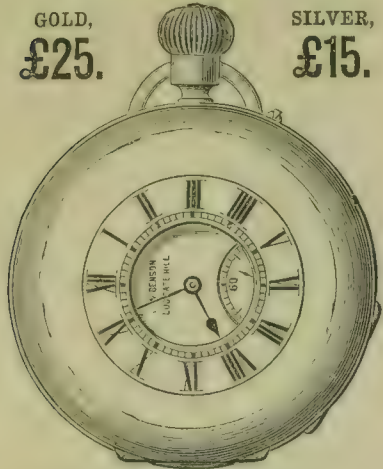


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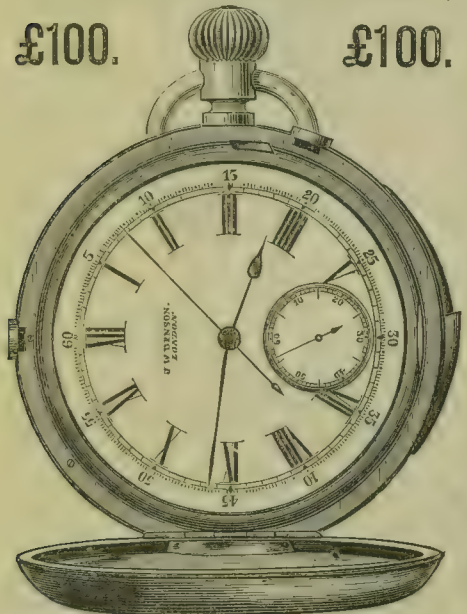


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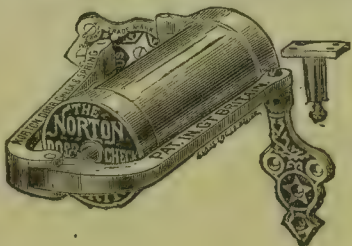
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WE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE
OF THE CAPTAIN GIVING QUEENIE THE LEAD



TUESDAY MORNING

THE REV CHARLES DOESN'T HUNT SO I DROVE HIM TO THE MEET IN THE PONY CARRIAGE (HE WAS FEARFULLY DULL)



TUESDAY EVENING

QUEENIE CARRIED OFF THE DRUSH SO WE ALL CONGRATULATED HER



WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE REV CHARLES WE FOUND HIM IN WHIPPED TEMPER YODING OVER SOME MUSTY BOOKS

MISS BEE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER I.
TWO OLD FRIENDS.

"My dear Jack!"

"My dear Tom!"

Then a sturdy grip and the warmest of hand-shakings, the two afternoony old fellows each resting his left on his friend's shoulder; and there they stood, steadying themselves with the left hand, shaking with the right. But they could not steady their voices, which were a bit husky and deep; and there was a curious twinkling look in their eyes, with a little moisture that did not belong there, as the above words were repeated again and again.

"It's like old times, Tom, to get a good grip of your fist," said Dr. Banks.

"Why, Jack, you make me sniff the Isis; and I begin thinking of pair-oars and tubs, and—oh, dear me! It's thirty years ago!" cried Mr. Thomas Hessleby, of Serjeants' Inn.

"By George! it is, old man," cried the doctor. "I'm beginning to think Nature's an impostor. She don't give fair measure, I'll swear. Thirty years? Don't seem like ten. Only I say, Tom, what a very wide parting you've got."

"Hah! humph! yes," said the old solicitor, passing a thin white hand over his shiny bald head with a rueful look, which changed to a smile as he retorted: "Rather frosty up atop of your mountain, though, Jack."

"Eh? frosty? By George! yes," replied the doctor, giving his shaggy grisly hair a rub which seemed to make it start up all over in silver flames. "It wasn't grey years ago, Tom. But here I am. Thought I'd give you a look-up. Rout you out of your pounce-box for a bit. Left my patients to Bee, and I'm going to have a week's raking along with you, you dog. We haven't had a bit of fun together these thirty years."

"Humph, no!" said the old solicitor, shaking his head. "No." And he looked very stern and uncompromising as his eyes wandered round his dingy room, over ancient volumes bound in law calf, supposed to be sheltered on their shelves from sooty London dust by curtains of tea-leaf green; over battered tin boxes with people's names in dirty white paint, and here and there the word "Exors."; and, altogether, Mr. Thomas Hessleby seemed the very last person in the world to go raking, as his visitor called it—his visitor, the hearty, florid man with a breezy aspect of the country about him, as he stood glowing, and brightening one of the dingiest chambers in the old Inn of Court.

"Humph, no!" repeated the lawyer, shaking his head, and for the moment growing more yellow and grim and legal-looking. Then his eyes fell upon the flower in his old friend's button-hole. They rose to his ruddy face, then to his bright, clear eyes, and the effect was that a flash came into his own; a wave of memories of early manhood swept over him; the wrinkles in his brow grew less deep, the crow's-feet at the corners of his eyes were stretched flat, and the creases on either side of his mouth grew deeper and were joined by others that seemed to improve his countenance; and, raising his hand from the doctor's shoulder, he slapped it down again.

"Why, it was boat-race day, Jack; and we dined at the Winecellar."

"To be sure we did; and went to the Princess's afterwards," said the doctor.

"Wrong, you dog!" cried the lawyer. "It was the Adelphi—Wright and Paul Bedford, and Madame Celeste and Miss Woolgar."

"Of course it was, Tom; and we went afterwards to Evans's to supper. Then, look here: we'll do the same again to-night."

"No," said the lawyer, shaking his head. "Evans's is not."

"I'd forgotten," cried the doctor. "Well, never mind. We'll go to the Adelphi and see"—

"The Green Bushes, Jack? No, my lad; the green bushes are leaves of the past. Wright and Paul Bedford are dead; so are Buckstone and Ben Webster."

"But not Celeste and Woolgar?"

"I'm not sure about Celeste. Miss Woolgar is acting still."

"Tom, we must be growing old," said the doctor; "but I don't feel it yet."

"Jack, we are growing old," said the lawyer; "and I do feel it; but, thank God, I have a son."

"And, thank God, I have a daughter," said the doctor.

"And we live again in our children," said the lawyer.

"But I shall die at once if I don't have food," said the doctor. "Come on. I've had a long railway journey to-day."

"Well, I ought not to leave this brief I'm draughting," said the lawyer.

"Oh, hang it! Let it wait."

"But it is rather particular—Mimby versus Clinks. My son has taken the brief."

"Has he? To be sure, you said he was getting on. Barrister, of course?"

"A rising man, Sir," said the old lawyer, proudly.

"Is he, though? Then come along, and we'll compare notes about the bairns over our wine."

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND GENERATION.

"Old gents enjoying themselves, 'm, reg'lar," said Charles, the waiter. Bottle of Chamberlain, 'm—to be shown, first, to the fire."

The "old gents" were enjoying themselves at the old-fashioned hotel in Covent-garden, for Doctor Banks had declined to go to his friend's club; but it was in a very quiet fashion. They had had the dinner they had chosen, and were sitting sipping their wine and smoking their cigars, talking over old times, and growing young in the effort. The hour had arrived for ordering a cab to take them to the theatre, but they had ordered a bottle of Chamberlain instead, and no lessee was the better for the price of two stalls that night. There was so much to talk about, so much to recall of the times when they were boys together at Rugby—at Oxford—of what had taken place since.

"Ah, Tom, the time has gone by like a dream, I can't believe I am so old. But I'm glad the world has prospered so with you, old fellow."

"I suppose it has," said the lawyer, dreamily, "in every way save one."

"Ah, yes," said the doctor, bending forward to lay his hand upon the other's knee. "My trouble, too, lad. God bless her! She was a sweet lady. She might have been my dear wife's

sister. Strange, Tom, that we should both be called upon to bear the same sorrow the same year. Twenty years ago, lad, twenty years ago."

There was silence in that room for some time. The place looked dim and solemn too, lit as it was only by four wax candles in old-fashioned plated candlesticks, which were reflected in a weird fashion from the polished mahogany table, while it needed no very active imagination to suggest that the massive old sideboard was the entrance to a family vault, and the bronze tea-urn upon the corner table only devoted to the preservation of cinerary remains.

The silence was broken by the trickling sound of wine poured from the cobwebbed bottle, and then, as if moved by one impulse, the old friends rose, and in silence drank a toast—to the memory of the dead.

As they set down their empty glasses and resumed their seats, the lawyer blew his nose loudly, while Dr. Banks, a fine, hearty, florid specimen of a simple country gentleman, made no pretence, but wiped his eyes slowly, and said humbly, "God knows best."

There was another silence, and then the candles seemed to burn up more brightly—perhaps it was only the illusion of the old friends' eyes—and then the doctor said aloud—

"Yes; we live again in our children, Tom. Now then, what sort of a chap is your Fred?"

"Eh? my Fred? Splendid fellow, Sir. Thorough English gentleman. Took honours at his college; devoted to his profession. Getting quite a good practice, young as he is."

"Get out! Briefs you've given him."

"Well, of course—of course, Jack. Why not? But, hang it all, Sir, I wouldn't have given them to him if I hadn't been sure he could do the clients justice."

"I'm sure you would not, Tom," said the doctor, warmly.

"He has such a head, Jack. Cool as a cucumber. I tell you what it is, Sir; with his calm, argumentative reasoning ways, I get quite afraid of him sometimes."

"Glad of it."

"Eh?"

"I mean that he has turned out so well."

"Ah, of course. And Miss Belinda? You don't tell me anything about her."

"My Bee?"

"Bee?"

"Well, yes; Belinda. Her old aunt's name. Don't like it. We never use it. I used to call her little busy Bee when she was quite a baby, and the name has stuck to her. All the country people for miles round call her Miss Bee, and she would be startled if anyone said Belinda. Sounds like a name in an old novel—Gretna Green, and that sort of thing."

"Yes," said the lawyer, laughing. "You'd expect the gentleman who came wooing would wear a long cloak, and be called Trevanion, eh?"

"To be sure. Of course. Pass the wine. Trevanion, eh? Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha! I wonder—Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" and the old room rang to the doctor's cheery laugh.

"Well, what do you wonder at?"

"I was thinking what my girl would say to a Trevanion. Ha-ha-ha!"

"Not engaged, then, eh?" said the lawyer.

"Engaged? Good Heavens!—no. She never thinks of that sort of thing."

"Humph! indeed. Not like most modern young ladies, then."

"What, my Bee? My dear boy, no; not a bit."

"Oh!" said the lawyer.

"What, a girl who thinks of nothing but fashion-plates, and hasn't two ideas in her head? Oh dear me, no, Tom. I say, though, she's a splendid girl."

"Is she?"

"By George! yes, Sir. Upright as a dart, fresh complexion, brown hair, clear grey eyes, straight nose, ruddy lips, with the top curled up, and a voice like an opera singer."

"Quite a belle. I wonder she is not engaged," said the lawyer, smiling.

"Might have been half-a-dozen times, but she laughs at it all, Tom. Our last Curate went away on purpose to hang himself."

"And did he?"

"No; he turned Anglican instead, and has got into trouble about vestments. By George! though, you'd like my Bee. She's a splendid girl, bless her! but I've quite spoiled her."

"Indeed?"

"Yes," said the doctor, with a sigh. "You see, Tom, when that trouble came upon me, it about drove me wild, and I quite worshipped the poor little child her mother had left to my care. I wouldn't let a soul touch her. I used to always wash and dress her myself, and take her out with me on my rounds. Why, she couldn't have been four when she used to stop in my gig and hold the reins perhaps for a couple of hours, when I was seeing some patient out in the marsh, while Dick, my old retriever, would sit before the horse's head. She was my companion down in our lonely place; and if it had not been for her I should have gone melancholy mad. She saved me, Tom, from drink, I'm sure she did. Oh, Tom! you can't understand how I've loved that girl."

"I think I can, Jack," said the lawyer, with his lip quivering a little. "You forget that I was left much in the same way."

"Yes; but you were always such a long-headed, clever fellow, Tom; you wouldn't spoil your boy."

"And I don't believe you've spoiled your girl, Jack. I don't, 'pon my soul."

"Ah, but I have, horribly. Fancy what a life for a tender girl, with no companion but a rough country doctor in a bucolic parish!"

"But you've had her well educated?"

"Oh, yes. Taught her a lot, too, myself. We read together—she reads Greek like an Athenian."

"Humph! But she plays? You used to be strong on the violin."

"And I've kept it up. Look at the corns on the tips of my fingers. We have plenty of duets. Good music, too."

"Ha!" said the lawyer, beating time to an imaginary strain; "piano and violin. Very pretty."

"Yes; they go well. But we like violin and cello best."

"But—er—the young lady—Miss Bee—does not play the violoncello?"

"Don't she though! By George! Sir, she'd bring tears in your eyes in some of the fluty bits she brings out of the instrument. God bless her! she's been the saving of me, and a better, truer-hearted girl never lived; but I'm afraid I've spoiled her."

"Rubbish! Jack," said the lawyer, warmly. "I'd call the man *liar* who dared make such a charge against the true English Gentleman, my boyhood's companion—the man I'm proud to call my friend."

"Thankye, Tom," said the doctor, simply. "Well, there; I've had the duty laid on me to bring her up, and devoted myself to that duty for my dear wife's sake, while no thought of another woman has ever come between."

Somehow that meeting seemed to be broken up into little

pauses; and here occurred another, which was ended at last by the doctor saying—

"I used to wonder, Tom, whether you would ever marry again."

"Did you, Jack, old man?" said Mr. Hessleby, lapsing into his old boyish way, and seeming wonderfully unlike the stern family solicitor of Serjeants' Inn, as he sat nursing one sleek black leg, and sending puffs of blue smoke into the air.

"Yes, I used to wonder sometimes."

"So used I, about you, Jack; but you never did."

"No, I never did. Neither did you."

"No," said the lawyer. "My wife has never seemed to be quite dead, Jack."

"I understand," said the doctor, softly. And he sat gazing straight before him into the past.

"Jack."

"Tom."

"We live again in our children. Why shouldn't my Fred marry your Bee?"

"Eh?"

"Why should they not come together? He's a splendid fellow—a thorough gentleman. He has never had any wild oats to sow, for he has always been too upright and manly. I'm proud to say that there has always been perfect confidence between us; and pray don't imagine he is a milksop. Not a bit of it. He'd make her a good husband."

"Oh, no! Oh, no! Impossible!"

"Why?" said the lawyer, colouring slightly.

"I couldn't think of it."

"But he would be a good match for your girl. He is safe to rise in his profession; and I daresay I shall have a few guineas to leave him, when I see about putting my affairs in order, Jack."

"Ah, but I couldn't think of it."

"Why not?" persisted the lawyer, who grew warm over the opposition he was encountering.

"Why not, eh?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Oh, I couldn't think of it. They've never seen one another."

"But there is a railway down to your parts, and an inn."

"Railway, Tom? Inn? Don't talk stuff. There's a warm welcome for the young dog if he'll come, and I can give him some of the best shooting and fishing in the county. But—oh, no, it wouldn't do."

"Why not?"

"Hang it all, Tom! My Bee married! Why, what would become of me?"

"Become of you, you selfish old humbug? Why, you could attend their children when they had the measles. There, I shall send Fred down to see her, and if the young folk like each other, they shall marry."

"Hang it all, Tom! gently!" cried the doctor.

"My Fred wants a wife."

"Oh!" said the doctor, sarcastically, "does he?"

"He don't know it, but I do. I think he works too hard, and wants change; the change that sweet, pure English home life would give him. I should like to see him married to a good woman."

"Should you?"

"Such a one as the daughter of my old friend would be."

"Thank you, Tom," said the doctor, changing his tone.

"But I say, though, old man," he added, laughing and bantering again; "suppose we should not like your Admirable Crichton?"

"No fear of that. You'd be sure to like the lad, Jack."

"I swear you'd fall in love with my girl, Tom," cried the doctor, excitedly.

"Then he shall come down and see her, Jack; and I hope it will be a match. They won't be poor."

"No, that they won't," said the doctor. "I haven't worked all these years for nothing."

"Well, I'm very glad, Jack," said the lawyer, rubbing his hands.

"I don't know that I am," responded the doctor. "I came up to town for a bit of fun, and I'm beginning to regret it."

"No, you are not, Sir. You want to make out that you are eaten up with selfishness, and I'm the last man to believe that of Jack Banks. But we'll talk of it again, old fellow; and now suppose we run in to the Adelphi—just time to see a couple of acts, and—Bless my soul, why, it's past twelve!"

CHAPTER III.

KEEPING A PROMISE.

It was just a week later that Doctor Banks stood on the platform at King's-cross with his hand in that of his old friend, the other on the door of the first-class carriage—part of the express to the North.

"Then we shall see him in about a week, Tom?"

"Or ten days, old fellow. God bless you! good-bye! Come up again soon, Jack. It has done me no end of good."

"What, come up again? No, not till you've been down to me. When will you come?"

"Oh, wait a bit," said the lawyer, laughing. "Let me hear what sort of an account my spy gives of your Vale of Eshcol. Then we'll see."

"Take your seats, please. All going on—all going on."

"But you must come, Tom. We'll have a regular good talk of old days. It'll do you no end of good. You will come?"

"Well, perhaps, some day. And I say, Jack, I wouldn't say anything to Miss Bee. Let Fred come down to see his father's old friend, and if a mutual attachment springs up, well and good. I've been thinking that we old boys must not seem to urge it on."

"The very thing I was about to say to you, Tom, only I kept it to the last. Don't say a word to your boy."

"Jump in, please, Sir."

Bang!

The train had already started as Doctor Banks, active as a man of thirty, leaped in, and then leaned out of the window to wave his hand till he could no longer see the figure on the platform, which began to stoop and grow older-looking as its soul took it back to a cab and into the busy City.

"Yes," said the lawyer, "it would be better for it to be naturally evolved; and he sat back thoughtfully in his cab."

"Much better for it to happen accidentally," said Doctor Banks, as he sat back in the flying carriage. "How this week has slipped away! But I shall be glad to be at home again once more. How rusty Tom has grown; but how the dear old boy bloomed up again when we were together!"

That night, as Mr. Hessleby, of Serjeants' Inn, was sitting sipping his port after partaking of his modest chop at home, in Great Guildford-street, Russell-square, a cab stopped at the door, and a minute later a tall, gentlemanly-looking personage, with keen dark eyes, rather well-cut features, pale face, and carefully shaven upper lip and chin, entered the dining-room.

"Ah! Fred, my boy; glad to see you back. I see you won your case."

"Yes, father; we came off with flying colours. My client was delighted."

"Of course he would be—of course."

"And so you've had an old friend to see you—Doctor Banks, eh?"

"Yes, Fred, and I've had a fearfully dissipated week—hardly done a stroke of work."

"Glad of it, dad. You work much too hard."

"So do you, Sir; and I've made an engagement for you to go down and spend a few days at the doctor's."

"But I don't know him, father."

"Not know him? Well, but I do. Pish! He's my oldest friend—a true gentleman. Why, Fred, he'll look upon you as if you were his son."

"Well, it's very kind of him, I'm sure."

"You like the country, and will be delighted with the place. Charming part, and—er—er—there; I'll be perfectly frank with you, my boy, John Banks has a daughter."

"And you two have settled that I am to go and fall in love with her."

"Yes, and marry her, Fred. We are very old friends, and it would be most agreeable to us both if such an alliance were formed. She's a charming girl, too, Fred; and really, my dear boy, I think it's the best thing you can do."

Here Mr. Hesselby leaned back in his chair with a sigh of content, and said to himself, "Thank goodness, I've got over that." But he looked at his son with dismay the next minute, as a slight flush came into the young man's cheek, and he said, rather warmly,

"Really, my dear father, this is most absurd."

"Absurd? What, to find you a lovely wife?"

"To make special arrangements like this without consulting me. Hang it all, father, a man don't take a wife as if she were a brief!"

"Oh yes, he does, my boy, often," said the lawyer—"brief endorsed so many guineas."

"I'm not going to," said Fred Hesselby.

"Now don't be rash, my dear boy, there's nothing settled. I only saw John Banks off this morning, and our parting words were that we would say nothing to the young people, but that you should just go down and see the young lady, and if a mutual liking sprang up, well and good—and if it did not"—

"Why, well and good, too," said the young man. "But, my dear father, this is very absurd. I don't want a wife."

"Oh yes, you do, my boy."

"Excuse me for contradicting you, father; I do not."

"But I say you do, Sir, and that it is every man's duty to marry. Now, my dear Fred, it is my earnest wish that you should go down and see the Bankses. You know I have your welfare thoroughly at heart."

"My dear father, yes."

"Then you'll go?"

"If you put it like that, father, of course I will go; but, I must tell you plainly, that it will come to nothing. All women are alike to me: very nice to talk to in society, but I am not a marrying man."

"Ah, well; we'll see."

Two days later there was a letter from Doctor Banks to his old friend, saying that he had got home all right, that no one had been ill in his absence, but all his poor patients had turned very bad as soon as they heard that he had come back. Then there were thanks about the visit and the cordial treatment, and there was a postscript after the fine bold signature—for Doctor Banks wrote a good hand, and any dispenser who had made a blunder over one of his prescriptions and poisoned a patient would have deserved to be *sus. per coll.*

The postscript followed a big P.S., that looked very much like a doctor's R. for Recipe, and it was as follows:—

"By-the-way, old man, I can never keep anything from my Bee; so I was obliged to let the cat out of the bag about your Fred coming to ask her to be his wife. Well, to be honest with you, she kicked up a rumpus, and said it was all stuff. Then she smoothed down a bit, and said, of course she should be glad to see the son of her father's dear old friend; but as to her thinking of him as her husband, she should never think of marrying, for she was too happy with her home pursuits and her dear old father, who—there, pray excuse my modesty, Tom—was the only man in the world for her. So there, you see, our splendid castle is all down; but we shall be delighted to see your Fred, and I'll give him some splendid fishing. Say when we are to expect you."

"P.P.S.—Come along with your boy."

"Humph!—kicked up a rumpus, eh?" said the old lawyer. "The young lady seems to be of the robust order. I think I will go down with Fred."

He told his son.

"I think I should like a trip into the country too, Fred, my boy," he said.

"Go, by all means, father," replied the young barrister; "I'm sure it will do you good."

"Thankye, Fred," said the lawyer, speaking as if he had had permission given him for a holiday. "When shall we start?"

"We?" said Fred.

"Yes, of course; I'm going with you."

"Oh! dear me, no, my dear dad," cried the young barrister. "If I am to conduct this matrimonial case, I'll do it myself on my brief. In this case, I'm not going to have my solicitor at my elbow. You didn't take me when you went courting."

"Hem! No," said his father, and the matter, as they say in the House of Commons gallery, "dropped;" Fred going down alone to Bellethorpe, and walking in three miles from the station, to where the doctor's house was pointed out, and nodding his satisfaction at the aspect of the place, with its trim lawns, enormous yew-hedges, and glass-houses full of flowers and fruit.

The door was answered by a chubby, round-faced girl, with beady eyes and an O mouth, who shook her head.

"Master's gone down the mash," she said. "Missus is in. Like to see her?"

The visitor said he would. And, evidently under the impression that he was a patient, the girl led him into the little surgery, and left him without a word.

Fred Hesselby raised his eyebrows, and took in the scene at a glance. The little room looked like a scion cut from a country chemist's shop, grafted on to the stock of an old study; and by the window, with a phial in one hand, a large stoppered gold-labelled bottle in the other, stood, with her head thrown back, the doctor's daughter herself, carefully counting the drops that fell from the larger vessel, their speed being controlled by the glass stopper half out, and deftly kept in its place by one long white finger.

She quite answered to the description given by her father; and as Fred had the opportunity of inspecting her closely in her plain green cloth robe, with white cuffs, and plain collar about her large, shapely throat, he acknowledged to himself that she was a very fine woman.

The other occupant of the room was a very brown, very wrinkled man of sixty-five or so. As he sat on a well-polished

Windsor chair, resting his soft hat and hands upon his stick, his back seemed curved and his brow furrowed, as if it bore in miniature the reflection of some of the ridges he had ploughed in many a field. He was watching the falling drops as intently as the lady who made them drip, and neither paid the slightest heed to the new comer.

"Fifty!" rang out, in a clear, pleasant voice; and the stopper was driven home with a click, the big bottle put back, a small drawer opened, and a little cork found, which was nipped and bitten soft between some very white teeth, before squeaking with apparent resentment as it was thrust into the bottle. The next proceeding was the moistening of a label with the mouth that contained the teeth; the label was affixed to the bottle, and said: "Poison. For outward application only."

"There, Dick," said the lady, handing it to the rustic. "Now, mind, that is for rubbing in; you must not take a single drop."

"Aw raight, Miss Bee, I know; and will it ease them that grinding pains as keep me wacken all night?"

"Yes, I believe it will. Sorry my father was out."

"Oh lor, ye needn't be, Miss. I'd just as soon go by what you say as the doctor, anny day. Morn', Miss Bee. Morn', Mester," and he shuffled out of the room.

"My father is out," said the lady, quietly. "Can I do anything for you?"

"What, prescribe?" said the visitor.

The young lady nodded.

"Well, yes, please. Some breakfast. I'm starving. I'm Fred Hesselby."

"Of course you are," cried the lady, frankly, as she held out her hand. "Glad to see you. Papa will be back to dinner."

Half an hour after Fred Hesselby was thoroughly enjoying a hearty Lincolnshire breakfast—no despicable meal after a long walk—and all the time, chatting freely, he was making himself acquainted with the character of his hostess, fully aware that in a free, straightforward fashion she was inspecting and examining him.

After breakfast Bee proposed what she called a look round, speaking in a quick, sharp, peremptory tone.

"You London gentlemen don't see much of our rough rustic ways," she said. "Come and see the horses."

"Won't do for me," said Fred to himself. "But I'll be as civil as I can. How foolish of my father to get this crotchety into his head."

"Better put on your hat," said Bee.

"Thank you, I will," he said. "And you?"

"Oh no. Fresh air never hurts me. Come along."

Fred followed, and Bee led the way to the neat stables, where a couple of horses turned their heads to gaze at them with their great soft eyes, seeming to enjoy the caresses of their young mistress, as she went into each stall and slapped their necks and rubbed their muzzles before turning to her visitor.

"Joe-boy is rising three, and up to any weight," she said. "Carries my father easily. Silly Sally is aged, but full of go. I ride her. Joe-boy could carry you well. Can you ride?"

"Well—a little," said Fred, quietly.

"Won't you pat them. They won't hurt you."

"Think not," said Fred, in a hesitating voice; and he went delicately amongst the straw, and just touched each horse, making the young lady's lip curl with scorn.

"Papa must have been mad to propose such a thing," she said, mentally.

"The dreadful country hoyden," thought Fred. "Talk about a strong-minded woman. Bah! the governor must have been off his head."

"Come and see the cows," said the lady, imperatively; and Fred bowed, and followed meekly to where three beautiful mouse-coloured Jersey cows were ruminating in a field.

These swung their tails lazily and blinked as their ears were pulled and their horns tugged, the visitor standing at a respectful distance watching his guide, who then took him to where a frisky calf was penned by itself ready to show its appreciation of the caressing hand by making dashes at it with a very long curving tongue.

"Nasty creature!" said Fred to himself, as he saw Bee wiping her white hands on her pocket handkerchief.

"You don't like cows," she said, half contemptuously.

"But I appreciate their works," he said, calmly.

"My apiary," said the lady, stopping before a row of wooden hives. "Perhaps you had better not come too near, as you are strange," she added, as she went from hive to hive more than once, stretching out a hand to let the busy little insects that went in and out settle on her forefinger, to crawl about for a moment before continuing their journey.

"Don't they sting?"

"Some times," said Bee, calmly. "I don't mind."

"Who manages them when they swarm?"

"I do," said Bee. "Do you like honey?"

"No."

The tour of inspection was continued; the pigs were scratched with the stump of a birch broom, the poultry and pigeons were fed; the garden was well gone over, and the visitor introduced to the garden and the groom. He was told that he need not be afraid of the dogs, Bee's upper lip curling a good deal as she saw her visitor carefully remove two or three paw-marks from his trousers; and at last Doctor Banks returned to give the heartiest of greetings and welcomes to his old friend's son.

Dinner followed in due time; plans were made for the next day; and at last Fred Hesselby retired to rest, after playing three-handed whist, and taking dummy a good many times, too tired even to think.

CHAPTER IV.

OIL AND WATER DO NOT MIX.

A week passed, and Bee was in the surgery with her father, while Fred was writing a letter to Bloomsbury.

"Well, my dear; how are matters going on?" said the doctor.

"Oh! beautifully, papa," said Bee, laughing. "Oh! how glad I am that we are country folk."

"But, come; you are rather hard upon Fred."

"Hard? How can you talk so, dear? What is there in him to like? Did you ever see anything so ridiculous as the way he rides?"

"Well, he has a bad seat, certainly; but he sticks on, and when we had that canter on Monday he kept up."

"For very shame, father dear. Oh, how can anyone be so unmanly as to be afraid of horseback?"

"Many people are, my dear; but I must confess that he is not quite what I expected."

"He's a miserable coward," said the girl, flushing; "and I'm ashamed of him."

"My dear Bee!"

"Well, I am, papa; and I do wish he was not your dear old friend's son. Was Mr. Hesselby like him when he was young?"

"By George! no, my dear. He was a daring rider and splendid oar. He fished, shot, did anything. Why, he was

A1 at athletics. You see Fred has led a London life. But he's very clever, my dear."

"At saying unpleasant, sarcastic things."

"But he has a great depth of knowledge of the world—politics, and people, and the like."

"He knows nothing about people such as we are," said Bee, with her eyes flashing, "and I hate him! I wouldn't marry him for all the world. Only let him dare to ask me to—that's all!"

Doctor Banks sat looking at the door through which his daughter had passed, thoughtfully forking up his grey hair with his fingers the while.

"I was afraid it would not do. Poor old Tom will be horribly disappointed; but it is all a blunder."

Meanwhile, Fred Hesselby was getting on with his letter to the thoughtful solicitor in Serjeants' Inn.

"I am almost beginning to sympathise with Harry the Bluff," he said, among other things. "I never did appreciate that Royal personage's character, being, as I am, a confirmed bachelor; but there was an occasion when history the truthful states that he exclaimed, 'They have haltered me to a Flemish mare!' I quite conceive his sensations upon that occasion. Not that I am haltered; not that I mean to be. Again, not that the lady to whom I have been led is a Flemish mare, but a very handsome, healthy, robust young Englishwoman, who might make some man happy, but who, with me, would either be a divorced wife on questions of temper, or a widow at the end of a year. Now, my dear father, I do honestly wish to fall in with your notions; but, as I am sure that you don't want to see my name in the Divorce Court, and perfectly certain that you would sooner die yourself than go into mourning on my behalf, I am obliged to tell you that a union between Belinda or Bee Banks and your affectionate son is utterly out of the question."

"You will say, Why?"

"I simply answer, that we entertain a thoroughly mutual dislike. I rather suspect that she has been making herself out worse than she really is to disgust me; and I cannot complain; for certainly if I have a best I have not put it on. You know I am rather odd, and here I am sure I have been. But fancy marrying a lady such as this. I am in the surgery, study, and den of the doctor, whom I really love. There, you see I have some sympathy with you! He is a perfect specimen of a true-hearted, pure-minded country gentleman, and my stay here has thoroughly made me comprehend why your friendship has endured. Well, I am chatting with him over a cigar, and these are the pleasantest moments that I have here. But fancy the talk veering to partridge-shooting, and my being informed that the light double gun in the case is Bee's!"

"But surely she doesn't shoot?" I say.

"Shoot, Sir? Why she'll bring down her birds right and left better than any man I know. Wonderfully clever girl, my dear boy," the old gentleman goes on. "The help she is to me in my profession is immense. The poor people prefer her to me. Look at that."

"My dear father, I look at that. To my horror, it is an exceedingly large, coarse thumb in a bottle, pickled in spirits, and I am informed that on one occasion John Hodgling contrived to get two fingers smashed and his thumb injured in a thrashing-machine; that the doctor was away for a couple of days, and that Miss Bee went to the knife-case, did a bit of amputation, dressed the stumps, and so well that the places healed. Very satisfactory, of course, for the wife of a surgeon in a new colony; but, my dear father, can you expect me to marry a woman like that? She gives me the creeps. I shall be back the day after to-morrow."

But Fred Hesselby did not go back the day after to-morrow, for he stopped another week. And then, somehow, he stayed another week.

"The place is doing me good, and the doctor is the quintessence of hospitality. I'm getting some excellent shooting and fishing," he wrote, "so I may as well finish my holiday here. I see very little of Miss B. now. There is a sort of truce between us. We let each other alone, while the doctor and I are always together. Talk about fishing, though, I had a day after the jack with her ladyship on a big lake there is here. I never had such pike-fishing before. We took sixteen, and the smallest was three pounds and a half. Her ladyship landed one of twenty-five pounds, and I got one of fourteen. She fishes just like a man, only better. Fancy seeing a lady land a big pike by sticking a finger and thumb into its orbits and lifting it out. Ugh!"

Another week and another, and then came a letter which took the old solicitor's breath away. It was very brief. Here was the pith:

"It has all been a mistake on both sides. Bee and I are engaged. My dear father, congratulate me, for I am the happiest of men. Home to-morrow, and will tell you all."

Mr. Thomas Hesselby, of Serjeants' Inn, was at home in his gloomy dining-room at Great Guildford-street when this letter arrived. He had just dined, and was about to enjoy his glass of wine. As above said, the surprise took the quiet solicitor's breath away, but it soon came back; and, rising from his seat, he took a key from a drawer in the sideboard, went into the hall, lit a chamber candle, and went down to the cellar for a pint bottle of a very old and peculiar port, over which he meditated upon the peculiarities of the human race in connection with marriage.

CHAPTER V.

A SURPRISE.

How was it? Oh, as follows:—

In spite of what nearly approached mutual disgust, certainly dislike, Fred Hesselby was enjoying his visit to the country, and a fortnight went very quickly; so did the third week nearly to the end, when one morning at breakfast the doctor said, in a curious, hesitating way—

"You won't mind pouring out for yourself, will you, my boy?"

"Oh, no, of course not," said Fred, seizing the coffee-pot. Then, as if recollecting himself, "Miss Bee not coming down?"

"Fact is she's not at home. Not been back all night; and I'm a little uneasy."

Fred set down the coffee-pot, and stared. This was beyond all that had gone before. A young lady who stopped out all night! Well, certainly it was enough to make any father a little uneasy.

"I don't quite know what to do about you when she comes back, Fred," continued the doctor, in a curious, furtive manner. "I'm quite used to this sort of thing."

"The Dickens you are!" thought Fred.

"I never give it a thought when she comes and goes; but this time it makes it awkward about you."

"Pray don't let me cause any uneasiness, my dear Sir," said the young barrister. "I'll thank you warmly for your kindness, and if you think it better, I'll bring my visit to a close."

"I should be very sorry, my boy," said the doctor, warmly, "for it has been a treat to me to have you here. I only wish



WEDNESDAY EVENING :

WE HAD A DANCE THE REV. CHARLES SEEMED THE FAVOURED ONE
THE CAPTAIN LOOKED DAGGERS





NEXT DAY THEY WENT SHOOTING



POOR MR TIGGS
SHOT BUT ONE
RABBIT AND C
LOST THAT

WE TOOK OUT LUNCH
FOR THE
SHOOTING PARTY

THE REV. CHARLES DOES NOT SHOOT SO QUEENIE SHOWED HIM THE CONSERVATORIES

you and Bee could have hit it better; but if you feel at all nervous about meeting her afterwards, perhaps you had better go back."

"Nervous?" said Fred.

"Well, timid about taking it; some people are. Of course, we are so used to it that we never give it a thought."

"I'm afraid, doctor, we are playing at cross questions and crooked answers," said Fred, in his barristerial manner. "Pray, what do you mean?"

"Why, what I say, my dear boy, about your meeting Bee when she comes back from the Thurgoods'."

"The Thurgoods', Sir?"

"Yes; they've got typhus there, badly. Widow Thurgood, poor woman, in the little cottage down Bower Lane. Large family. She's down, and two children; and when I told Bee of it, she said she'd go and nurse them. She went directly after dinner last night."

"God bless her for a true woman!" exclaimed Fred; and the doctor stared, while the speaker felt startled—the words came out in so involuntary a manner.

"Perhaps you had better not risk the infection," said the doctor.

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said Fred, gently; and he stayed, and during the next few days he found himself taking flowers and fruits, and medicines and spirits, and nourishing things to the cottage, and seeing Bee and talking to her, and taking messages back; and when an old friend of the widow came and relieved guard, and Bee returned home, the doctor felt quite cheerful to see how much better the young folk got on.

"Why don't you go down to the weir, and have a day with the barbel?" he said; "they would be on wonderfully such weather as this. You like barbel-fishing, Fred?"

"I should enjoy it immensely if Miss Bee would come," he replied; and the plans were made, all parting very warmly that night to meet next morning for the fishing excursion, the doctor promising to join them later in the day.

CHAPTER VI.

A DAY'S FISHING.

Nothing could have been added to make that morning more beautiful as the punt was moored in the swift water below the weir, towards which Bee forced it easily and well, handling the punt-pole as she stood up in the front with practised hands, Fred watching her the while, and thinking how handsome and graceful she looked, but only to check himself directly, for he had had a night's rest.

"Impossible!" he muttered; "it would not do. She's a brave true-hearted woman, but she's always doing something I could not stand. Bah! Absurd!"

A similar fit had attacked Bee Banks. For days past she had been warming towards Fred, his conduct during the fever having softened her towards him; but this particular morning, as if from sheer feminine wilfulness, she did everything she could think of to make herself distasteful to her father's guest, and the warmth of the previous evening was replaced by a frigid bearing that grew more chilly as the day wore on.

And what a golden day was that: the ever falling water murmured deliciously at the weir, and bubbled and foamed about the boat; the lock-house looked lovely against the background of trees. The lock-keeper's child played on the bank, and gathered the marsh marigolds and rosy persicarias, or tufts of waving sedgy grass. Slow-moving barges came down the river or up the river, passed through the lock, and were gone. Here and there, the sleepy cattle cropped the rich grass in the meadows, or came down to stare leisurely at the punt; and, as the water foamed and flashed in the sun, or lay calm and mirror-like beneath the overhanging trees in that golden afternoon, the fish bit and were caught, till, in very weariness of the glut, Fred laid down his rod, and wished that the doctor would come, so that he might have someone to whom he could speak.

"She disgusts me," he said to himself. "I declare I hate her. How can a woman treat a worm like that!"

It did not occur to the young man that he had impaled a good many wriggling worms that day upon his hook; he could only think of Bee doing the same with her white fingers. Then, too, twice over, she had snipped up great lob worms with a pair of scissors, in pieces an inch long, to act as ground bait; and at this Fred had shuddered, and she had seen it, and made a mocking grimace as she continued her occupation, so that he might not miss the slightest portion of her repulsive task.

"If the doctor would but come," thought Fred, for the tenth time; but he came not, and Bee fished, and the lock-keeper's child played upon the bank, and the sun shone warm, and the young man thought he should like to smoke; and then he began to feel drowsy, and then he started back to wakefulness as he heard a cry from towards the lock, some thirty yards away. At the same moment there was a splash, and an ejaculation from Bee.

It was all momentary; and then Fred Hesselby sat spell-bound, as he saw Bee rise up in the boat and plunge right into the boiling stream to rise and swim easily towards where the lock-keeper's child had fallen from the bank, and was being swept away.

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Fred; and, stripping off his white flannel jacket, he, too, took a header into the stream, and began swimming after Bee.

The Lincoln Tress runs swiftly by Bolford Bridge and the low weir, and Fred Hesselby soon found that he had all his work to do to keep from being swept round by the water back towards the weir; and that, if he wished to reach the child that the doctor's daughter was trying to save, he must swim strongly and well. In fact, it was a hard fight; and in a few minutes they were all three far below the boat and lock-house, Bee much nearer to the child but losing her first quiet methodical stroke for one that was hasty and laboured—signs that sent the blood flushing to Fred's face, for, as a practised swimmer, he knew that she was beginning to lose her nerve.

Throwing himself on his side, he made a tremendous effort to overtake her, and was soon close by.

"Be cool," he shouted, firmly. "Slower. Ah, don't do that!"

For she had turned a blanched face towards him, with a wild-despairing look in her eyes, and, ceasing swimming, she caught at his arm.

His stern, commanding tone had its effect, and with a gasp she once more struck out towards the shore, but swimming still in a quick, excited way.

He did not know what induced him to say the next words, but they came as if by an inspiration; and he exclaimed, raising up the idea of another's peril to chase away the absorbing sense of self—

"We must be steady, or we shall be too late."

Bee uttered a quick, gasping cry; her strokes calmed down to one time for time with those of her companion, and together they swam, partly with the stream, and nearer and nearer to the rapidly sinking bundle of clothes that was being carried along near the shore—reached it; and then there were a few strong strokes. Fred found footing; caught at Bee's hand as she was being swept by; and then—he never knew how—they had staggered through the thick sedge over the towing-path,

and sunk, panting, upon their knees on either side of the half-drowned child.

For a minute neither could do more than draw painful breath in gasps; then Bee burst into a hysterical fit of crying, caught Fred's hand in hers, and sobbed forth—

"Oh! what a brave thing to do; and I thought—I thought!"

She could say no more; but, self-forgetful now, she applied herself in the most business-like way to trying to restore the child; while, in his helplessness, Fred bent over her, now wringing the water from her streaming hair, now from some portion of her clothes, while the colour began to come back to Bee's cheeks, then to her forehead, and lastly he could see the warm flush all down her soft white neck.

Just then the child began to sob and cry loudly, and the tragedy turned to comedy, as the mother from the lock-house, who had just missed her, came running up, furious and angry.

"She's allus a tumbler in, a hussy," she cried, in strident tones, as she realised the truth. "There, get home with you. You'll be drowned some day."

Anger against her offspring filled all the mother's breast, to the exclusion of every thought of gratitude to those who had saved its life, and she followed the sobbing girl, abusing her angrily, till her voice was hushed by the closing of the lock-house door, and, with a laugh in his eyes, Fred exclaimed in tragi-comic tones—

"Virtue is its own reward."

Bee laughed, but very faintly, as she held out her hands to her companion; while virtue, in the person of Fred Hesselby, found, if he could read his companion's eyes aright, that he was welcome to other and greater reward, if it was his will.

"You saved my life," she said, in a tone very different to her usual way of speaking.

"Oh, nonsense!" he cried, quickly. "Here, I say, doctor; oughtn't we to make haste home and change? Let's walk sharply up to the lock and cross. Hullo! there's your father in the dog-cart."

"Let's walk back," said Bee, gently. "It will be better for both."

It was not a long walk, only lasting about a quarter of an hour, but somehow it was wonderful what a deal was crammed into it by two people who were dripping wet. It began almost solely in looks, and then all at once, as if warmed up to a tremendous pitch of enthusiasm, there were words:—

"You brave little woman! I never saw anything grander in my life."

"I? Brave?" she said, softly. "Oh, no. It was you who were so brave. Oh, Fred, and I thought you so different to that."

"Oh, nonsense!" he cried. "Any fellow could have done that. But, Bee—come now—confess you have been doing all you could to make me think you quite a different girl."

"Don't you think it is you who ought to confess?" she said, with the tears in her eyes, and her lips—they really were beautifully curved lips—quivering with suppressed emotion. "Oh, you made me so angry the very first day. I knew why you had come, and it irritated me, and when you looked at me so superciliously, and I saw that sneering smile at me when I was dispensing the acornite lotion, it made me feel as if I must hate you; and I did."

There was a passionate sob here.

"And—and—my brave, true, unselfish, little woman, you'll go on hating me like this to the very end?"

Their eyes were looking deeply searching each into each just then; and then Bee's lids fell, her head drooped, and in very unmaidenly fashion, she let her lips fall upon the strong white hand that clasped hers so tightly. It was a simple action, that of a slave some might interpret it, acknowledging fealty to a master. At all events, it was Bee's—uncultured Bee's—way of showing her resignation to her fate; and as Fred Hesselby felt the warm, soft touch his heart gave a bound, and—there is no doubt about the matter—he would have clasped his companion in his arms had not the rapid beat of hoofs been heard, and the noise of wheels.

It was the doctor's gig, as he overtook them, after going round by the bridge.

"Why, hallo!" he cried; "been in?"

"Yes, doctor," cried Fred, merrily; "and we are in deeply now—over head and ears, never to come out again."

"Why, Bee!" cried the doctor; "is it really true?"

Her lips formed the word "Yes"; at least they parted for it to come, but no sound was heard. A time came, though, when she said it so that all might hear.

GRACE.

(See Illustration, page 32.)

Dear little Grace is so intent

Her "Grace" at meals devoutly saying,

She does not heed her doggie Fluff

With Dolly playing.

You naughty dog, be still awhile,

For just a minute do be quiet,

Nor take this opportunity

Of running riot.

Now if you maul sweet Dolly's face,

Infinitesimally scratch it,

Or disarrange her lovely dress,

You'll surely catch it.

For Grace, though of tender heart,

Has a quick temper, and you know it;

And if she find you at her Doll,

In faith, she'll show it.

So, paws off, Fluffy, if you please,

Nor dare to make the least commotion;

But leave your darling Mistress still

At her devotion.

As birds new waked, with rapturous joy,

In ecstasy of merely living,

Outpour each morn their orisons

Of glad thanksgiving—

One burst of musical delight,

With not a single note of sorrow,

Rejoicing that for them has dawned

Another morning:

So thou, sweet girl, with reverence due.

Fresh from a mother's pious teaching,

Dost offer up thy deed of praise

With meek beseeching.

And wipped by faith, thy prayer and praise,

Although the accents feebly falter,

Will heavenward soar, an offering meet

For God's own altar.

More welcome to His gracious ear

The weakest heartfelt homage stealing

Than anthem swelling loud and clear,

With organ pealing. JOHN LATEY.

RIVALS TO THE END.

BY H. H. S. PEARSE.

CHAPTER I.

The autumn sun was slowly sinking in a golden haze behind purple waves of western moorland. Its ruddy light fell full on the white walls and warm amber thatch of an old farm-house; sparkled on the lattice window-panes; and, stealing through a tangled network of jessamine and honeysuckle, flickered on the comely faces of two young people seated in the porch. The youth, tall, broad of shoulder, and sturdy of limb, was unmistakably a farmer, and a hard-working one, too, although his costume for the time being rather suggested the saddle than the plough. Like most of his neighbours, he had been out with hounds that day; and to hear him talk enthusiastically of their sport one would have thought he cared for little else, and have wondered that he could find it in his heart to leave them so early. His tanned face was flushed with a glow that could hardly be accounted for by the excitement of a run which he had abandoned before it was half finished. His brawny fingers played nervously with the thong of a heavy hunting-crop, and in his clear, grey eye there was a light not wholly derived from the evening sunshine. The little maiden by his side betrayed some consciousness of this. Her mild Devonian eyes were veiled by drooping lashes, and on her cheek the peach-like bloom that was envied by many a fair west-country lass had given place to a pallor for which his words certainly afforded no sort of excuse.

"You see, Esther, the old grey threw a shoe in the mire, so I couldn't well go on after that," he explained, as if by way of apology for his appearance there. "And besides, you know, I thought your father might have come back too, and we could have settled about hedging that bit of Whitty field down."

"Don't you think you'd better stay until he does come back," she began; then blushing crimson, stammered, "or perhaps you will see him at market to-morrow."

"Well, market's not the best place to talk over those things; and there's something else I've had on my mind for some time."

"Yes."

"You know father tells of giving up the farm to me soon."

"Yes."

"And I should like to ask Mr. Ford's advice about—stocking it, don't you know?"

This was a brilliant stroke of imagination, seeing that John Michelmore the elder had more young bullocks, sheep, and ponies on Dartmoor, more dairy cows in his meadows, and more implements of husbandry than any other farmer for a league round.

"To be sure," she said, innocently, and for the first time looking into his eyes; "but what sort of stock can you want?"

Altogether, this was a poser, and John became more than ever confused.

"Well, you see, mother is getting old, and she can't be expected to manage for me long."

"I should think not, indeed! But you don't call her part of the stock, do you?"

She laughed merrily, and John, a little nettled, as bashful folk are apt to be on small provocation, rose to leave.

"Don't go yet, John; your horse hasn't finished his corn, and father will be home presently."

She put her hand out to him. He took it in his broad palm. Rough as his fingers were, the touch of that hand thrilled him, and his great heart thumped audibly.

"Esther," he said, and could get no further for a moment, a dry huskiness about the throat made his voice sound to him strangely hard, and out of tune with what he had to say. "Esther, we've known each other since we were children together. I've loved you longer than I can remember; but I've only just begun to hope that you might care a little bit for me."

She was silent, and he went on more hurriedly, lapsing, as all Devon men will under strong excitement, into broad west-country dialect.

"Esther, doantee turn your face from me so; I don't seem able to speak soft words, and my tongue drags like a wheel with the skid on. Say whether you can love me ever so little. Yes! or no? but doantee tell me that thee care'st still for Frank Copplestone."

She turned suddenly, her eyes full of tears, her voice low and tremulous, but very clear.

"John, I have not deserved that from you. If I ever could have loved him, the time has gone by. You must think lightly of me if you believe I could waste a thought on a man who betrayed the trust of one girl, fickle and worthless though she may have been."

"Forgive me, Esther!" he pleaded pitifully, his voice and frame quivering in a way that was ridiculous for so strong a man; "but I thought you seemed to shun me like, and I couldn't bear that."

Her eyes softened, for though his words were simple enough, she understood their deeper meaning.

"I was only a little angry, John, because you made me remember something I am trying to forget. It always troubles me to think that if I hadn't given Frank Copplestone some encouragement at first he might never have been so reckless and bad, never have brought disgrace on a good name."

"Then you feel pity for him yet, and ——" He would have completed the thought; but, looking into her eyes, he felt again a swelling at the throat; and, gulping that down, luckily swallowed with it the words that were on his tongue.

"No! no! he does not deserve pity," Esther said; "but some scorn for my own silly vanity I do feel."

"As to that," said John, slowly, shaking off the green-eyed monster's coils with some difficulty, "there's not much to blame yourself about. Frank was a gentleman born, and a fine likely young fellow that any maid might have been proud to have for a lover before he behaved so badly. Then they say he went and 'listed. I felt like doing that myself a bit ago."

"For shame, John; it would kill your poor mother; and—

and, besides, what reason could you have?"

John's wits were somewhat slow, but he must have been dull indeed if he had not understood the quick flushing of her face. She strove to hide it by bending to pick up a faded leaf. That only made it more perceptible; for, as she stooped, he could see the warm blood reddening the white curves of her shapely neck. Then, being wholly at a loss for words, and perhaps touched with a wise inspiration that in matters of love-making words are but cold interpreters, he leaned down and kissed her neck. She did not move; only a deep sigh fluttered her bosom and the hot colour rushed to her temples, then quickly ebbed again.

"You do not shrink from me, Esther; thank God, for that."

"No! dear John; I feel quite happy and safe with your strong arm to guard me."

They sat looking at the setting sun; at the white mists creeping up from a wooded valley; at the deep combs slowly darkening and the far stretches of hazy hills. The joy in

their hearts was subdued by the subtle influence that poets innumerable have felt as they looked on such wide expanses of desolate moorland in the soft light of evening, and vainly tried to define

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles rain.

Suddenly between them and the sunlight fell the shadow of a strange form—strange in its soldierly bearing and careworn features, but familiar to both of them, for all that. Two years of rough campaigning under Indian suns and among the turbulent tribes of A'ghan passes had wrought many changes; but there was a pallor on the thin face, a haggard look in the eye, for which a trooper's service was not accountable. The figure stood spellbound for a moment, then disappeared quickly, as if seeking to escape observation. In that moment the betrothed lovers had recognised Frank Copplestone.

CHAPTER II.

Months passed, and that mysterious visit had almost been forgotten in the midst of active preparations for festive Christmas-time and for the wedding that was to follow. Esther was already regarded in the light of a young mistress at Whitefield Farm, and very little could be done without her advice. Scarcely a day passed but her presence was needed there on some pretext. One afternoon, as she walked down the rugged combe on her way thither she heard a footstep following close behind. It was muffled by a thick carpet of sodden leaves, but her ear could detect that it differed from the heavy tread of village labourers. Involuntarily she quickened her pace; then stopped suddenly at the sound of her own name, spoken in a voice hoarse with emotion.

"Esther! Esther Ford! will you speak to me one moment."

She turned, and saw Frank Copplestone, looking wilder and more haggard than when he appeared to her and John that memorable evening, but still with the air of a soldier about him.

"I could not go away from here for ever in silence and doubt without a word to seal my doom. I know it all now; I knew that evening when you and he sat together in the old porch that the hope to which I had clung through years of repentance and hours of peril must be dead for evermore. I stole away then, like a cowardly deserter, afraid to face my sentence. I thought to keep silence always, and determined that visit to my old home should be the last. But something stronger than my own will has brought me back, and now I must hear the sentence from your own lips. Esther, I have given you all the love of which a nature like mine is capable, and I shall love you to the end. Oh, yes! I know what you would say. I am a coward to make this confession now. But I made it long ago, and you refused to believe me then, or would not trust me. My dissolute habits afterwards justified your view. And perhaps I should never have made a good husband. I do not come to plead now—that hope has passed. I never meant these words to reach your ears, but passion with me has been always stronger than reason—I must—I will have an answer from you now, only—only don't say that you hate me."

Her answer came quickly and scornfully. "How can you dare to speak thus to me within sight of the churchyard where the girl you betrayed and deserted lies dishonoured? Her father thrust her from his house. She only came back there a year ago to die, and you never moved hand or foot to shield her from the ruin you had wrought."

Then she walked swiftly away, while he stood like a man dazed by a sudden blow.

That night John strolled home with her, as usual; but there seemed to have come all at once a coldness between them that puzzled his holiest brain not a little. She longed to tell him all that had passed between Frank Copplestone and herself, but could not find it in her heart to trouble him so. Thus they walked through the wood in unaccustomed silence, lingered long in the old porch where a flood of moonlight cast weird shadows, and parted with a feeling of sadness that neither could quite account for. Esther stood listening until the last echo of John's footsteps had died away. As she turned to go indoors a sound of distant talk reached her, and then the clear tones of a voice that made her tremble strangely.

"I tell you," it said, "I saw her kiss him in the moonlight, and cling to him as if she had been his wife. I never thought she cared much for me, but I would have married her and striven to be a loving husband. In that kiss I felt the sting of dishonour, and could have killed them both. Though he escaped me then, I swore that he should answer for it."

The speaker ceased. That it was Frank Copplestone's voice she felt perfectly sure, and the threatening words could only have one meaning. But to whom were they addressed? Her ears were strained to catch the reply, and for a moment she thought there seemed to be some faint murmur of more talk in the distance; but if so, it was drowned by the rushing of the little moorland brook among its boulders. Then, with the stern threat "I swore that he should answer for it" throbbing through her brain, and with a chill of apprehension at her heart, Esther crept indoors.

CHAPTER III.

Esther's mind was sorely troubled all that restless night. She never doubted for a moment that Frank Copplestone's fierce words applied to John and herself, and her imagination conjured up all kinds of nameless horrors. After an hour of disturbed sleep she went quietly down stairs before daybreak to find the house already a scene of bustle. There had been a sudden change in the weather; the ground was covered with a mantle of snow inches deep; black clouds banking up in the north gave promise of a still heavier fall, and men were being dispatched in all directions to bring cattle home from the moor. What brought care to her father and every farmer roundabout was a source of some comfort to her. John would surely be out on a similar errand, and the danger of his being "stugged in a Dartmoor mire" or buried in the snow seemed nothing compared with the risk he would run from Frank Copplestone's vengeance. Still she could not shake off a feeling of uneasiness when the storm came on again towards evening, and the snow fell in particles so fine that it forced its way into every crevice, and swept over the moor like a dense fog. Could Esther have known that John had set out that day to look after some cattle and sheep at the furthest limits of their moorland "run" with only the man she most feared for a companion, her anxiety would have changed to terror.

They had started at daybreak, and, making their way without much difficulty along the most sheltered hillsides, had got the straggling herds and flocks together in a pound where the animals could huddle together for warmth, and be at least secure from drifts. That was all they could hope to do. Then they turned homewards. Scarcely half the distance had been covered before snow began to fall again, if that could be said to fall which was driven like spray by fierce gusts of wind across the hills. Lodging here and there against the weather-side of weird granite tors, it rose higher and

higher, then curled over as waves break into foam on a beach, but with edges sharply cut by eddies of wind. John knew these signs well, and hurried his companion forward faster. Still they could not make much headway. The sturdiest limbs soon tire of wading knee-deep in snow; the wind was in their faces, and the dense white clouds half blinded them, so that they could see nothing a yard or two in front. Presently the two sank up to their waists in a soft place. Both knew well enough, by the little rounded "hummocks" here and there, that it was a rushy bog they had got into, and each looked at the other with a glance of something like despair. Neither could tell how far this bog extended, for they had lost all idea of locality; still it was no use going back or turning aside. Their only hope was in being able to jump from tuft to tuft of rushes. Every hundred yards seemed a mile as they struggled on thus. Under such a strain, their powers were fast failing them, when the young farmer thought he caught a glimpse of rocky ground ahead, as the snow-wreaths lifted for a moment. Turning to cheer his companion with this faint hope, he saw Copplestone reel and fall, overcome by the severe exertion. Their last chance seemed gone then; but he was too good a moorman to lose heart utterly, and too brave to think of saving his own life by forsaking a comrade. He managed to drag Frank forward some distance with difficulty, and felt his foot strike against a boulder. Then he sat down and tried to restore animation, but without success.

"Poor fellow," he said, "his life hasn't been so happy that it should end just when there was a chance of clearing his character. It makes me savage now to think that he should have been blamed all these years for the deeds of that smooth-faced villain he told me about last night. I'm glad Frank didn't kill him, though. I have been thinking how pleased Esther would be to hear it all, and now"—

John fairly broke down there, and, burying his face in his hands, almost gave himself up for lost. As he sat thus, he seemed to hear the rush of water. Was it fancy? No. The sound was scarcely louder than a ripple, but it was enough to nerve him for another effort. If they could only reach a brook, they might follow it, and find home after all. He tried to rouse Frank, but in vain. There was no time to be lost, so, lifting him on his own broad shoulders, John staggered down towards the stream. He had almost reached it, when suddenly the ground gave way under him, and he fell into a deep gully. The shock roused Frank to semi-consciousness. He could not for some minutes realise the position. Thinking they must have fallen asleep and been walled in by a snowdrift, he reached out his hand to waken John from a slumber so fatal. He shrank back with an exclamation of horror. His fingers had touched something that he knew must be blood, and, looking closer, he saw it oozing from a deep cut in his companion's forehead. They had fallen down a rocky rift that seemed to end there in a sort of cavern overhung by brambles. There at least, he thought, shelter might be found; and if they should be snowed in, it could hardly be worse than dying on the open moor. He dragged John into it, and by dint of much chafing brought him back to life; but the poor fellow was too bruised even to rise, and his head was heavy with pain. How that night passed John Michelmore never knew. Snow fell heavily hour after hour. Frank, getting some of the brambles together, managed to keep up a little fire that prevented them from being frozen. By morning the snow had ceased, but it lay all round them many feet deep, and John was too ill to move. Another day passed; their scanty store of firewood was exhausted, and both began to suffer terribly from cold and hunger. Then Frank made up his mind to stay there no longer. Though scarcely an hour of daylight was left the moon would soon be up, and he knew enough of the moor to find his way by the stars. Creeping softly back to make sure that John was sleeping still, he bent over him and murmured—

"As he would have done by me, so, for her sake, will I do by him."

For three whole days nobody on that side of Dartmoor had been able to move in any direction further than he could cut his way through the snow. Esther began to wonder that John had not found some means of getting from his house to hers, but she knew nothing of the grief they were in at Whitefield. When it was possible to pass from farm to farm and the truth could no longer be concealed her anguish was terrible to witness. All attempts at consolation seemed but shallow mockery. She only wrung her hands and wailed "Too late! too late!" or pleaded piteously that they would let her go to him. Then there came a day of hard frost, and some neighbours set out in search of the missing men, little hoping to find them alive. There was just a chance, however, that they might have taken shelter among a "clitter" of rocks somewhere, and been snowed up there, with a flock of sheep to keep them warm. Out on the open moor no man could have lived through such a storm and the bitter frost that had then set in. Still, the one chance was enough to buoy up the hearts of the searchers, who, in spite of every difficulty, toiled manfully along, some following the stream and some keeping to the ridge on that side where it was possible to find firm ground above the drifts. None saw that a figure stole before them like "wishtness" in the grey dawn. Suddenly from the hollow there rose a shrill cry of horror, and the heart of every man stood still.

It was a woman's wild shriek. Hastening towards the ravine, whence that weird sound had risen to break the solemn stillness of those silent moorlands, they found Esther Ford kneeling, transfixed by terror, beside the dead body of Frank Copplestone, where it lay in a drift, stark and frozen, with nothing on it but trousers and shirt, and these stained with blood. How could he have met with foul play there? Drawing her gently away, they searched for a wound, but could find none. Then there slowly stole into their minds a shadow of the awful dread that had possessed Esther. The track of his footsteps could be marked on the snow a furlong off. She was first to note this, and, breaking from her companions, sped swiftly over the rough ground. While two men were left to keep watch—standing some distance away, though, in superstitious fear of the dead man, who, they could not doubt, was a murderer—the others hurried after Esther along that track, expecting every moment to find evidence of a fearful crime. They came to a gully, where there seemed to have been a struggle, and the snow bore traces of blood. Leaping down, the boldest among them saw, in the shadow of that shallow cave, not another dead man, but John Michelmore, tossing in a restless sleep, with the trooper's heavy cloak thrown over him and a blood-stained handkerchief about his temples.

They bore Frank Copplestone's body reverently enough back to the village that night, knowing that he had died to save his rival; for on the rough frieze coat they had found a scrap of paper, with the words faintly written in pencil—"I only do what you would have done for her sake. Your life is worth more than mine. I will save both if I can; but if I fail, tell Esther I was not quite so bad as they made me out. Good-bye."

SONGS OF ITALY.

(See Illustration.)

What shall I sing? A song of war?
The mighty deeds of other days?
Of ancient Rome's triumphal car
Where sat the victor crowned with bays—
Of captives bound in servile chains—
The leaders of a vanquished foe?
Say, shall I tune my minstrel strains,
And bid the dulcet numbers flow?

What shall I sing? A song of love?
Of whispered words and tender sighs—
Of lovers in a moonlit grove—
Of dreamy light in drooping eyes—
Of pangs that only lovers feel—
Of joys that only lovers know—
Of hearts that are as true as steel,
Or fickle as the winds that blow?

What shall I sing? The trumpet strain
Of proud ambition's lofty flight?
The lust of power—the greed of gain—
The winning gambler's fierce delight?
Ambition, love, or war's array?
Ah no! such themes are not for me:
My lute shall sound a sweeter lay,
A prouder song for Italy!

The King who faces death to save
His plague-struck people from despair,
Is hailed the bravest of the brave,
Amidst a nation's praise and prayer.
Then let Italia's minstrel sing,
And all her people shout with joy,
In honour of the faithful King,
The noble scion of Savoy! MASON JACKSON.

TALE OF A GOOSE.

(See Illustrations.)

Dominic Bircham, pedagogue,
A staid old bachelor queer,
Went marketing, and priced a goose
To crown his Christmas cheer.

Sniffing, he cried, "This goose smacks not
Of Araby the Blest."
His words and ways fierce anger roused
Within the woman's breast.

"Villain," quoth she, "how dare you take
My bird's good name away?
I wish that you were half as sweet,
You polecat-popinjay."

He, much chagrined to be out-tongued,
Stood quiet for a space;
Then, losing temper, thrust the goose
Into the woman's face.

Enraged by this assault, on him
The vixen sprang irate;
Seized him, and his umbrella used
To trounce his wigless pate.

The skirmish o'er, a constable
Came bustling on the scene;
And, like old Rhadamanthus, stood
The combatants between.

Dominic needs must go to law,
Again was sadly beaten;
And had to pay for this same goose,
By other persons eaten.—J. L.

CHRISTMAS FOLK-TALES.

Scattered round the Christmas season, we find in our own and other countries a host of amusing old folk-tales, most of which, apart from their own intrinsic interest, are valuable as faithfully embodying the superstitious beliefs of our forefathers in connection with the Yuletide festival. It would seem that, in days gone by, these fireside legends were extensively circulated at Christmas-tide; the varied incidents they contained acting as so many warnings to those who might, inadvertently or otherwise, be induced to disregard the traditional notions of the season. As the greater part of these tales are novel probably to most readers, it may not be inopportune to give some illustrations of them. Thus Norwegian folk-tales often allude to the merry doings of the "Nisse" at Christmas time—a class of fairies about the size of small children, and who were, we are reminded, far more numerous in the good old times than nowadays. Like Shakespeare's Puck, they are fond of pranks, and unless the master of the house pampers them they are spiteful and vindictive, and hence it is not surprising that their goodwill is deemed worth securing. On Christmas Eve, therefore, offerings of sweet porridge, cakes, beer, and other delicacies are provided specially for them; but care must be taken that this act is performed with every mark of respect, otherwise they will quickly show their displeasure. Thus, it is related how, one Christmas Eve, when a girl in a mocking spirit brought these little beings their customary offerings, she was so severely handled by them that on the following Christmas morning she was found dead in the barn. With tales of this kind told among the peasantry, and received by them with the utmost faith, we can well imagine how ready they naturally were to gain the patronage and friendship of these mysterious elves who, in a thousand and one ways, could befriended those who acknowledged their superior power. Among Norwegian folk-tales of the sea relating to Christmas, we are told how a certain sailor, according to custom, was desirous of presenting on Christmas Day a cake to the spirit of the waters; but when he came to the shore, lo!—much to his disappointment—the waters were frozen over. Reluctant to leave his offering upon the ice, he tried to make a hole; but, in spite of all his labours, he could



not make it large enough for the cake to go through. When perplexed as to what he should do, he was agreeably surprised by the appearance of a little tiny hand, as white as snow, which, stretching through the hole he had made, seized the cake and instantly disappeared with it. In this legend originates, it is said, the compliment paid to a Norwegian lady, "Your hand is like a water sprite's."

The Norse peasant, in his popular tales, has a curious solution for the oft-asked question, "Why the sea is salt?" It appears, says Mr. Dasent, that once upon a time, long long ago, there were two brothers, one rich and the other poor. Now it happened on Christmas Eve that the poor one had not so much as a crumb of bread to eat, so he went to his brother for help, who gave him a whole fitch of bacon, at the same time bidding him go to a certain evil magician. On arriving at the magician's house, he was surrounded by a host of persons anxious to buy his fitch. "Well," said he, "by rights my old dame and I ought to have this fitch for our Christmas dinner, but since you have all set your hearts on it, I suppose you must have it; but if I sell it at all, I must have in return that quern behind the door yonder." At first, the old magician laughed outright at this proposal, but the "poor brother" stuck to it, and so at last the magician parted with his quern. On reaching home, the clock struck twelve, as his wife met him at the door, wondering what had kept him out so long. "Oh," said he, "you shall quickly see the cause of my delay;" after which words, he put the quern on the table, bidding it grind everything necessary for the Christmas fare. The wife, as may be imagined, stood thunder-struck, watching this quern grind out dainties enough to last till Twelfth Day. When, however, the rich brother on Christmas Day saw all that was on the table, he was very envious, and said, "Whence have you got all this wealth?" For some time, the poor brother refused to tell; but in the course of the day's rejoicings he incautiously gave the history of the magic quern, which his brother ultimately bought for three hundred dollars. Before long, however, he found that it kept on grinding; and so alarmed was he that he resold it to his brother for the same money as he had purchased it. As before, it soon brought renewed prosperity to the poor brother, which enabled him to buy a golden house, the fame whereof spread far and wide, and attracted strangers from all parts. So, one day, a stranger came to see the quern, and the first question he asked was whether it could grind salt. "Grind salt?" said the owner, "I should just think so; and anything else you like." Thereupon, so anxious was he to buy the quern that he promised to pay untold wealth for it. Secured of his prize, he put to sea, and when so far off that no one could reach him, he said to the quern, "Grind salt; and grind both fast and good." No sooner had he spoken than the quern forthwith began grinding salt, which, in an amazing short time, arose in heaps on the deck and threatened to sink his vessel. Alarmed at the rapidity with which the quern kept grinding, he intreated it on his knees to leave off; but still it went on, and before many minutes the vessel sank beneath the weight of salt. But the quern, still beneath the water, keeps grinding, and hence the saltiness of the sea.

We may add that these tales, in which the witch element figures strongly, still exist in our own country. Thus, in the Isle of Man, it is related how a fiddler, having agreed with a stranger to play during the twelve days of Christmas to whatever company he should bring him, was astonished at seeing his new master vanish into the earth as soon as the bargain had been made. Terrified at the thought of having agreed to work

for so mysterious a personage, he quickly resorted to the clergyman, who advised him to fulfil his engagement, and to play nothing but psalms. Accordingly, as soon as Christmas-tide arrived, the weird stranger made his appearance, and beckoned the fiddler to a spot where the company were assembled. On reaching his destination he at once struck up a psalm tune, which so enraged his audience that they instantly vanished, but not without so violently bruising him that it was with some difficulty he succeeded in reaching home, and narrating his Christmas experiences to the family as they were gathered round the fireside.

In Germany, Christmas Eve is the season of all others when fairies are supposed to be most active, keeping their festival on the mountain tops. Then, we are told, the rough stone is transformed into brilliant crystal—veins of gold starting out artistically into majestic pillars—beneath which graceful canopies feasting and dancing are kept up with protracted enthusiasm. The attendants on these fairy-gatherings are generally beautiful Swedish girls, who have unwarily partaken of the contents of the golden goblets offered to them by the fairies, and thus instantly fallen into their power. According to the legendary lore found in most parts of Germany, the magic effects of these fairy potions is threefold:—"At the first draught from that horn, he who drinks forgets Heaven; at the second, he forgets earth; at the third, he forgets his betrothed bride." Hence, on Christmas Eve persons are recommended to stay at home, because the fairies on this night delight to waylay the lonely traveller, compelling him to take a draught of Christmas cheer from their enchanted goblet. Among the large class of folk-tales connected with this superstition, may be quoted one which tells how, when a Christmas feast was being given in a German village, one of the guests, attracted by the sound of music from without, was induced to leave the festive scene indoors, and to wander towards the spot where the music seemed to come. He had, however, not gone many steps before he was met by two beautiful girls, who asked him to join their Christmas gambols in a neighbouring field, which, after a little persuasion, he consented to do. On arriving at the fairies' gathering, for such it was, he was surrounded by numberless little beings all anxious to welcome him; one of whom handed him a cup of wine, after drinking which he forgot his former state, and thought of nothing except the feasting and dancing of the fairies. When he had been enjoying himself in this manner for some time, the fairies reminded him of his own home; but what was his astonishment when on passing through the village to find everything in decay, and all his relations and friends dead, for the spell of the fairies' cup on him had lasted a hundred years.

One German version of the well-known legend of the man in the moon connects this wretched individual's solitary imprisonment in that isolated region with his having stolen cabbages from his neighbour's garden on Christmas Eve. When just in the act of escaping with his load he was perceived by some passers-by, who, there and then, conjured him up in the moon. There he stands in the full light of the moon, to be seen by everybody, having his stolen load of cabbages on his back for all eternity. He only has a minute's change one day in the year, when he is said to turn round once on Christmas Eve.

Again, the wild huntsman is said in Germany to make nightly excursions through the air for the twelve nights of Christmas, alarming all who hear him by his furious progress. He generally rides upon a large white horse, no less than

four-and-twenty fierce dogs following him. According to a tale quoted by Mr. Thorpe, in his "Northern Mythology," in every place through which he passes the hedges fall with a crash, the road opening of its own accord before him. He rides with such speed that his dogs often fail to keep pace with him, and frequently may be heard panting and howling. Occasionally one is left behind, as happened one year at Wulfsdorf, where it remained panting, howling without intermission until the following Christmas Eve, when the Wild Huntsman again took it with him. Hence various precautions were formerly taken to prevent the Wild Huntsman approaching any particular street—one special rule being that there should be no baking.

It is also considered dangerous to spin at Christmas-time, or the Wild Huntsman will gallop through it. On one occasion a woman refused to take the usual warning, and had no sooner sat down to spin on Christmas Eve than she fell into a deep sleep, and was only awoken by the entrance of a stranger, who, without any apology for intruding, asked for her spinning-wheel, and commenced spinning. Before long he used up all the flax she had, and on his asking for more, she was obliged to give him her supply of wool. Still, however, he kept on calling for more; and his angry demands so frightened and terrified the poor woman that, although it was but four in the morning, she roused up her neighbour—a cunning old crone—and acquainted her with the stranger's mysterious conquest. Happily, she quickly perceived the nature of the visitor, and hence was not long in driving him away by some magical charms; for had she not done so, his presence might have cost the woman her life.

Of the numerous folk tales which have in the course of centuries clustered round the Christmas festival in Russia, one of the most popular refers to the celebration of the winter solstice. Thus it is said that the Sun—a female being—arrays herself in her holiday attire, and, seated in her telega, urges her horses upon the summer track. In many places, says Mr. Ralston, in his "Songs of the Russian People" (1872, p. 187), it has been customary to represent this solar goddess—popularly designated Kolyada—by a girl dressed in white, who, seated in a sledge, is driven about from house to house, while the young people who accompany her sing various songs, of which the following is a specimen:—

Kolyada! Kolyada!
Kolyada has arrived
On the Eve of the Nativity.
We went about, we sought
Holy Kolyada
Through all the courts, in all the alleys.
We found Kolyada, &c.

Tradition, too, says that at this season of the year all kinds of hidden treasures are specially revealed to mankind, in connection with which belief the following tale, quoted by Mr. Ralston, is current:—Between Christmas Day and the festival of the Epiphany the new-born Divinity comes down from heaven in order to wander about the earth; on which account labour of any kind is accounted wrong. At midnight, also, on each of these festivals, "the heavenly doors are thrown open; the radiant realms of Paradise in which the sun dwells disclose their treasures; the waters of springs and rivers become animated, turn into wine, and receive a healing efficacy; the trees put forth blossoms, and golden fruits ripen upon their boughs."

Space will not permit us to multiply further instances of these Christmas tales, but the few we have quoted will suffice to show their general nature.



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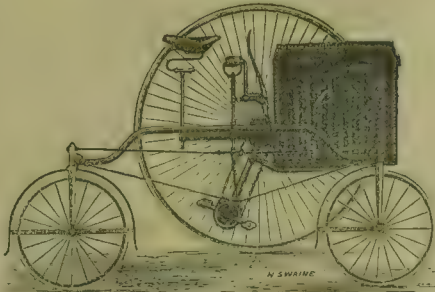
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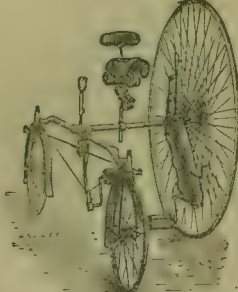
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THE REV CHARLES MUST HAVE PROPOSED TO QUEENIE YESTERDAY
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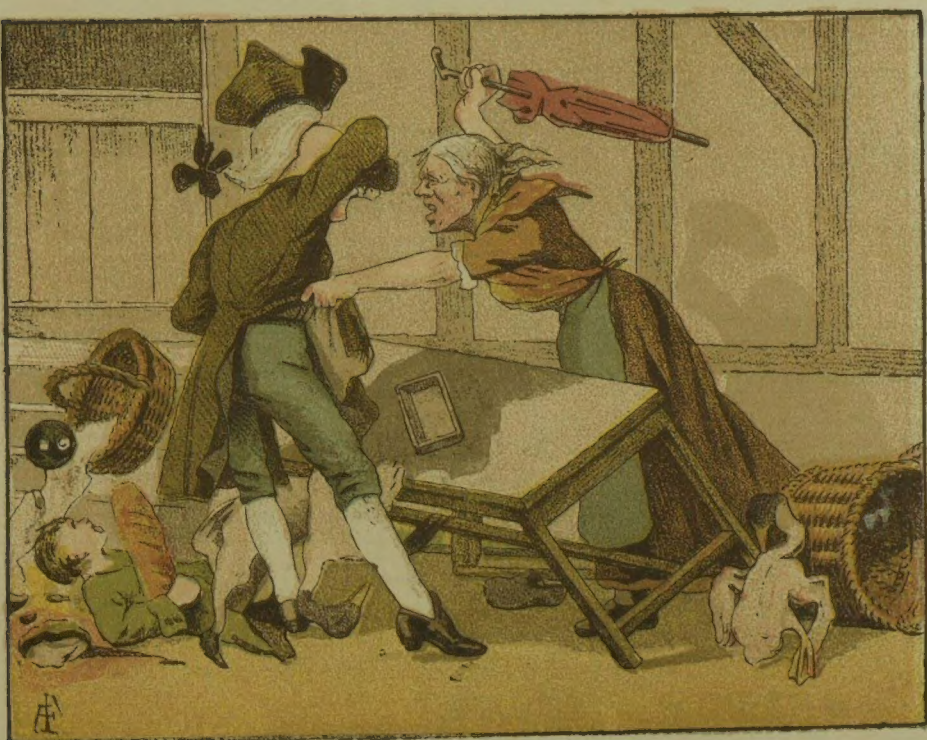
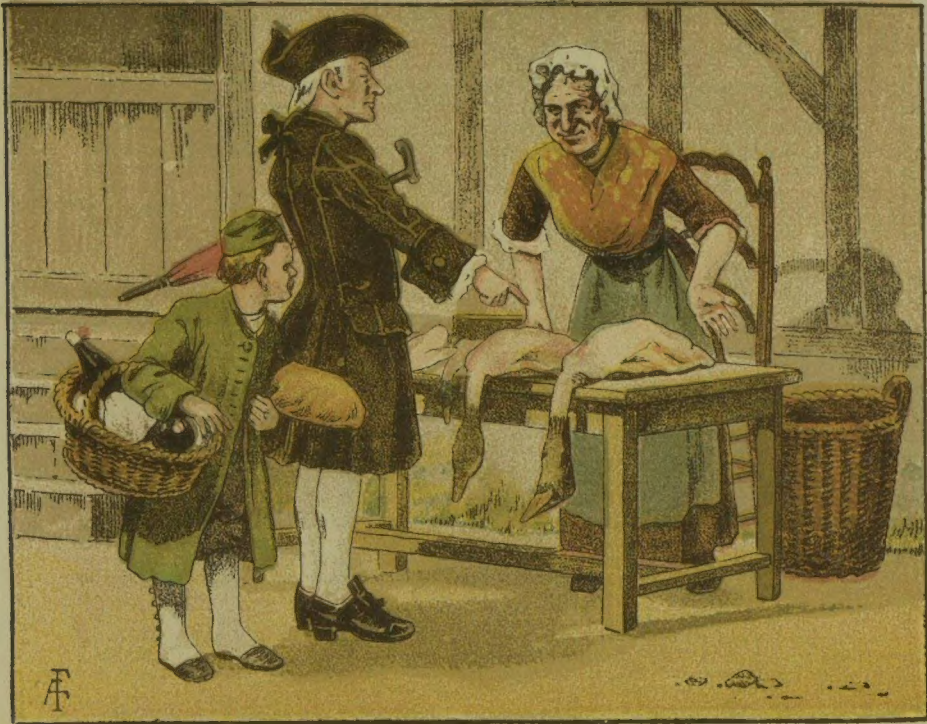
I HEARD THAT THE REV. CHARLES
HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH SIR PETER



AND QUEENIE TOLD ME LATER ON THAT ALL WAS SETTLED
SO I THOUGHT TO MYSELF IT WAS TIME I SAID



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wasting away, and feverish breath. IT CONTAINS FOUR TIMES AS MUCH NOURISHMENT AS MEAT, RENEWS THE BLOOD RAPIDLY, AND SAVES FIFTY TIMES ITS COST IN MEDICINE. It is, likewise, the only recognised food to rear infants and delicate children successfully, and to overcome all infantile difficulties in teething, measles, fevers, restlessness, dysentery, diarrhoea, eruptions on the skin, atrophy, wasting. They thrive admirably upon it, and sleep soundly twelve hours during the night.

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 "A dangerous illness having left my digestive organs too weak to assimilate ordinary food of any kind sufficient to keep me alive, I owe my preservation to DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA and BISCUITS, on which I subsisted for months, recovering a healthy action of the stomach, and strength and muscle, to the astonishment of myself, my medical adviser, and friends."
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Cure No. 91,618.
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 "With gratitude I testify to the great efficacy of DU BARRY'S FOOD in restoring and sustaining health, having taken it for Nervousness and Weakness."
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 "Montevideo, Oct. 25, 1880.
 "It affords me great pleasure to testify to the invaluable virtue of your divine FOOD. It has perfectly cured me in six weeks' time of dyspepsia, oppression, and general debility, which, during twenty-three years, had prevented my making the slightest effort, all medicines having failed to do me any good. You are quite at liberty to publish my experience, and I sincerely hope Du Barry's Food may prove of equal benefit to all their sufferers.—Believe me, &c., ARTHUR BARLOW."

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From the Right Honourable the Lord Stuart de Decies, Dromana, Cappoquin, Lord Lieutenant of the county Waterford:—

"Feb. 15, 1859.
 "I have derived much benefit from the use of the Revalenta Food. It is only due to yourselves and to the public to state that you are at liberty to make any use of this communication which you may think proper. I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,
 "STUART DE DECIES."

CURE No. 58,614, of the MARCHIONESS DE BREHAN.

"4, Rue Remont, Versailles, near Paris,
 "April 16, 1882.
 "In consequence of a liver complaint, I was wasting away or seven years, and so debilitated and nervous that I was unable to read, write, or in fact attend to anything, with a nervous palpitation all over, bad digestion, constant sleeplessness, and the most intolerable nervous agitation, which prevented even my sitting down for hours together. I felt dreadfully low-spirited, and all intercourse with the world had become painful to me. Many medical men, English as well as French, had prescribed for me in vain. In perfect despair, I took Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica, and lived on this delicious food for three months. The good God be praised! it has completely revived me; I am myself again, and able to make and receive visits, and resume my social position."
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 Bern, Aug. 20, 1852.—Madame H. de B., in a hopeless state of pulmonary consumption, took the REVALENTA ARABICA by advice of her physician. So rapid and favourable was the change it produced in her health, that the dangerous period of her confinement, which her physician had predicted would be fatal, passed over without danger or difficulty; and her husband cannot speak too highly of this excellent FOOD, upon which both his wife and child are now living, without a trace of consumption.

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"Zifté, Alexandria, Egypt, March 22, 1863.
 "I have taken DU BARRY'S excellent FOOD for the last three months. It has given me new life, and I thank you sincerely. I had suffered during nine years from a most obstinate constipation, which resisted all medical treatment, and the best medical practitioners had declared it impossible to save me.—A. SPADARO, Merchant."

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"Avignon (France), April 18, 1876.
 "DU BARRY'S FOOD has perfectly cured me in six weeks' time of dyspepsia, oppression, and debility, which, during twenty years, prevented my dressing or undressing myself, or making even the slightest effort. I am now, at the age of sixty-one, perfectly restored to health and strength."
 (Madame) BORELL, née CARBONETTI."

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 "I am happy to be able to send you a certificate such as you never had before. The husband of one of my former pupils was dying of diabetes. I recommended DU BARRY'S FOOD, and in six weeks' time the patient was perfectly restored.—Faithfully, Sister S. LAMBERT, Crosne, France."

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"During eight years' inflammation of the bladder, I had exhausted all that medical science, by means of physicians, could suggest, without obtaining the least relief. My confidence in DU BARRY'S FOOD has been amply confirmed. I made use of it, and I owe it to truth to state that it has perfectly cured me."
 DEDE, Professor of Chemistry, Paris."

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"King's College, Cambridge, Oct. 10, 1849.
 "I am happy to inform you that Du Barry's incomparable REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD has completely cured me of the various ills which have afflicted me these sixty years, during which lengthy period of time I have lived in my arm-chair with left leg and arm paralysed, as also my left eyelid; this sedentary life had brought on many disorders of the stomach and bowels, with obstinate constipation, hæmorrhoids, and a large green crust on my chin—all of which my medical men told me it was useless to attempt to cure at my age—eighty-five. But, thanks to your Food, which I have taken these two years, I am perfectly free from all these disorders, and able to walk about, and use my arms and eyelids with perfect ease. This cure may well be considered miraculous; but it appears to me to interest my fellow-sufferers to a degree that I deem it my duty to place the details of it at your disposal for publication.—Yours truly, WILLIAM HUNT, Barrister-at-Law."

"Grantham, Feb. 3, 1851.
GOUT.—"I am happy to say I have found your incomparable REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD an infallible remedy for the gout. I can now eat things with impunity, and take my pint of port-wine, if necessary, the same as other people.—Colonel H. WATKINS."



DU BARRY'S FOOD.—BABY SAVED.

Dr. F. W. Beneke, Professor of Medicine in Ordinary to the University, writes in the "Berlin Clinical Weekly," of April 8, 1872:—"I shall never forget that I owe the preservation of one of my children to the Revalenta Arabica. The child (not four months old) suffered from complete emaciation, with constant vomiting, which resisted all medical skill, and even the greatest care of two wet-nurses. I tried Du Barry's Revalenta with the most astonishing success. The vomiting ceased immediately; and, after living on this Food six weeks, the baby was restored to the most flourishing health. Similar success has attended all my experiments since with this Food."

BABY SAVED by DU BARRY'S FOOD.

"My little girl was so seriously ill that doctors did not think she could have lived, and no food or medicine remained on her stomach. Du Barry's Food, under God, has restored her to health.—D. J. HEARN, Rector of Kilmurry, Co. Cork, Dec. 29, 1880."

DU BARRY'S FOOD. INFANTS' PROSPERITY AND SLEEP.

"York, Dec. 9, 1876.—Ever since I fed my baby on DU BARRY'S REVALENTA FOOD he develops wonderfully, being as strong as a child of twice his age. He sleeps soundly all night, from eight p.m. to eight a.m., without once waking, and he never cries during the day. He lives on this food simply boiled in water and salt, and likes it warm or cold equally well.—ROSE BEESLEY, 39, Vinor-street."

"Adra, Province of Almeria, Spain, Oct. 21, 1867.
 "Dear Sir,—I am happy to tell you that DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA has restored my daughter to perfect health, and cured her of a cutaneous eruption, which gave her no rest night or day from its fearful irritation. She is now perfectly well. Please send me, against inclosed cheque, 60 lbs. more of this excellent Food.—PERRIN DE LA HITOLE, Vice-Consulate of France."

DU BARRY'S FOOD.—Constipation, Asthma, &c.
 Cure No. 49,532, of fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness, and vomiting by DU BARRY'S FOOD.—MARIA JOLLY.

DU BARRY'S FOOD is a remedy which I could almost call divine. It has perfectly cured my dear sister, Julia, of four years' neuralgia in the head, which caused her cruel agony, and left her almost without rest.—Rev. J. MONASSIER, Valgorge, France.

DU BARRY'S FOOD has cured my wife of twenty years' most fearful suffering from nervous and bilious attacks, palpitation of the heart, and swelling all over, sleeplessness, and asthma.
 ATANASIO LE BARBERA, Mayor of Trapani, Sicily.

CURE No. 69,924.—DYSPEPSIA and CANCER.

"Château Vauxbuin, Soissons (Aisne), France, Jan. 10, 1868.
 "In the village I inhabit part of the year lives a poor woman, attacked, so the doctors say, by a cancer in the stomach; for the last two years she has been suffering intolerable pains; she could not digest anything, and her debility was such that she could not make use of her limbs. In short, every one expected a rapid termination of all these sufferings by death, when last March I recommended her to try DU BARRY'S excellent FOOD. Her strength improves daily, her digestion is perfect, and her pains have ceased.—DE CHASELLES, COUNTESS DE GOURGUE."

CURE No. 98,614.—DU BARRY'S FOOD.

"Many years' bad digestion, disease of the heart, kidneys, and bladder, with nervous irritation and melancholia, have disappeared under the happy influence of DU BARRY'S FOOD.—LEON PEYLET, school-master at Eynac, Haute Vienne, France, May 8, 1878."

DU BARRY'S FOOD restored 23 lb. of good muscle to a gentleman from Dover, aged twenty-four, whose stomach and nerves had been ruined by intense study, and his body reduced to a mere skeleton, suffering from constant sleeplessness and debility as of extreme old age.

DU BARRY'S FOOD has cured my daughter of general debility, nervous irritability, sleeplessness, and a total exhaustion, and given her health, sleep, and strength, with hard muscle and cheerfulness.—H. DE MONTLOUIS, Paris.

CURE No. 75,124.—SIXTEEN YEARS' LIVER COMPLAINT, DIARRHOEA, and VOMITING.

"Paris, June 1, 1872.
 "Mr. and Mrs. Leger, both of a fearful liver complaint, which, during sixteen years, had rendered their life a burden—the one vomiting twenty to twenty-five times a day, and the other suffering from constant diarrhoea. The husband had an ulcer on the liver, and the wife an enlargement of that organ. In both cases all medical treatment had proved unavailing. These people are now (1881) living in perfect health."

ASTHMA.—CURE No. 62,843.

"I suffered during thirty-six years with asthma, which obliged me to get up four or five times every night to relieve my chest from a pressure which threatened to take away my breath. I have taken DU BARRY'S FOOD for the last eight days, and I am delighted with it. I sleep very well now, and breathe freely.—Rev. D. BOILET, Ecainville, Seine-Inférieure, France."

CURE of SIXTEEN MONTHS' SLEEPLESSNESS.

"uninterrupted SLEEPLESSNESS, congestion of the brain, dyspepsia, debility, and exhaustion—the consequences of excessive labour—and which had resisted the treatment of many medical men, has been effected by DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD.—THÉLHARD DU BARTY, Barrister-at-Law, and twenty years Mayor of Nérac, Châcau de Manotte, near Nérac Lot-et-Garonne, France, 8 Mai, 1881."

DECAY OF NATURE ARRESTED.

"I am happy to be able to assure you that these last two years, since I eat DU BARRY'S admirable FOOD, I have not felt the weight of my eighty-four years. My legs have acquired strength and nimbleness, my sight has improved so much as to dispense with spectacles, my stomach reminds me of what I was at the age of thirty—in short, I feel myself quite young and hearty; I preach, attend confessions, visit the sick, I make long journeys on foot, my head is clear, and my memory strengthened.—Abbé PETER CASTELLI, Bachelor of Theology and Priest of Prunetto, Mondovì."

CURE of DEBILITY, BAD DIGESTION, and IRRITABILITY.

"DU BARRY'S FOOD has produced an extraordinary effect on me. Heaven be blessed, it has cured me of nightly sweatings, terrible irritations of the stomach, and bad digestion, which had lasted eighteen years. I have never felt so comfortable as I do now."
 Rev. J. COMPARET, St. Romain-des-Isles, France."

DU BARRY'S FOOD has

cured me of kidney disease, from which I had suffered fearfully for many years, and which had resisted the most careful medical treatment, and now, at the age of ninety-three, I am perfectly free from disease.—Rev. G. LEROY, Orvaux, France, April 26, 1875.

DU BARRY'S FOOD.—CONSUMPTION. DIARRHOEA, CRAMP, KIDNEY, and BLADDER DISORDERS.

Dr. WURZER'S Testimonial:—"Bonn, July 10, 1852.—DU BARRY'S FOOD is one of the most excellent, nourishing, and restorative absorbents, and supercedes, in many cases, all kinds of medicines. It is particularly effective in indigestion (dyspepsia), a confined habit of body, as also in diarrhoea, bowel complaints, inflammatory irritation, and cramp of the urethra, the kidneys and bladder, and hæmorrhoids.—Dr. RUD. WURZER, Professor of Medicine and Practical M.D."

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—Thirty-seven years'

well-deserved and world-wide reputation of DU BARRY'S FOOD has led speculators to puff up all kinds of cheap, unsavoury, and more than sloppy Foods. However, Dr. B. F. ROUTH, after analysing sixteen of these, declares:—"Among the vegetable substances, DU BARRY'S FOOD is the Best." "Naturally rich in the elements of blood, brain, bone, and muscle, it has cured many women and children afflicted with atrophy and marked debility.—B. F. ROUTH, Physician to the Samaritan Hospital for Women and Children, London." Dr. WILLIAM WALLACE ELSLIE, late Surgeon of the Imperial Ottoman Army, writes from the Hospital at Sofia:—"In dysentery, typhoid, and ague, DU BARRY'S FOOD is worth its weight in gold; and, from personal experience, I don't think anyone should go into Camp without it."—See "Lancet."

Prices of DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD,
 Suitably packed for all Climates: In Tins, at 2s.; 1 lb., 3s. 6d.; 2 lb., 6s.; 5 lb., 14s.; 12 lb., 32s.—about 2d. per meal.

DU BARRY'S TONIC REVALENTA ARABICA BISCUITS,
 Four times as nourishing as meat, improve the appetite, promote digestion, secure sound, refreshing sleep, they remove the feverish and bitter taste on awaking or caused by onions, garlic, and even the smell of tobacco or drink. In Tins, 1 lb., 3s. 6d.; 2 lb., 6s.

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DU BARRY and CO. (Limited), No. 77, Regent-street, London, W.; same house, 8, Rue Castiglione, Paris; in Australia, Melbourne, Otto Du Barry, 239, Napier-street; Fitzroy; Grimwade and Ridley: Sydney, Grimwade and Ridley: South: Adelaide, Wandling and Co.; and through all Stores, Chemists, and Grocers in every part of the world.

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TURKEY CARPETS.—MAPLE and CO.

have just received large consignments of fine Turkey Carpets, unique colourings, reproductions of the seventeenth century, being the first delivery of those made from this season's clip. These special Carpets are exceptionally fine, both in colour and quality, while the prices are lower than ever known before. Appended are a few examples of useful sizes, with prices. The trade supplied:—
 11 ft. 4 in. by 8 ft. 3 in., £26 10s. 1½ ft. 9 in. by 11 ft. 0 in., £9 15s.
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THE largest assortment of INDIAN, Persian, and Turkey CARPETS always in stock, superior qualities. Purchasers should beware of inferior Turkey Carpets, which are now being imported and sold as best quality at so much per square yard.

ARTISTS and COLLECTORS of ANTIQUES should not fail to see the 500 specimen RUGS and CARPETS collected by Messrs. MAPLE and CO.'S Agent in Persia, and now on view at the Show-Rooms, Tottenham-court-road. A Persian Rug, the most acceptable of all Presents; a Persian Prayer Carpet, a lasting pleasure. Prices from 30s. to £100.

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A great variety of patterns to select from, of the best quality, but old patterns. A carpet 15 ft. by 11 ft. 3 in., price 5s., which can be laid same day as ordered.

WOODSTOCK CARPETS, from 20s. These are inexpensive but most artistic productions of the English loom, woven in one piece, without seam, bordered and fringed, suitable for reception and bed rooms. Can be had in many sizes. Each Carpet is protected by the trade-mark "Woodstock." Can only be had of MAPLE and CO., Carpet Factors. Purchasers of fringed carpets should beware of imitations.

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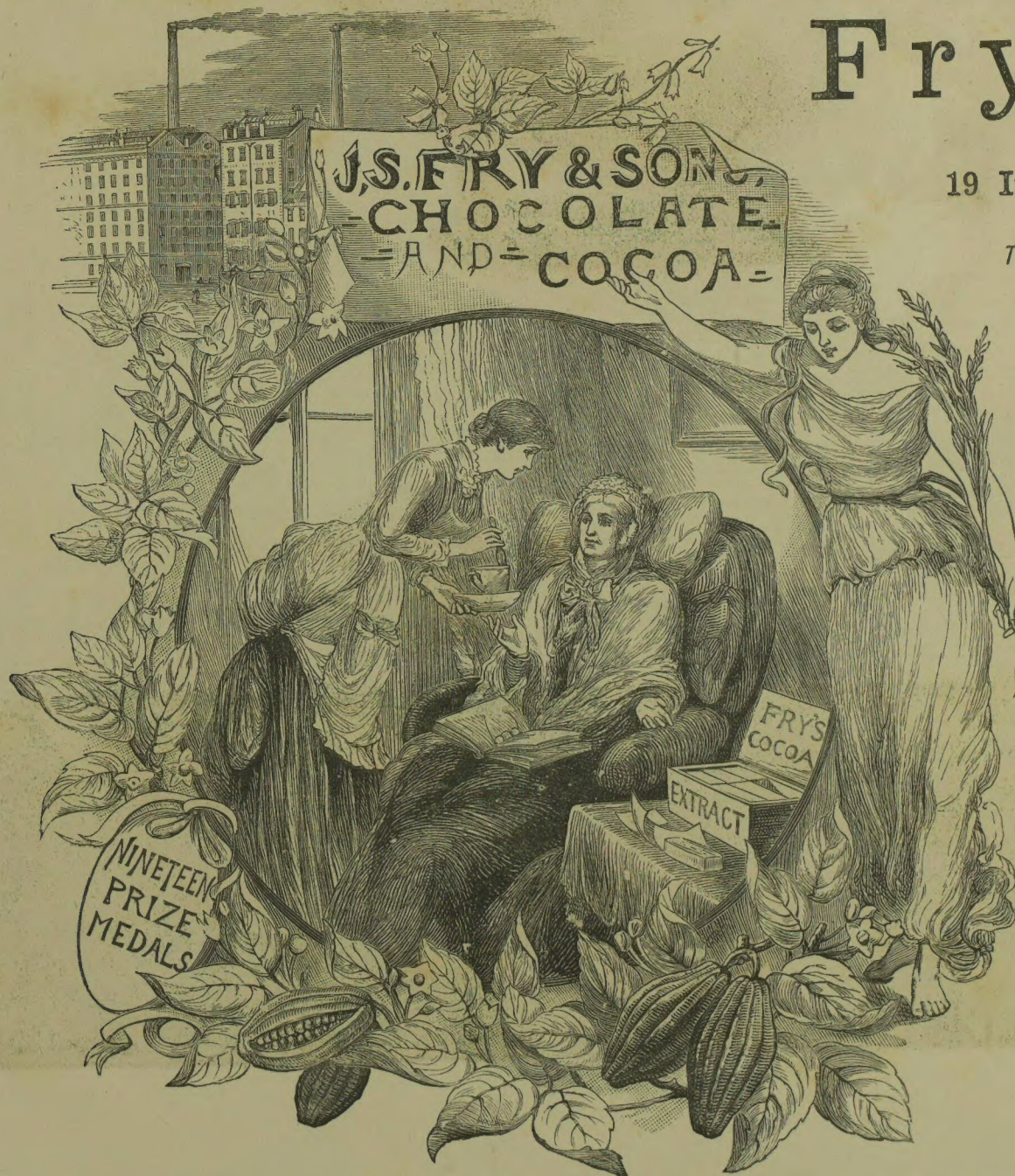
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